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FOLK TALES

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CRAWFORD'S TAVERN A CENTURY AGO

MORE
NEW HAMPSHIRE
FOLK TALES

DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF
FLORA ADAMS SPAULDING
PRESIDENT OF THE NEW HAMPSHIRE
FEDERATION OF WOMEN'S CLUBS
1931-1932

Collected by
MRS. MOODY P. GORE and MRS. GUY E. SPEARE

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CRAWFORD'S TAVERN A CENTURY AGO . *Frontispiece*

At the northern entrance to Crawford Notch stood this first Crawford House near Elephant's Head with Mount Webster for a background. This print was made when a narrow trail followed Saco Brook between the cliffs.

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Here the Atlantic Cable was landed in 1874 over the stumps of the submerged forest. The distant point is Locke's Neck or Straw's Point. Cedar Swamp Run flows into the sea near-by. Around the Point is Rye Harbor.

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A picturesque gateway opens into this pound with a tree its only occupant today. The holes for the hinges are plainly visible. Every town built such enclosures, at the time when fences were few, to impound stray domestic animals which were fed by the poundkeeper until claimed by their owners and the bill for their fodder was paid.

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In this building Mary Lyon began her career as an educator of women; the town of Derry still uses it for a schoolhouse.

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This house was built in 1793. It was the scene of a bet that Henry Hunt could not lead his two-year-old colt upstairs to the dance hall. He won the bet, but paid the entire amount for toddy to persuade the crowd to help push the colt downstairs. The Tenney Tavern, now a fine brick residence; Porter

Tavern, four square with an enormous chimney; and Cloudlands of 1770 are standing in Marlboro today.

THE FIRST POWER BOAT ON LAKE WINNEPESAUKEE 275

"About the year 1837, my grandfather, Joseph Parsons, built and ran the first power boat on Lake Winnepesaukee. The power was furnished by horses and the boat carried mail and provisions from the islands to Alton, Center Harbor, Meredith and Wolfeboro."

—EDITH B. TASKER, Northwood.

This side wheeler evidently required a two-horse power mechanism.

INTRODUCTION

These are the tales as told to me,
Remembered after lapse of time.
And maybe childhood's fancy free
Has changed the fact to suit the rhyme.

—Elizabeth Homer Baker.

In a review of the first volume of *New Hampshire Folk Tales,* the title, footnotes to history, was appropriately applied to those stories. Although such traditions may not be entirely authentic, yet they preserve the atmosphere of pioneer days with a vivid quality that is akin to history. In this second volume are more tales which were collected by club women at the same period of celebration of one hundred fifty years of state history as were those in the first book, under the direction of Mrs. Effie Kibbe Gore of Plymouth, New Hampshire. All the stories are cherished memories that have been told from generation to generation; intimate, homely echoes from firesides of two centuries. The motive in their publication is to stimulate reverence for the heritage of New Hampshire.

Chapter I

TAVERN TALES IN TAVERN TIMES

SO ESSENTIAL were "houses of entertainment" to community life that colonial laws were passed obliging every town to license an "ordinary or inn" for the accommodation of travelers. When turnpikes were constructed by corporations which permitted travel over passable highways about 1790, taverns were opened along these routes approximately ten miles apart. Several still display their ancient signs inviting the traveler to enter. In Penacook since 1789 stands the Bonney Tavern, famous in Civil War days for its boiled dinners which Mrs. Bonney served to members of the legislature who considered such a feast a recreation from their duties of state. In Keene the prancing tiger sign at Sawyers Tavern has advertised since the Battle of Bunker Hill and eighty miles up the Connecticut Valley in Lyme stands the Alden Tavern built by Justus Grant for a "coach stop" and named for its proprietor who was a direct descendant of John Alden and Priscilla. On the Eastside Highway near Conway is the Tox-a-way Inn, which superseded the Old Maid's Tavern in the Piper District in Wakefield, originally owned by Major Hall whose unmarried daughter, Sarah Ann, was housekeeper after her mother's death. When the stage route changed to the present line of the state road, Major Hall built the Tox-a-way Inn at the sign of the black bear. The large front chamber, called the Parlor Chamber, still displays the antique pattern of its blue

wall paper and its four-poster bed has accommodated several generations of travelers. Also interesting is the sub-cellar, covered with boards with a flight of stairs leading into it as when it preserved the supply of wine for the men who attended the Sunday services at the near-by meeting-house.

In the following pages are extracts from the pens of several elderly persons who have described the daily life of the interesting hostelries whose atmosphere is gone forever from the highways of New Hampshire.

ASQUAMCHUMAUKE

In the valley of Asquamchumauke River the spring of 1712 had spread its tracery of green over the landscape. After falling in foaming cascades down the distant slopes of Mount Moosilauke this turbulent stream wound its way between the hills, as its Indian name signified, to finally unite with the Pemigewasset River in a broad grassy meadow. Only the Great Spirit knew how many moons had rolled by since an Indian village was first sheltered by the giant pines that formed a rampart against the north wind on the sandy banks above the wide flood plains. Although a part of the Coosuck Tribe, the aborigines of this valley called themselves Pemigewasset's Indians, thus perpetuating the influence of a powerful sachem who once ruled not only his own but also all the tribes of northern New Hampshire. His domain was the pathless forest that stretched to the Wambeck or White Mountains, those cloud-capped peaks of mystery where the Great Spirit was supposed to dwell. Along the Asquam-

chumauke's crooked banks a blazed trail led over the divide to the Great River, Connecticut, and on to Canada by the Passumpsic Valley and Lake Memphremagog.

Countless Indians had traversed this trail to seek, perhaps, for fishing places at the famous Wiers on Lake Winnepesaukee where shad were caught in abundance. Possibly others came to cast a spear into the great salmon hole on the Pemigewasset, a pool so well known through centuries that even to this day a rocky shelf above the river shows the polish that shuffling moccasins wore on its granite surface. French traders came to exchange blankets and ammunition for valuable skins of otter and beaver. To here the Penacooks fled when forced to abandon their meadowlands below the lakes where for unrecorded centuries they had dominated the surrounding tribes under such chieftains as Passaconaway and Wonnalancet. Truly the lodges of the Pemigewassets were by no means unknown and their Sachem Wattermumus frequented the council fires of tribes as far distant as the seacoast.

On this spring morning squaws were planting maize on the meadows, papooses were playing about them and old men and women were basking in the sunshine before their bark wigwams while the warriors were absent in the hunting grounds up the valley.

Suddenly, thirty-five musket shots sent reverberating echoes into the dark forests; volley after volley poured deadly fire among the frightened redskins. Squaws fell in their tracks, children died as they ran toward their mothers, and old men and women lay still before the burning wigwams. One or two youths escaped into the forest to run with speed to sum-

mons the hunters back to battle with these deadly foes. Realizing that overwhelming numbers would soon be upon them, the attacking party paused only a sufficient time to seize as many valuable furs as each could attempt to carry, then fled rapidly down the southern trail.

Why such cruel warfare? Why such sudden murder of women and children? Why exterminate the Pemigewasset Tribe from the valley of their ancestors? To find the answer, patient search has gathered from the north a few golden threads of records; from the west other strands, red with blood; from the east black bands of warp; and from the south the fabric of a pattern whose detail combines into a tapestry that should hang on the walls of memory as long as the history of New Hampshire endures.

Our story begins in Cocheco, modern Dover, in the year 1675. During fifty years since English fishermen first settled the shores of the Piscataqua River, peace had been maintained between the Indians and the settlers. Now fear was penetrating to the tribes along the seashore; fear that the encroaching white men would crowd the Indians from their hunting grounds, doubtless aroused by scouts that had been sent by King Philip from his Wampanoag Village on Mount Hope in Rhode Island. The Piscataquas like the Penacooks, however, resisted the efforts of the Wampanoags until one fatal day when a few drunken English sailors saw the wife of Chief Squando with her baby in a canoe on the river. Having heard that an Indian baby would swim instinctively, the groggy sailors determined to try the experiment. Approaching the canoe, they grasped the infant and brutally plunged it into the cold river. Although its mother instantly leaped

into the stream to rescue her offspring the shock was fatal to the tiny papoose who soon sickened and died. Then the grieving Chief Squando determined like King Philip that white men were a menace to Indians. Then Dover and Durham and Portsmouth suffered repeated massacres in revenge for the infant's life.

After King Philip had been slain and peace restored, the courts of Massachusetts demanded that those Indians who were responsible for the war should be punished. Since only with great difficulty could the culprits be apprehended trickery was suggested. To these unwise plans, Major Richard Waldron, chief townsman of Dover, demurred but finally was persuaded to give a reluctant consent. On a certain day in September a celebration was held in the settlement in which both friendly Penacooks and hostile Piscataquas and Pequaketts were invited to participate. During a sham fight the unsuspicious Indians were surrounded and certain braves were captured, carried to Boston, tried in court and, if proved guilty, were punished by death or sold into slavery in Europe. Yes, the strategy worked but its results were devastating. "An Indian never forgets either a kindness or an injury" was a truth that was fully demonstrated although thirteen years passed before the revenge was executed. The friendly Penacooks became the foes of Major Waldron and his townsmen. Little did Major Waldron realize that while he was entertaining the neighboring Indians in apparent friendliness, some were craftily spying for an opportunity to settle their vengeance with most cruel torture.

King William's War began in 1689 between the French and English across the sea. A few of the Indians who had

been sold as slaves had managed to return to unite with the Penobscots of Maine, a tribe that was also eager for revenge for injuries that had been inflicted by the English upon their leaders. Unfortunately, these Indians had been furnished with guns and ammunition by French traders. A raid upon unsuspecting Cocheco was planned for the night of June twenty-seventh. To allay suspicion, an Indian Chief paid a friendly visit to Major Waldron during the afternoon and accepted an invitation to dine. As was their frequent custom, squaws asked to sleep before the fire in the garrison houses and were granted permission. About dawn, the squaws unbarred the gates to the pallisades and whistled the signal that all was ready for their warriors to enter. Too cruel was the torture of Major Waldron to be described; too horrible was the pillage of the garrison houses to be told. After scores had been slain, one hundred, mostly women and youths, were taken captive to become the first white settlers who were carried to Canada to be sold as servants to the French in Montreal and Quebec.

In one of these garrison houses was the entire family of Richard Otis, a man of sixty or more years of age, one of the townsmen or selectmen of Cocheco. His family consisted of his young wife, Grizel Warren Otis, their two young children, and the sons and daughters of two previous marriages, some of whom were married and possessed children of their own. Richard Otis was slain and his young wife and four-months-old daughter, Margaret, and several of the other children were among the captives.

Naturally, on the following morning volunteers from the neighboring settlements started in pursuit of the captives

but, when one party was overtaken, the overwhelming discovery was made that the wily captors had separated their forces into several groups that departed by different trails toward their destination in Canada. Happily, several of the Otis children were among those who were rescued on the Conway Trail but Grizel Otis and her baby were not among these neither did they travel with the Maine group but, as later events indicate, they were carried into the Merrimack Valley through Asquamchumauke Village and over the divide into the Connecticut Valley. How Mrs. Otis preserved the life of her baby has not been recorded, for hers is one of the few cases where a mother was permitted to carry her tiny child into captivity. Fortunately, the season was mid-summer permitting a more abundant food supply of fish and game, or roots and berries, all contributing to the sustenance of a mother and her nursing infant. Possibly these Indians were among those who possessed canoes which carried the mother and child where water travel was possible as is recorded to have happened in some instances. Certainly both arrived safely in Montreal where they were admitted into the household of a French family in which Mrs. Otis was compelled to be a servant for four years. That Baby Otis was a most attractive child has been believed in the traditions of her life, blue eyed and fair haired as her English origin would indicate. Moreover the ease with which she attracted the attention of the good nuns of the Urseline Convent proves her exceptional charms.

Hopeless of ransom with her husband dead, compelled to exist as a servant in captivity, it is not surprising that Mrs. Otis yielded to the decrees of fate that held her in its grasp

when opportunity offered escape by marriage with a French gentleman of Montreal "in the service of Monsieur Maricom" named Philip Robitaille. Grizel Otis was baptized into the Catholic faith with the new name of Margaret and her four-year-old daughter was christened Christine, a name which she kept to the end of her long life. Only one stipulation is recorded in the marriage contract;—that Christine should always be allowed in the new home with the Robitaille family.

Doubtless she lived a part of the time with her mother for otherwise it would be difficult to understand where the child acquired her insatiable determination to return to the land of her fathers, a desire so imbedded into her character that no enticements of nuns or threats of priests could ever eradicate it. Perhaps at bedtime her mother told her in the English tongue about the blacksmith shop of her father in Dover, of the esteem with which he was regarded in the settlement. Perhaps as they watched the mighty river, St. Lawrence, flowing past their dwelling, Margaret Otis described to the little girl how the rivers flowed all about Dover and out to the big ocean. Perhaps thus did the lonely widow ease her longing for the home from which she was so cruelly snatched, thus did she impress into the plastic mind of her child her love for her race and her religion. Probably she left untold the tale of horror of that fatal night when she was awakened suddenly by savage yells, how her husband was shot as he leaped to the window to learn what was the cause of the uproar, how her little two-year-old daughter, Hannah, was dashed against the stairway by a savage redskin, how she was torn from her bed with the baby clasped in her arms, possibly concealed in the folds of a homespun blanket that

she grasped with instinctive presence of mind. Only happy pictures of the old home were painted on the mind of the child. So permanent were these impressions that no urging of nuns that she take the veil could move the girl although she received every advantage of education and training for that honor that the good nuns could supply. Christine learned to read and write and to perform all the arts that the Urselines could teach. So, here let us leave her for a few years to grow to womanhood in the convent while we trace other threads of the story that changed her life so materially.

The scene shifts to the border settlements along the Connecticut in Massachusetts in the year 1704. Into this valley came the most hostile and savage Indians that the French could incite to warfare for the hated Iroquois and especially the dreaded Mohawk were to be encountered in these forests and only tested warriors could be expected to battle against such foes. Queen Anne's War brought new attacks from the Canadian enemies throughout the autumn. Then one cold night in February, into the village of Deerfield came the red demons with fire and tomahawk. Among one hundred prisoners who began their bitter march to Canada was a native of Northampton, Massachusetts, named Thomas Baker, twenty-two years of age, over six feet tall and stalwart in appearance. For weeks he tramped the snowy trails; suffered with bleeding, frozen feet as did his fellow captives; saw a score killed because they could not keep the swift pace of miles-a-day travel; witnessed the starvation of several who could not eat the raw frozen carcasses of game that was the only means of nourishment for so large a band. At length in the spring, the Canadian lodges of the Indians were reached and the cap-

tives were scattered in various places, Baker being carried to Montreal. During the summer, he attempted to escape but was caught by his Indian guards who decided to punish him by burning at the stake but, in the nick of time, an interested Frenchman saw his plight and offered to pay the Indians five pounds to set their prisoner free, a sum which Baker agreed to repay when ransom money was forthcoming. Baker was kept in irons during the summer, but when winter arrived he was watched less closely and doubtless became acquainted with other English captives, among them Christine Otis. One tradition in Dover suggests that the Frenchman who rescued Baker was the suitor for the hand of the English maiden and that this episode called her attention to her fellow countryman. From the beginning Thomas Baker loved the girl and never forgot her in the years to follow. The next summer, on a religious feast day, doubtless because of the processions and feasting and drinking that accompanied the celebration, the prisoners were all allowed to watch the festivities and were guarded with less restrictions than usual. Among these were four young men who had lived in the vicinity of Deerfield and were all acquaintances. Years later, John Nims was persuaded to write the story of the plans that he and Joseph Petty, Martin Kellog, and Thomas Baker devised for their escape. Nims was living nine miles up the St. Lawrence river. He told the others to manager to disappear into the forests and make their way to the river bank near his captor's house where he would secure a canoe and set up a sign on the river bank to direct them where to find him. The plan was successful and by sunrise the following morning, May fourteenth, all were safely in the canoe paddling up the river into the

wilderness. Making their way to the Chamblay River and up this into Lake Champlain, then into what was called French River, carrying the canoe over the divide to the White and on down into the Connecticut, they found their way into Deerfield on the eighth of June, 1705. Their privations were so great that Nims confessed that they were forced to save themselves from starvation by eating the flesh of rattlesnakes since they had no weapons with which to kill big game for food. No records remain of the life of Captain Baker until 1712.

In the year of 1707, when she determined to remain outside the Society of the Urselines, Christine Otis was obliged to accept the alternative of marriage since as a captive she must obey her captor's will. In the parish records in Montreal may be seen the autographs of Christine Otis and her husband, Jean LeBeau, proving that they were married on the sixteenth of June when the bride was sixteen years of age and Jean was twenty-nine. Three children were born, a son who died in infancy and two daughters, before the father died in 1714 leaving a considerable property to his widow and children.

Meantime peace was declared between English and French in Europe. Determined to prevent further raids by hostile bands of savages, the courts of Massachusetts offered the sum of ten pounds for a scalp of any Indian that was taken in an attempt to destroy the "Indian Nests," as the strongholds of the redskins were called, that were scattered along the northern river trails. Immediately, Captain Baker realized that his ambition was to be fulfilled;—to destroy the enemies who had caused untold suffering to settlers of Massachusetts

and New Hampshire. Gathering a band of thirty-four scouts, among them a friendly Indian guide, he led them up the Connecticut Valley to the spot where the trail turned southeast to pass over the divide into the Asquamchumauke River Trail. That Captain Baker had a definite purpose in view is readily perceived from his subsequent actions. Had he not been driven as a captive over the trail along the Connecticut eight years previous? Had he not talked with captives from New Hampshire, one of whom was the fair-haired girl to whom he had lost his heart in Montreal? Every step in his campaign bears evidence to the conviction that the destruction of the nest at Asquamchumauke was his premeditated intention. If the conjecture is probable that Margaret Otis and her baby together with other captives from Dover were carried to Canada by the trail through the Asquamchumauke Valley, then Captain Baker found here an opportunity to strike a blow that would exterminate one strategic landmark of that weary journey.

With the skill of experienced woodsmen, Baker and his men stealthily trod the forest, shrewdly concealed their presence from any Indian in the vicinity and quietly crept into the outskirts of the Indian Village to spy out the customs of the warriors. Their hunting expedition was observed so that their absence was known when the attack was made. After the destruction of the village, Baker and his men tried to put as many miles as possible between them and their pursuers but, only six miles south, their enemies overtook them since this trail was well known to the Indians. With each man sheltered by a tree, the English opened fire with such deadly results that the Indians were repulsed. Baker came face to

face with Watternumus, sachem of the tribe, an Indian well known for his bravery. Both fired instantly. The ball of the Indian grazed Baker's eyebrow and Baker's shot was said to have pierced the chief's heart. As the chief fell, his warriors withdrew and Baker found time to secure the scalp of his foe which he carried back to Massachusetts and collected the bounty offered by the court. Hurrying down the river valley for some twenty miles, Baker and his men were finally compelled to pause for food at a brook that is the outlet of Webster Lake. There their Indian guide suggested a strategem. Each scout built a fire; then he cut several long sticks which were sharpened on the ends as though for roasting meat in the coals, charred the ends, and left them beside the fires. The Indians, having received reinforcements, came upon these campfires and believing that their enemies numbered as many as there were sticks, decided it to be unsafe to pursue so large a company outside of their own territory and turned back. After their village was burned and their wives and children slain, the Indians did not again settle on the Asquamchumauke meadows but retreated to Canada. Thus to this day, the stream has been called Baker's River by white men.

To ransom captives still held in Canada was the next interest of Gov. Dudley of Massachusetts and Captain John Stoddard of Northampton and Rev. John Williams, famous returned captive of Deerfield, were selected to plan the expedition. Among their attendants, as interpreter, was Thomas Baker who sailed with them from Boston up to the stronghold of Quebec on the sixteenth of February, 1714, then on to Montreal to find the one woman whom he most desired

to ransom. Since the care of the captives had become a burden to Gov. De Vaudreuil, he encouraged this commission to mingle freely with the prisoners and gave his permission for all to return to their former homes. But the priests were not willing that their hopes for converting these people to the true faith should be destroyed and placed such obstacles in the way that the Governor decided that all persons who had been naturalized must remain in Canada. Among this number was Christine Otis LeBeau who had been naturalized that she might hold the property of her late husband. In order to receive further instructions from Gov. Dudley, Captain Baker was sent back to Massachusetts by the way of Albany and while he was absent, Christine decided to leave Montreal for Quebec with the purpose of sailing back to Boston when the ship returned. No secret was made of her intention. She made legal settlement of her property upon her older daughter, who was to be left in the care of her mother, Mrs. Robitaille, and the younger child was to sail with Mrs. LeBeau, furthermore if Christine decided to remain in the Colonies, all her property would be in the custody of her mother for her child. Mrs. Robitaille attempted to dissuade her daughter, using as one argument that no "bake shops" would be found in the Colonies, but Christine had no reason to fear the prospect of learning to cook as she proved in future years. The mother had trained her child too well in years past, the call of home and of race and of a love for one of her own nationality controlled any inhibitions that retarded her.

However, the father confessor of Christine thought differently. He boarded the boat at the wharf in Montreal and

carried the baggage that Christine had intended to take with her back on shore and persuaded the Governor to forbid her to depart. When Captain Baker returned to Montreal and learned of the situation, he solved the problem as all lovers have and will. What were the commands of a governor or the threats of a priest to a man who had fought Indians, starved in the forests, and returned to Canada to find this countrywoman after eight years of waiting! Records are wanting to describe how the gallant captain secured a small, open boat or how he supplied it with food and warm protection for a long voyage. All that is certain is that Christine managed to steal from her home unperceived although she was obliged to leave behind every personal article she possessed. No farewells were possible, no slightest hint of her plans could be displayed. Whether in daylight or darkness no one knows. The fact remains that she found the trysting spot on the river bank safely and the lovers eloped on a one hundred sixty mile voyage down the mighty St. Lawrence. What a thrilling story to stir the imagination! What consternation in Montreal when the absence of the parties was discovered! Did anyone attempt a search of the town or the outskirts? Did anyone suspect the truth? No radio could inform the authorities at Quebec to be on the lookout for the fugitives; no swift airplane could learn of their movements; no motors could overtake their slow craft. The summer days and nights were warm, the river was swift, the arm of the captain was sure and strong on the oars and the couple arrived in time to sail on the ransom ship for Boston. Major Stoddard wrote in his report of the expedition that Captain Baker returned "with one prisoner." Records show that Christine and

another woman captive were entertained in Boston at the expense of the Colony and that she accompanied Captain Baker to his home in Deerfield in September. There the townspeople became exceedingly interested in Christine and her romance with the captain. In her great dilemma, whether to decide to abandon her children and property, they used all their influence in favor of the captain. Parson Stoddard persuaded her to join the protestant church and rebaptized her with her baby name of Margaret; the town offered her a valuable piece of land to compensate her loss in Montreal and love won the day. Christine was married to Captain Baker early in 1715. For a time they remained in Deerfield, then settled in Brookfield where Captain Baker distinguished himself in representing the town in the General Assembly of the Colony and there several children were born, among them a son, Otis, who later became a distinguished citizen of Dover, and judge in courts of the state. In 1718, Captain Baker was again sent to Canada on a mission and his wife accompanied him hoping to secure possession of her children. She learned that the older daughter had died and the other was held by the priests and her grandmother but Christine was not prevented from returning with her husband. In the Massachusetts archives may be seen a letter written in 1727 by the father confessor in Montreal which urged Christine to return to her home in Canada, to her true church and to save her soul. A personal friend showed this letter to Governor Burnett of the Massachusetts Bay Colony who was a son of a famous clergyman of the English Church. Unbeknown to Christine this learned Governor answered the priest with the usual arguments that were employed

by the two sects, one copy being sent to Montreal and the other to Christine. No further communication ever again passed between the contestants.

In the year 1727, evil days seem to fall upon this family. Captain Baker was tried in court for blasphemy because he remarked, when he heard that God in His Providence had put a certain citizen into the office of Justice of the Peace, "If I had been with the Almighty I would have taught Him better." The verdict of the jury was "Not Guity." A worse calamity was experienced that same year when the farm was sold to a speculator who succeeded in cheating the family out of the whole amount of the sale, leaving them in very straightened circumstances. The General Court of Massachusetts responded to an appeal by Christine saying that her husband's health had failed so that he was unable to do manual work and she was in difficulty to care for him and her six children, having lost her property in Canada. Five hundred acres of valuable land in York County in Maine was granted to the couple as was the custom of the court for those who had served the Colony during the Indian Wars. This land was sold and Christine at last was able to accomplish her life-long ambition;—to return to Dover, the home of the Otis family and her birthplace. On the corner of what is now Silver Street and Central Avenue she erected a home in 1734, forty-five years after she was carried away to Canada. The former "taverner" in Dover had been accused of not keeping an orderly house, and Christine petitioned the selectmen for the privilege of a license to open a tavern. The selectmen of Dover refused the petition, but they did not reckon with their womanly petitioner for she appealed to the

New Hampshire Legislature who granted her the right and she opened her "house of entertainment" which she kept for many years.

Captain Baker, unfortunately, became an invalid although he lived nearly twenty years to be cared for by his wife and growing family in the tavern at Dover where prosperity smiled upon them. He died in 1753 and was buried in the Baker lot in Pine Hill cemetery. Christine became a famous hostess. When the Royal Governor passed through Dover, such was the fame of her table that he "honored himself by partaking of her cookery" and Governor Benning Wentworth was said to have left "with a feeling of good cheer." In her declining years her son, Captain Otis Baker, tenderly cared for her, and Rev. Jeremy Belknap was her spiritual advisor. At her death at eighty-five, Dr. Belknap wrote an obituary which appeared in the *Portsmouth Gazette,* first newspaper in New Hampshire, in which he said that "she lived in good reputation, being a pattern of industry, prudence and economy; she bore a tedious illness with much patience, and met death with calmness." She died in 1773, just before the Revolution and rests beside her husband in the Dover burying ground. She was called the most famous woman of Dover before the Revolution and her tavern was said to be "a model for neatness, comfort and good cooking."

Today the thriving village of Plymouth occupies the site of the ancient Indian Village. Only the green meadows remain to mark the spot where an occasional relic of Indian manufacture washes from the river bank to remind its finder of that day when camp fires blazed on the sand and lines of weary captives gladly halted to rest beside the stream. The

name, Baker's River, however, should always recall the tale of a persistent fighter whose romance sheds a rosy glow over an otherwise sad tradition of the Pemigewasset Indians at Asquamchumauke.

EARLY SETTLERS OF CENTER HARBOR

As early as 1763 Moses Senter of Londonderry came up to the head of Winnepesaukee Lake to survey some wild land for the colony bringing with him a Mr. Bean. Mr. Senter was so charmed with their camping site that he determined to make a settlement on the spot. So, they built a log house on the shore not far from the place where the large stock barns are now seen on the highway that leads to Meredith.

Having procured a tract of shore, in the following summer Mr. Senter with his wife and little son, Sam, in company with Mr. Bean and their household goods packed in birch canoes, started one beautiful June morning from Londonderry up the Merrimack River carrying their furniture and canoes around the falls as they came to them. After six days of vigorous paddling they entered the lake at the Wiers just before dark on Saturday night, and wishing to spend the Sabbath in their log cabin at the head of the bay they pushed on but mistook their way and after wandering around among the islands encamped on one of them for the night. In the morning they found the way in safety to their destination and settled in their new home little thinking that their son Sam would live there until he could take his breakfast at the Senter House founded by him, dine in Boston, and return in time for tea.

Mr. Bean returned to Peterboro, coming back the following spring with Lettice Aulds as his bride, much against the wishes of her parents who had reared their daughter very tenderly, giving her a good education and many accomplishments. They soon built for themselves a log house on a lot of government land near what is now the Bean Cemetery. At that time they had no neighbors for many miles in either direction. The only mode of travelling was on foot through an unbroken wilderness, guided by spotted trees. After ten or twelve years of toil and privation the heads of the two families, Mr. Senter and Mr. Bean, were drafted to go to the war of the Revolution, leaving their young families alone in the wilderness with no one to care for them save the God in whom they trusted. The Senter family were in better circumstances than the Bean family, their son, Sam, being a strong young lad and the mother able to do out-of-door work on the farm assisted by several other children. But with the delicate mother of the Bean family it was very different; having been reared tenderly in her father's home in comparative luxury, she and her young family were unable to endure the hardships to which they were subjected and thought many times they would be devoured by wild beasts or die of starvation. One evening as she sat in the moonlight by her lonely hearthstone, having put the children to bed and thinking of him for whom she had left all and wondering if she would ever see him again, Mrs. Bean was startled by a noise outside the house and upon looking out saw a large bear under the window. She at once looked for the gun, forgetting for the moment that "father" had it with him, which was the real cause of much of their suffering as they

could kill no wild meat for food. She caught up a small shovel of live coals from the hearth and taking out an old hat that filled the space where a pane of glass was broken, she poured them directly upon the bear's back and as he ran off to the woods with his hair all ablaze she could not refrain from a hearty laugh after which with a thankful heart she retired having a good, refreshing night's rest.

After two years Mr. Senter came home saying he had not seen Mr. Bean for many months and feared he had been slain in battle. Several weeks before this poor Mrs. Bean and her little family came very near starvation when, at the close of a pleasant day, just before sundown, she heard a dog bark. She thought with a great fear in her heart it was an Indian's dog and of what she had heard from a lone traveler who was crossing that way from Maine to Vermont. His story was that the Indians were coming down from Canada and killing all the white settlers they could find. She at once put out her fire so that smoke could not be seen from the chimney, kissed the children, put them to bed expecting never to see them again, then seated herself to await her fate. Just then a deer followed by the dog passed the house and two men came into sight. She saw as they came nearer they were not Indians, but white men. They proved to be French Canadians and deserters from the British army. They wished to secrete themselves until the war was over, not daring to go home for fear they would be shot as deserters, and asked permission to stay at her home. She told them to go out to the hovel and stay over night and in the morning she would give them her answer. The hovel was a shelter near a spring a few rods from the house. She feared they might not be good men and

she was alone in the wilderness. Again, she thought she and her children must surely starve unless help came in some way soon. After a night spent in prayer she decided that a kind Providence had sent the help she needed, and in the morning she told them they might stay if they would fish and hunt to keep the family supplied with food, and fall a number of trees that she knew her husband was intending to cut in preparation for sowing grain and corn. They proved to be good, moral, industrious men and took good care of the family until peace was declared. Then they went to their homes with the blessing of a grateful woman to whom the protecting power of a merciful Providence had sent help in her extremity. Not long after this as Mrs. Bean was looking down the path that led from the spring to the lake she saw a man coming towards the house that caused her heart to thrill with joyful wonder and surprise. She said "If I did not believe my husband dead I should say that was John Bean's 'lope' "—a peculiarity of gait which was noted in some of his descendants, also. He was indeed her husband and as she ran to meet him he said, "I am not fit for you to touch. I am sick and have been in prison. Go into the house and get me some water for a bath and my shaving tools and clean clothing and bring them out to the hovel." After making himself cleanly he went into the house, ill with fever which proved to be rheumatic and he did not leave his bed for a year except to be carried down to the head of Long Pond and dipped into the water through a hole cut in the ice as a cure for rheumatism, by some friends from Sandwich, a neighboring town. Strange to say he survived this heroic treatment and lived to a good old age.

Some years after the events recorded above a man passing by on horseback called and asked if Mrs. Bean, the mother of the family, was formerly Lettice Aulds of Peterboro? He brought word of the death of her mother who had exacted a promise from her husband that he would find and forgive his runaway daughter and see that she did not suffer. The mother also left some personal effects for her daughter if she would come home and get them. Now Mrs. Bean's health was so impaired by the hardships she had undergone she was unable to make the journey, but her eldest daughter, Lettice Bean, was about the age her mother was when she left her home, and very attractive both as to personal appearance and education, as her mother had taken great care to teach her children so they could make a better appearance than many children in more fortunate families. Therefore, Mr. and Mrs. Bean decided to send Lettice to the old Peterboro home. Preparing her clothing as best they could, a horse and saddle was procured from the neighboring town of Sandwich and in the company of the returning traveler who had brought the news of the death of the grandmother, she set out on the journey, guided by spotted trees through the woods. When they reached Concord, there being a good road from there, the young girl, Lettice, had no trouble in making the remainder of the journey alone and easily recognized the old homestead from her's mother's description of the place. She rode up to the door where she was met by the old grandfather, he almost thinking that his long lost daughter had come back to him. He bore her from her horse to the house in his arms and while her visit lasted no one could do enough for her. She told the writer of this story that when

she started for home the pack on the back of the saddle was higher than her head while those on each side were nearly as large. The old grandfather wished to go home with her but having important business on hand thought he could only go a part of the way, but when the beautiful girl mounted her horse his love was stronger than all else and he said he could not again see his child go away from him. So he went on until they reached Concord. There the same feeling led him on to Meredith Bridge, then a small settlement but now the thriving city of Laconia. Still on he journeyed with his darling grandchild until they came to a house by the side of a cart path in the doorway of which sat Moses Senter, Esquire, looking down upon the beautiful Winnepesaukee sparkling below him. "Now, Grandfather," said the young girl, "will you stop and chat a while with Mr. Senter while I ride on and tell Mother you are coming, for you know the shock might be too much for her otherwise." After a call upon Squire Senter who was a Justice of the Peace for all the country around, he followed the path to the home of his daughter. After several days of happiness spent under her humble roof as he was about to leave with the promise that they should exchange visits once a year as long as he lived, he took his daughter's hand and placed therein a roll of bills that paid all the debts and started them well on the road to prosperity.

About this time young Sam Senter began to look about him for a wife as young men will even now, and to whom should he go but to the beautiful Lettice Bean, the eldest daughter of his father's friend. Eight long years did he woo and wait, the day being set for the marriage several times and

as often postponed that the young lady might procure some coveted article for housekeeping. Even her cotton cloth was procured by her own work in a distant neighbor's family at less than seventeen cents a week with which she bought raw cotton at fifty cents a pound and spun and wove it with her own hands. At last the day came and early one March morning the wedding bells jingled right merrily as the couple rode over the frozen snow to the good minister's home seven miles away near what is now called Meredith Parade. But alas! After the ceremony was performed a warm rain set in softening the deep snow that filled the road so as to delay the bridal couple on their return home until darkness came on and they remembered with dismay that they had no way of lighting the room where they were to eat their wedding supper. But on coming in sight of their home bright beams of rosy light were streaming from the windows lighting up the whole hillside, coming from the slender pine sticks of pitch pine fastened up around the room by the good old Squire who sat before the open fire turning the turkey for the marriage feast that followed. The happy pair became the first landlord and landlady of the old Senter House, long famed as a favorite home for travelers on their way to and from the White Mountains. After many wedded years of a long and happy life full of kind and useful deeds whose praises are sung to this day, the dear old couple were laid to rest in a beautiful little cemetery crowning the hillside overlooking the rippling waters of the charming Lake Winnepesaukee, at Center Harbor, New Hampshire.

The name Center Harbor is not the original title but a

somewhat recent change from Senter's Harbor. This story was written over thirty years ago by Daniel W. Coe "a grandson of the parties in the story."

TAVERN TALES OF MARLBORO

In the early days of its history, Marlboro could boast an almost incredible number of Taverns. In his History of Marlboro Mr. Bemis mentions twenty-five different public houses that flourished between 1769 and 1843 when the present Marlboro Hotel was built. Since the ownership of many of these taverns changed frequently, the Old Red Tavern alone having sixteen different landlords, one infers that too much competition is not the life of trade.

The first tavern was opened in 1769 when Marlboro was known as Monadnock No. 5. It was owned by Benjamin Tucker and was known as the Tucker Tavern. At the death of the owner, his son Moses continued in the business until 1801 when the Third New Hampshire turnpike was constructed between Bellows Falls and Boston and accounts for the numerous taverns scattered through the town.

These taverns supplied meeting places for the men of the neighborhood and many of their evenings were spent toasting their feet before the big fireplaces discussing town affairs, telling stories and retailing gossip.

The bar of the old hostelries was always well patronized if one may judge from the frequency with which "rumb," brandy and sugar appear on the accounts.

One night about the year 1792 some important business

was to be transacted and there was an unusually large gathering at the Tucker Tavern. As the discussion became heated and no decision was forthcoming, the toddy was more and more in demand and as the night advanced they acted, as one eye witness afterward stated "as if they were bedeviled." As day was dawning it occured to one of the group that as their neighbor John Rogers was present it would be a brilliant ending to a night of revelry as well as to John himself to burn him at the stake thereby helping history repeat itself, since in the reign of "Bloody Mary" of England his ancestor John Rogers was the first martyr to be burned at the stake at Smithfield, on February fourth, 1555 when the former heresy laws were revived by the Queen. Whether John offered any resistance to this suggestion, or whether the idea appealed to him, we do not know. But we do know that the plan was adopted enthusiastically by an overwhelming majority. A stake was driven in the tavern yard, John securely tied to it and shavings heaped about his feet, but when the torch was applied the shavings being green failed to burn and after several futile attempts the patience of the would-be executioners was exhausted and John Rogers failed to make history.

Not far from the site of the Tucker Tavern stands the old Tenney Tavern now the home of Albert A. Wallace. It is a brick structure of the Colonial type and used to be called the half-way house being about half way between Keene and Jaffrey. The hospitality of this tavern was famous and its bar well patronized. One evening when some of the loungers around the bar had become too boisterous and disorderly, a champion of law and order in the person of Gregory Law-

rence snatched an andiron from the blazing fire and single handed, drove the offenders from the house.

An amusing story is told of how "Uncle Cal" Tenney outwitted a dishonest drover who spent a night with him. The drover said there were one hundred and twenty-five head of cattle in the herd that he turned into the pasture for the night. In the morning he paid his board bill and pasturage for one hundred and twenty-five cattle. Mr. Tenney was a little suspicious of his guest's honesty. So, when the drovers went to the pasture for the cattle, he stood by the bars and counted as the herd passed through. When one hundred and twenty-five had been driven into the road he brandished his cane and stopped the long procession that tried to follow. As he began to put up the bars the drover called, "Hi, what are you doing, let my cattle out." "Your cattle," Mr. Tenney retorted, "your one hundred and twenty-five are in the road. These must be mine." It was only after the drover had admitted the deception, paid for the extra seventy-five head and "treated the house" that he was allowed to drive his two hundred head of cattle away.

Not only man and beast but birds also have been entertained at the Tenney Tavern.

Late one afternoon a man driving a flock of two or three hundred turkeys over the road stopped at the Tenney Tavern for the night. As darkness was approaching the birds were looking for roosting places. As soon as they were allowed to stop the buildings were completely covered with turkeys.

In 1813 Levi Porter opened a tavern on the same road about two miles nearer Jaffrey. This house is still standing

and the sign that proclaimed the house a tavern is still in Mr. Porter's possession.

About a mile further along the road was the famous Haskell Tavern, marked now only by an overgrown cellar hole. This house was built in 1799 and the "droviers" as they were called, planned their trips so they could spend the night at the Haskell Tavern. Here they were sure of excellent entertainment, with dancing a favorite pastime. One very cold night a couple quarreled as they were driving home from one of these dances. When they reached their home the woman refused to leave the sleigh. Her husband said nothing but unharnessed the horse and put it in the barn. He came back with his arms full of straw which he piled around the sleigh, announcing as he worked that if he must leave his wife out in the cold he would do all he could to keep her warm. By the time the straw was lighted Madam claimed a woman's privilege and changed her mind. One can imagine the broad smile on the face of her husband as he drew the sleigh from the straw and put out the fire.

These are but a few of the many curious tales that have survived for more than a century, all clustering around the picturesque old taverns of Marlboro.

WINCHESTER IN TAVERN DAYS

The first tavern was built by John Alexander. The Conant Library stands on the old cellar hole. It was at this tavern that the first afternoon dances were held.

Next, Captain John erected a fine large building at the four corners, where the Northfield and Warwick roads

intersect, and here he kept the tavern until he died in 1806. His widow, Thankful Ashley, and his twin sons, John and Oliver, continued the business for some time. They sold the property to Oliver Sampson and William Holmes who finally sold it to William Follett who kept it as a tavern until his death in 1861. This was on the old turnpike of stage coach days between Vermont and Boston, and was the resort of all the traffic in that line, which was the only means of public travel before the days of the railroad. The place under the Follett regime was called the Lion Inn.

Uncle "Bill" Follett was a born genial landlord and host, ably assisted by a very capable wife and three lively daughters, who dispensed good cheer in abundance and of excellent quality. When the four and six horse stage coaches drove up with a whoop and a flourish and unloaded their passengers for the night, they were ushered into the waiting room, the ladies taken to the chambers above where every convenience for freshening up awaited them. The sight of the soft goose feather beds on the four poster canopy bedsteads, made a night's rest seem like a dream of heaven. Often the men went directly to the bar, where "Uncle Bill" mixed hot toddy and dispensed other drinks, as ordered, with a liberal hand, and when all repaired to the dining room for supper the best of the old time cooking and serving awaited them. Then came the fun, fiddlers were ever available, and joined by many of the villagers, a jolly dance in the old tavern hall was held 'til midnight, or maybe if in the season, a husking bee in the barn with games and frolics galore.

This tavern was the center of life and festivity for all who came near in its day. As I recall the exterior appearance of the house and surroundings, it was fully as pretentious and picturesque as the Wayside Inn that Henry Ford is exploiting. It could not boast of the ingathering of such notables and distinguished literary lights within its walls, but these old stage coach drivers and their patrons were of a fine sturdy type. I recall the old Follett tavern sign, a ponderous affair, oval in shape, driven into the ground and held there by an iron rod. It was three and a half by five and a half feet, encircled by oval shaped iron bands. Both sides were hand painted in colors and the name, "Wm. Follett" in four inch gilt letters curving along the lower edge. On one side is portrayed the Lion which the house was named for, and on the other is an Indian seated on a rock, spear in hand, with bow and quiver of arrows strung across his back, and in the background, a mountain range. This sign is still extant and awaiting a fitting place to be displayed.

Every town has its local celebrity of some sort. A sharp shrewd yankee by the name of Raymond, kept a general store in Ashuelot village. He was quite illiterate and his methods of bookkeeping were original. One day a customer purchased a grindstone and not being able to pay down for it, 'twas charged on a piece of paper. The account ran along quite a while, when one day the delinquent came in and was promptly reminded of his indebtedness, but was dunned for a cheese. "I never bought a cheese of you." "Yes you did," and Mr. Raymond produced the slip of paper it was charged on, showing a circle of heiroglyphics

indicating the man's identity. "I never bought a cheese, but I did buy a grindstone I have not paid for." Raymond thought a minute and then admitted that it was a grindstone and he neglected to put a hole in center of the circle for the crank to distinguish it from a cheese, so it was settled up. These were the days of stirring religious revival meeting and one was being held in Winchester Village. The whole community was interested and stirred up over it, Mr. Raymond amongst others, and he declared "He'd get religion or break a leg." So one day he hitched up a balky old mare to the chaise and taking his wife along, they attended the meeting. It being a spirited one he felt that he'd met with a change of heart and got religion. They started home at its close satisfied and happy, but as they were driving along they came to a dangerous narrow place in the road, a hill on one side, the river the other and quite a sharp turn up a little rise. The old mare getting frightened here at something began to run back and threatened to run them in the river. The old man threw down the reins, jumped out and grabbed the horse by the bits and by sheer force of will pulled her back into the road, kicking and cursing her with all his customary fury, forgetting his newly found religion. After getting her started on their way, he climbed back beside his wife and as it came over him what had happened he blurted out "There went all my religion, jest as I knew 'twould." So that spot is known as the place where old Raymond lost his religion.

The etiquette and social customs of the olden times were quite different from nowadays. Following the Revo-

lutionary days and long after, when the few public dances were gotten up by the leading young men of the town, mostly farmer boys, the eligible unmarried femininity was in a flutter of expectancy. No girl ever set foot in a dance hall without a male escort, on peril of her good name. She must accept the first invitation to go that came to her, whether she chose that escort or not, unless she had a fiancé; also while at the party she must accept the invitations to dance as they came and no engagements ahead, whether the partner would be agreeable or otherwise, else sit that dance out. No two girls danced together and no young man was admitted without a girl. In this way the party was evenly divided and all could dance, with no wall flowers. A nice supper was served in the dining room in the course of the evening. In a certain locality back on the hills two sprightly belles of that day, neighbors, were much sought after by the young men, and one rather clumsy swain was very much in love with one of the girls, but she did not favor his attentions. One occasion when one of these dances was arranged for, these girls determined to outwit this would-be suitor. So getting together at the home of one of them they watched out for his coming. In the course of the afternoon he was seen coming up across lots headed for the house. They flung shawls over their heads and quietly stole out the back door into the pasture and hid behind a big rock. The poor man hung around as long as he dared to, and as no one could furnish any information about the girls whereabouts, he had to leave, and the girls returned shivering to the house and

had chances to accept more agreeable escorts to the ball before he came again.

It might be interesting to know that in the curious evolution of time and circumstances this rejected suitor married a nice girl, went to Hartford with his family, being a good business man, amassed a fortune in the leather business during the Civil War. One of his brothers was governor of Connecticut also Postmaster General under Grant and later was ambassador to Russia. All his children might well look askance at the position and accomplishments of these misses who snubbed their dad.

Another feature of the olden times was the respect children were taught to show their elders. Possibly in ways, they were too repressed and kept in the background, but the pendulum of license has swung clear to the opposite extreme these days. Years ago when I was attending a rural school, the pupils always carried their dinners because the school house was built in the center of the district no matter if rather inaccessible or remote from the homes. When the children were out doors at play, if they espied a horse and chaise approaching, they left their sports, arranged themselves on each side of the road, boys on one side and girls on the other. When the team was abreast, the boys doffed their caps and the girls caught up a corner of their long aprons, and together the boys bowed low and the girls dropped curtsy. In return, they were rewarded by a grave bow from the driver of the vehicle. It was a pretty custom.

Back on the hills after the settlers built their frame house strong and serviceable, with large rooms, big chim-

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neys and fireplaces, kitchen dances were a favorite pastime in the long winter evenings. Neighbors were far apart; but they took turns in entertaining. The chores were hurriedly dispatched, children and babies bundled up and the family piled on the ox-sled in a bed of straw, and slowly wended their way to the scene of festivity. A coon or other wild game supper awaited them with all the attendant good cheer. When partaken of, babies and small youngsters put to bed, the older children tucked into corners out of the way, everybody rolled up their sleeves and hustled the food, dishes, and furniture out of sight. A temporary stage was improvised for the fiddlers who played by "ear" so no music stand was required. Sometimes this stage consisted of chairs on the kitchen table, or four chairs with boards across the seats in some corner, and the fun began. Old time reels and cotillion dances were stepped off lively, and everybody "took steps" in those days. The cider barrel was handy and many a nimble swain cut a pigeon wing, or danced a clog with his blood atingling with its enlivening glow. Courting couples were in evidence, as serenely unconscious of the existence of other mortals then as nowadays, housewives gossiped and farmers talked politics and swapped stories. This lasted 'til about day light and then the tired but jolly crowds wended their way home to do the morning chores and go at their several day's work.

The above paper was written by Mrs. Emma Gore Hale at the age of eighty. The stories were told to her by a friend who lived in the Tavern Days.

THE INNKEEPER'S WIFE

"Ragged Mountain Inn" said the sign before the door and before I got through with it, I had learned that there was nothing meaner than keeping a little country tavern. It was a two story building with an extension at the back. As you entered there was a parlor on the left hand, with a dining room behind it for stage folks to eat in. Across the hall on the right was the barroom and behind it another dining room for those who happened along. Behind were the kitchens, washroom, and wood shed. Upstairs were chambers and in the extension, a hall.

We had fourteen bedsteads. They were four-posters that set up high from the floor and were made up with straw underticks and feather beds. Four of the beds were in two rooms and we used to pile the teamsters into them. One room we kept for the people in chaises only. The house was furnished plainly, mostly home-made spindled-legged furniture. There was no carpet on the parlor floor and it was like grinding the eyeteeth out of the tavern keeper to get one when they came around. The means of heating were simple as the other furnishings. Down stairs there were fireplaces. There was, however, an open iron stove with brass andirons in the parlor. But when you went upstairs if it were winter and cold the warming pan preceded you and that with the featherbed was supposed to keep you warm enough through the night.

The barroom was the main room of the house, large and square with a fireplace on one side where the teamsters used to heat their flip. A closet-like bar with win-

dows in front which lifted in the daytime and let down and locked at night, took up another side. Here we were licensed "to sell by retail all and everything of spirituous liquors by small quantities, for the town, and to mix and sell same." Bottles and decanter filled the shelves. All who traveled drank more or less. On the bar top stood the cigars which were free. However, we always kept two grades and the better ones hidden on the shelf for special customers.

We got our supplies to run the establishment in various ways. A store was kept in connection with the tavern and we got a great deal through it. The farmers brought in turkeys and geese and chickens of which we ate many. Butter was also brought into the store which used to be put into a large white oak tub and when this was full, its contents was worked over, put into small tubs and sent to Boston. I used to get my butter for cooking out of this but for table butter we had a special place at which we got it. We had a flock of sheep and killed lambs. We had an ice-house and I used to remove the straw in which the ice was packed and spread down a cloth over the ice to lay the meat on and so keep it cool. Farmers brought fresh fish. One little fellow brought some trout that he had filled with fine pebbles to make them weigh more. We got molasses by the hogshead, sugar came in loaves wrapped in blue paper which we used to save to color stockings. Flour didn't come in teams; that was home grown and home ground. Besides we had a garden and a good one. How I recall our first tomatoes. The storeman brought the seeds and planted them. They grew and turned red. A

visitor said, "Where did you get your tomatoes?" I said, "What are they and how do you use them?" "Oh," she said, "They are tomatoes. Some folks call them love apples. You stew them. Oh, they are fine."

For the stage that used to dine at our house, we got a regular dinner:—roast meat, vegetables, bread and butter, pickles, sauce, cheese, two kinds of pie, and pudding. Everything was set on the table and the people dished for themselves. We never served liquor at the table but how often I have stepped to the barroom and nodded to the barman to fetch a decanter of brandy for some old covie who wanted it. We had steel knives and forks and, as the forks were two tined, people used to use their knives as much as their forks. Tea and coffee were drunk out of the saucer because that was the style. And napkins were not used because they had not come into fashion. The nearest thing we had to napkins were the small towels we had to tuck under children's chins. Yet all were satisfied.

The company that used to frequent a country tavern was various. Those who traveled by stage, and the teamsters were the regular frequenters. Four- and six-horse teams used to carry down to Boston their loads of butter and cheese and grain and, in early winter, dressed hogs and bring back goods from the stores. The drivers were good smart-looking men. They made their eighteen miles a day, went to bed in pretty good season and got up in pretty good season. Our hostler had to be up by four so that they could be off by six. These men used to drink but not half as much as those who rode in chaises. There would be people traveling in their own private carriages. Now and

then a load of Shakers would drop in. Sometimes the coach would hold all women except for a man with a wide-brimmed hat who would be driving for them. They would be all dressed alike in gray, with little bonnets, and would be on their way visiting. The Enfield and Canterbury Shakers used to visit back and forth considerable.

Commencement at Dartmouth was the last Thursday in July then. There would be two or three coaches and a cart to carry the baggage up at that time but lots more went in their own teams. With these it was fashionable to start early so as to ride in the cool of the morning. There was a tavern ten miles above us and Petingills eight miles below. So, we used to have a great many come in for breakfast. When there would be three or four persons they would have a coach and two horses but lots rode in chaises.

Once I remember Daniel Webster and his family had been up to commencement and stopped at our house on their way back. There was Mr. Webster, a very tall man and fairly thickset, Mrs. Webster and their daughter. I had a loaf of cake for dinner that day and after dinner was over Mrs. Webster wanted to know if I would tell her how that cake was made.

From commencement time on there would be lots of light carriage travel. They would swoop down on you all of a sudden sometimes. I know one September morning I happened to look out as a woman was just carrying some chickens into the store. Well, it wasn't a minute after that some people swung into the yard and they would like some fried chicken and flapjacks for breakfast. It wasn't

long before some of those chickens were in the fry basin. I tell you, lucky again! The fall of the year also brought an old man from Lyme. He used to buy sheep and drive them down to market. He hired boys to help him who would all put up at the tavern. Then he was content with bread and milk such as his boys had, but mind you when he came back and was rid of his boys, he wanted a good meal. Snow brought the "pod-auger" men. These were the farmers who would be going down below with a lumber box sled and span carrying some grain, a hog or two, butter and cheese to sell and bring back groceries for their own use. They wore woolen frocks of blue, buttoned up in front and came below their knees, loose at the shoulder and belted in at the waist. These folks got their breakfast and supper from us. At noon they gathered in the barroom and ate out of their boxes, cold meat, doughnuts and various things. A mug of cider from the bar always washed the contents down.

The most amusing thing that came along was a traveling circus and used the dooryard for the show. People came from everywhere, seems as if they came from under the rocks. The show folks had an elephant and all kinds of animals but the most fun provoking was a little pony. They would call for the boys to ride it and when the pony threw them, the crowd would laugh. One boy thought he could stick on and was doing pretty well but the circus folks put a monkey up behind him. The little rat, when he got a chance, would bite the boy and he had to drop off.

The one thing about traveling in those days was that

folks didn't bother themselves with much baggage. I always used to carry a bandbox containing a bonnet and used to slip it into a bag to keep the dust out. I've been many a time and carried all I wanted in one. But if we were going to be gone long, we had a little haircloth trunk that swung between the wheels under the axles, to carry what we wanted. On the other hand, traveling was often times disagreeable. Stages started at four o'clock in the morning. The one from Concord north did and they often got stuck or sometimes tipped over into a snowdrift. The fare averaged ten cents a mile, twenty-five miles for two dollars and fifty cents.

The uncertainties of travel made it very hard on those who kept inns. I recall boiling potatoes four times one spring day in order to have them hot and good when the stage should arrive for dinner. And there were no means of telling ahead how many you were to have for dinner. You also never knew when your work was done. It was all times of day, early in the morning and late at night. You had to be up at four to get breakfast for the big teams wanted to start as soon as it was light enough to see. Then again you would get your work all done up of an evening late in the fall and likely as not about eight o'clock six or eight pod-auger teams would swing into the dooryard to put up and you know they wanted a good substantial meal. The worst of it all was, it was so confining. You had to be right there. One night my brother wanted me to go to New London. I did, but in order to go I heated the brick oven after all went to bed and made a dozen pies. There was one thing, we were not bothered to get girls to work,

and good girls from the neighborhood too. The teamsters would bother some for they wanted to sit down at the table where our men ate. We charged them fifteen cents per meal. In connection with the teamsters I recall our old stripped-faced horse that the teamsters used to use to help them up a hill which was five or six miles up the road. When they got up the height they used to throw the bridle over the horse's neck and the horse would go home alone. Once in a while he would meet a team going up, on his way back, and the teamster would try to catch him. He knew, however, that he was fixed to come home and he did, never allowing anyone to catch him.

Not only the tavern and the store but a blacksmith shop and the tollgate claimed our attention. The tollgate was the most important one on the Fourth New Hampshire Turnpike because it barred both the Fourth and the Grafton Pike, its big feeder. The toll chest into which they put the toll is in the attic now. About a thousand dollars a year was the average amount of toll. In 1834 it went up to $1125.50. Rates were for stage property, six-horse coach, fifty cents; two-wheeled gig, ten cents; two-horse coach, thirty cents; three-horse coach, thirty-five cents; four-horse coach, forty cents; horse and chaise, fifteen cents; one hundred sheep, ten cents. Out of this we got one hundred dollars a year for taking toll.

How folks used to swear about paying toll especially if the roads were bad. "Pay toll on such a road as that, such a devilish muddy road!" How often I have heard the gatekeeper tell them that it was his business to take toll not to work on the road. Once I heard a man retort, "Yes, it is

your business to care for the road. It is everyone's business to work on the road." "Well, then," said the gatekeeper, "You can go back and work on it." Folks not only grumbled but cheated. Droviers used to huddle their droves together so it would be hard to count them. The keeper would send them back but everybody got out of paying toll as often as he could. In our tavern we used to average to make nine hundred dollars a year after all the bills were paid. We sold the tavern in 1839 as the railroad would soon be coming and then there would be no use for the country tavern.

Two stories I wish to tell. It was while we lived at the tavern that we went down to Concord to see General Jackson. We had a window on the second floor of the old Hutchen Hotel. With President Jackson were Van Buren and Frank Pierce, afterward President who came in an open coach. But just before he got into town, the President got out of the coach and onto a white horse so people could see him. He was a tall, straight man; rather course featured and courageous looking. How straight in the saddle he sat! He made a speech to the people in the State-house yard.

The other story is about Potter's dinner. Potter was a mulatto ventriloquist who with his wife had settled down near Andover. They had nice things and once they invited some of the people to dinner. One thing they had was roast pig decorated with vegetable flowers. Old Potter sat down to carve. As he was sharpening his knife on the steel, everyone heard a squeal from the pig on the platter that made them jump. When he stuck the fork into the pig you

should have heard it squeal and every slice he took off brought forth something but weaker as the pig lessened. When the last slice was cut the pig's objections to the operation was a dying murmur.

The winter before we sold the tavern I gave a little supper party. Napkins had just come around but were not in common use in 1839 in our town. One of the guests absent-mindedly put his napkin into his pocket thinking it his pocket handerchief, and took it home with him. The next day he brought it back with apologies.

Did you ever hear of cooking a wedding cake in a half-bushel measure? That was what the wedding cake was made in for a wedding that I went to at Squire Butterfield's when his only daughter married John L. Pearson of Concord. The wedding was pretty aristocratic, as much as Andover could afford. When we went home, the cake was cut up and everyone had some of it in a paper to carry away. Never anything else at weddings but cake in those days.

POTTER PLACE

Such is the name of a station on the railroad between Concord and White River Junction. Few passengers notice the low white picket fence, close to the track on the side opposite the small station building, which encloses a graveyard where Richard Potter and his wife are buried and from whom the station takes its name because the site was the front yard of his residence. "In memory of Richard Potter, the Celebrated Ventriloquist, who died September

20, 1835, aged fifty-two years" reads the legend on his gravestone and beside him rests "Sally H. Wife of Richard Potter" who died the following year. The Potter family is extinct as their two children died without offspring, and no records exist of the parentage or birthplace of this once famous "Great Magician" who lived during his last years in Andover a respected kindly citizen.

IN A BRISTOL TAVERN

Rev. Walter Sleeper and his wife kept the tollgate of the Mayhew turnpike on North Main Street for some years. One day after a hard snowstorm, a traveler came along and complained bitterly because the road had not been broken out and refused to pay his toll. Mrs. Sleeper, who was alone, declined to unfasten the gate till he had paid, whereupon he took from his pocket a silver dollar and threw it into the snow at her feet. Mrs. Sleeper picked the coin from the snow, went into the house, and returned with the change in small pieces of silver. These she threw at his feet in the snow, and stood by enjoying his hunt for the coins.

IN A PENACOOK TAVERN

On the Portsmouth-Concord Turnpike road, only a few miles away from Penacook stands a colonial house which was used as a tavern one hundred years ago and kept by my great-grandparents, John T. Leavitt and his wife, Molly Emery Leavitt.

There Lafayette was entertained. I am not sure he was the distinguished guest about which this story is written but it might be possible.

A large family of boys and girls lived in this old home and often were entertained by guests and, more often entertained the stranger within the gate with their merriment.

A large flock of geese was kept and the gander had the habit of coming often to the door and giving a loud rap, rap, rap, when food was wanted. On one occasion the children were assembled in the large living room and a merry group they were. A loud and distinct knock was heard at the outer door and the children immediately called out loudly, "Come in, old gander." In a few moments the knock was repeated and the mother hastened to open the door thinking it was not the gander to which the children had eagerly called. We can easily imagine her surprise and embarrassment to find a distinguished guest waiting to be admitted to the hospitality of that old home.

AN ENCOUNTER IN HINSDALE

Hinsdale's first and most famous tavern built in 1801 was the Checkered House which was a social center for farmers and politicians of an evening, smoking and drinking mugs of flip. Among other items of the Checkered House was a little skirmish on the Fourth of July, 1824, when the forces of Vernon sent word that they would be at the Checkered House to "whip all Hinsdale." When

the leader, Mr. W. M. Stebbins, stepped to the front and informed the Hinsdale boys what they had come for and what they were going to do, up stepped Capt. John Barrett, a man twice his age and two-thirds his size, who with his bared fist knocked him down and without another blow closed the fray.

SCOTCH THRIFT

Hillsborough is rich in folklore. Known as No. 7 of the frontier towns, the second New Hampshire turnpike passed through the Upper and Lower Villages. In the latter hamlet near the tollgate, was a tavern kept by Uncle Tom Wilson and his wife, "Aunt Tom," as she was familiarly called, a frugal woman who figured on feeding the travelling public and regular boarders as cheaply as possible, and at the same time maintain an appearance of lavishness.

To that end she would take her place at the table with a pie resting in her lap, and, after everyone had eaten his fill, would exclaim, "Well, I declare! I have forgotten the!" Whereupon she would produce the pie, and, in quick succession, say to each person at the table, "Have a piece, have a piece. Well, if nobody wants a piece I won't cut it," and whisk it away to the kitchen.

This came to be a regular occurrence and one of the boarders, Hale Sargent, by name, who kept the village store opposite the tavern, told his cronies that the next time Aunt Tom brought out that pie, he was going to have some. They didn't have long to wait; the following

day the pie appeared from its hiding place. When it came Sargent's turn he promptly said, "Yes, I'll take a piece." The discomfited landlady gave him his pie, but, if ever a rash young fellow was punished for his presumption, that was the time.

The pie that was intended only for a showpiece had become so ancient that the crust was rancid and the filling moldy. Young Sargent heroically devoured the unsavory concoction, but he was never known to eat pie at "Aunt Tom's" table again.

NAT JEWETT

Many years ago there lived in Milton Mills a prominent citizen named Nat Jewett. He was one upon whom it was difficult to "put over" anything, as the saying is. Among the many men whom he employed was Peter Copp of Wakefield, who was noted for the amount of food he could stow away. One day Mr. Jewett sent him to Dover with an ox team loaded with boards, directing him to stop at a certain tavern for dinner. Jewett himself had stopped at this tavern a short time before, and, because he had a headache, had dined on bread and tea.

When he went to pay his bill and was charged the price of a dinner he objected, but the landlord replied, "A meal's a meal." Jewett paid, inwardly resolving to get even. He sent word to the tavern keeper that one of his men would stop for dinner on this day and ordered the bill to be sent to him. He charged Peter with the exhortation, "Now Peter, do your very best." Peter needed no

urging and when he went to dinner not only obeyed, but even went beyond his instructions. Never was that tavern so denuded of eatables in its history, and the triumphant Peter went on his way rejoicing.

Some days later when his employer called to pay the bill, the landlord said he was outraged, that the man had eaten them out of house and home and that the price of several meals ought to be paid. Jewett grimly replied in the landlord's own words "A meal's a meal," and refused to pay extra.

TREADWELL'S TAVERN IN NEWMARKET

When Nathaniel Treadwell lost his home in the great fire at Portsmouth in December, 1813, he bought the parsonage that was built for Rev. John Moody in Newmarket. Mr. Treadwell and his son, Captain Charley, were taverners here from 1814 to 1828. No other house in Newmarket is so rich in historical associations. Sometimes this tavern was used for religious services. If the weather was very cold, the temperature of the near-by meetinghouse did not respond to the heat of a small stove. It was said that on such days Elder Brodhead preached in his surtout and kept his hands warm by emphatic gestures. If his congregation seemed to suffer from cold he would say, "We will adjourn to the dining room at Brother Treadwell's." The preaching at the tavern may have had an unexpected influence, three Treadwell daughters married three Methodist ministers.

THE ROSEBROOK AND CRAWFORD FAMILIES

In the White Mountains no names are more familiar than Rosebrook and Crawford. The following stories are copied from the unpublished diary of Ethan Allen Crawford.

Among the earliest pioneers in Upper Coos was Captain Eleazer Rosebrook who with his wife and child left Grafton, Massachusetts, in 1772. After a temporary stay in Lancaster, Captain Rosebrook built a cabin in Colebrook then known as Monadnock. No neighbors were nearer than thirty miles through the forest. Their only domestic animal was a cow.

Since no fences existed, the cow when turned out could roam wherever she pleased. Only the tinkling of the cowbell would tell her location, too often across the river which Mrs. Rosebrook must wade to find her. Many a time in the absence of her husband Mrs. Rosebrook would secure the older child in the cabin and, with her babe in her arms, start in quest of the cow. On her return she would cautiously open the cabin door to see if the child were safe; then with the older baby following and the other in her arms, Mrs. Rosebrook would manage to milk.

On the opening of the Revolutionary War, Eleazer Rosebrook volunteered his services to his country. During his absence his family lived at Guildhall, Vermont, and were frequently visited by Indians. Since no man lived on the place, the redskins took advantage of the situation. After selling their furs they would purchase liquor which they called "Uncupy," and carried in the bladders of

moose. When they were actually drunk the Rosebrook home was their rendezvous.

At one time Mrs. Rosebrook's patience was taxed beyond endurance and with righteous indignation she decided to put the Indians out of the house. She cleaned them all out but one squaw who lay on the floor motionless. Seizing her by the hair of the head Mrs. Rosebrook dragged her out of doors but this unceremonious way of exit roused the apparently lifeless body to motion. The squaw drew her tomahawk and aimed it at Mrs. Rosebrook who was just closing the door which fortunately hit the wooden thumb piece of the weapon severing it from the handle.

Imagine the courage of that brave pioneer woman to stay in that house that night with those small children and drunken Indians just outside. However no harm came to her. In the night the squaw sobered off and the next day came to Mrs. Rosebrook humbly asking her forgiveness for her bad behavior and promising it should not be repeated, which promise she kept.

In 1792 Mr. Rosebrook sold his Connecticut River farm and moved to Nash and Sawyer's Location, now called Fabyans. There he built a two-story house in the side of a mound known as the Giant's Grave. In the journal of his grandson, Ethan Allen Crawford, is found this description, "My grandfather built a large and convenient two-story dwelling on an elevated spot. This house had two stories underground. From the chamber in the second story was an outside door which opened so that one could

walk out on this fine hill, from which to a stranger this view was beautiful."

This house was opened as an inn in 1808, the first in the White Mountains. Surrounding the place were large barns, stables and sheds and a saw and a gristmill. Captain Rosebrook was a sturdy pioneer. The story is often told how he went through the forest, a tramp of eighty miles, to the seacoast and returned with a bushel of salt upon his shoulders when the settlers were in need of salt to preserve their food. Another tale told of this brave man is that after the road was cut through Crawford Notch a barrel of tobacco grown in Lancaster was the first article of commerce that was carried over the trail. In Portland a barrel of rum was offered to the man who would transport it back to Lancaster. Captain Rosebrook accomplished the task although the barrel was nearly empty when it arrived at its destination because so many drinks had been given to those who assisted in the work of transportation.

ETHAN ALLEN CRAWFORD

Ethan Allen Crawford, famous guide and trail maker of the White Mountains, inherited the estate of his grandfather, Eleazer Rosebrook which occupied the site where the Fabyan House now stands, a few miles north of the entrance to Crawford Notch. He married Lucy Howe Crawford, his cousin.

On the day of the birth of his first child, this large house and all the outbuildings but one were burned with nearly all

their belongings. Mr. Crawford was away at the time having gone to carry dinner to some men who were working on the Cherry Mountain Road. A Mr. Boardman and his wife from Lancaster, who had called at the Inn for refreshment on their return from Saco, were the only people present to help the women. Mrs. Boardman upon learning from the maid that the house was on fire, calmly told Mrs. Crawford, advised her not to be frightened, telling her her life was of more account than the property and that they would take care of her.

Mrs. Crawford arose and dressed herself, went to the desk which stood in the room, unlocked it, removed papers of consequence, put them in a pine chest which stood near-by and asked Mr. Boardman to save it, which he did. She went into another room, took out some drawers and would have taken down the top of a brass clock had it not been for the remonstrance of Mrs. Boardman who tried to impress upon her the gravity of her physical condition. Then they carried her out in an arm chair. The infant was the last thing to be taken from the burning building, Mrs. Rosebrook having left it on a bench in the barroom. Mrs. Boardman asked her where it was and Mrs. Rosebrook, remembering where she had left it, ran in and brought it out. The mother and the new-born babe were placed on a feather bed, but not far enough away but that the flying sparks set fire to it three times, she putting it out with her hands.

Mr. Crawford returning from Cherry Mountain, shocked to see the fire consuming his home, rushed to the scene, passing his wife on the feather bed unnoticed, hoping to save something from the house, but to no avail. Soon all

was smouldering ruins. The situation was critical and what to do was a serious question. Happily a tin peddler came along and he emptied the contents of his cart in the field and on the feather bed therein the mother and babe were placed.

Grandmother Rosebrook and the nurse on horseback and Mr. Crawford and the peddler on foot set out for Mrs. Rosebrook's home some miles distant. The road was rough and the baby fretful. To quiet the baby, the nurse picked raspberries which she gave to it as well as to the mother. They reached the Rosebrook farm at sunset.

With the courage characteristic of these hardy pioneers, this young couple arose to the situation confronting them. Their loss was estimated at three thousand dollars. A small house about twenty-four feet square which they owned was moved a distance of a mile and a half by their relatives to the site of the burned building and this was the beginning of the new inn to accommodate the traveling public. This was situated on the principal road to market to Portland and to Portsmouth for teamsters from the northern part of New Hampshire and Vermont, and many times the little house was crowded beyond its capacity. In the winter months it would often be necessary to make a large bed upon the floor and, with a roaring fire in the fireplace, the men would pass the night comfortably. Frequently a cord of wood would be consumed in twenty-four hours.

Later Giant's Grave was leveled off and the present Fabyan House was built on the spot. It is a singular fact that three public houses have burned on this site, reminding us of the legend of the Indian of long ago who stood on that

mound with a blazing torch lighted at a tree that had been struck by lightning and, swinging the firebrand around in the darkness, said, "No pale-face shall take deep root here, this the Great Spirit whispered in my ear."

NAMING THE WHITE PEAKS

Ethan Allen Crawford acted as guide through the mountains. He was called the "Giant of the Hills," being nearly seven feet tall, and often if any of his guests gave out in climbing the mountains, he would bring them down on his back. There is a story of a party from Lancaster going over to name the mountains on July 31, 1820, consisting of Adino N. Brackett, John N. Wheeler, Charles J. Steart, Noyes S. Dennison and Samuel A. Pearson with Phillip Carrigan and Ethan Crawford as guides. They made Ethan their pilot and loaded him with provisions and blankets like a pack horse and as they began to ascend, feeling the heat, piled their coats on top of his load. They also carried with them a good supply of "Black Betts." They spent the night at a camp three miles from the Notch road and in the morning set out on their intended expedition. They came to a pond of clear water about one mile from the summit of Mt. Washington. Here they spent some time enjoying the delicious water, then proceeded to the summit. They gave names to the peaks and drank healths with rousing cheers in honor of the great names they gave them. Their toasts were punctuated with considerable hilarity owing to frequent libations of Black Betts. On their descent by the beauti-

ful sheet of water they named it "Blue Pond" now known as the "Lake of the Clouds." Copious draughts of Blue Pond water with Black Betts began to have a weakening effect upon the knees of one of the party. Locomotion on his feet was no longer possible and Ethan was burdened with a back load of mortality weighing two hundred pounds all the way down the Ammonoosuc Valley. Arriving at camp, Ethan was so exhausted that, after unloading his burden, he prostrated himself on the ground and told his party they would have to take care of themselves for the night.

Thus the White Mountain peaks were named.

TALES OF CRAWFORD NOTCH

Pioneers entered the northern country through the Connecticut Valley; not until 1771 did one of them, Timothy Nash, discover that gash in the mountain wall called Crawford Notch. Evidently no Indian trail passed through it. While chasing a deer, Timothy climbed a tree not to find his deer, as it happened, but a depression between the cliffs which he explored as soon as possible following the Saco Stream to the sea. When he arrived in Portsmouth, Governor John Wentworth was deeply interested in Nash's story since a further extension of the road from Wolfeboro into the northern region was in the Governor's mind. So, he offered to Nash a grant of land if he would return to Lancaster and bring a horse through the Notch to Portsmouth. Timothy possessed a canny nature and, remembering several spots where he had clambered down the cliffs, he had some doubt of his ability to succeed.

He enlisted the help of a fellow hunter, Benjamin Sawyer. At Lancaster they equipped the horse with a leather girdle and, supplied with plenty of rope, they proceeded to Portsmouth where they displayed the horse to the Governor, who began Coos Road. When some of the ledges were discovered, the trick of the rigging that was employed came out and "Sawyer's Rock" near Bemis Station is one of the old landmarks. The forest at the northern entrance to the Notch is still known as Nash and Wentworth's Location.

While in Crawford Notch the pathetic story of Nancy comes to mind. Nancy came to Jefferson in 1776 with Colonel Whipple's family and lived with them for two years. She fell in love with one of the Colonel's farmhands. They became engaged and decided to be married in Portsmouth. Nancy went home to Lancaster to prepare for her journey through the wilderness. Before her return, her prospective husband, to whom Nancy had entrusted all her savings, including her two years' pay, set out from Jefferson for Portsmouth without leaving any explanation or any word for Nancy.

When Nancy found that her lover had left Jefferson, she decided to immediately follow him although everyone advised against her leaving. Traveling as fast as she was able in the face of a northwest wind, she hoped to overtake the runaway in his probable camp in the Notch. There she found the warm ashes of his campfire and without pausing for rest hurried on only to become exhausted. Sinking down at the foot of a tree on the bank of the brook that still perpetuates her name, she fell asleep. A party of Colonel Whipple's men who had followed her found her frozen body. The perfidious

lover is said to have become insane on learning of Nancy's fate.

A story of early colonial raids has an ending in Crawford Notch which is picturesque and interesting. Rogers' Rangers were sent by Governor Amherst into the St. Lawrence country and there they plundered the village of St. Francis. The victorious white men carried away the church plate, candlesticks and a large silver image. They kept together for about ten days, then being followed and set upon by Indians, they decided to separate, the better to gain safety. One party of nine, who had the silver image, decided to attempt getting through the Notch. They met a supposedly friendly Indian who offered to guide them. Instead, he led them into the defiles of Isarels' River and after poisoning one of them with a rattlesnake's fang, left them. All but one of the party died and the silver image was never found, but later, as the legend goes, a lonely hunter camped one night up among the White Hills. The night mist rolled back and disclosed a great stone church and within was an altar where from a sparkling censer rose a curling wreath of incense and around it lights dispersed a mellow glow by which in groups before that altar appeared a tribe of savages kneeling in profound silence. A change came in the wind; and a song, long and loud arose, as a vocal offering to the Great Spirit, the glittering spire, church and altar vanished and down a steep trail wound a long line of strange looking men in solemn silence. Before all, as borne by some fairy sprite, sported a glittering image of silver which in the deep shadows turned to fairy shape and with sparkling wings disappeared in the rent rocks.

This was followed by a loud laugh of triumph, whereupon the hunter awoke.

No story that has to do with the White Hills is complete without the story of the Great Carbuncle which Hawthorne has immortalized, and which has been hunted since the earliest advent of the white men. Somewhere so the story goes, in the glen of the Mt. Washington River, hidden under a shelving rock was the great, glorious carbuncle. The gem, it was declared, had been placed there by the Indians, who killed one of their number so that an evil spirit might haunt the place. The great stone ever and anon startled the rangers in their lonely camps, or the farmers in their log houses on the Saco Lowlands by flashing its glittering light far out over the country. Led by reports of the gem's existence, and marvelous brilliancy, several parties of adventurers went in quest of it expecting fabulous riches. One expedition took along a "good man" to lay the evil spirit but all they got was deep disappointment and many bruises. Tradition goes on to say that an old Indian pronounced a curse on the pale-faced seekers and as his dying wish prayed for the Great Spirit to send a black storm of fire and thunder to rend the cliff and roll the great carbuncle down the valley and cover it under the ruins of rock and trees. We read that as late as after the Revolution, a belief persisted of the jewel's existence and some there were who hoped to find it.

DOLLY COPP IN PINKHAM NOTCH

While driving through winding Pinkham Notch between towering walls of Presidential Peaks on one side and Carter

Domes on the other, a motorist is so awed by the grandeur that the brevity of time since this entire region was a pathless wilderness is of little consequence. Perchance camping equipment is included in the baggage to be set up at the National Forest Camp Ground near the northern outlet of the Notch where together with thousands of other nature lovers the traveler lives for a time beneath the boughs of the white birches and cooks over a blazing campfire, at Dolly Copp Camp.

As the peace of a summer night settles over the valley and darkness conceals the landscape, the camper snuggles beneath warm blankets, for the mountain breeze is cool, and, protected by a mosquito-proof net from such disturbing intruders, he is lulled to repose by the murmur of the Peabody River. The unusual environment prevents immediate sleep for the hooting owls and calls of night hawks are unfamiliar sounds to his ears. Gradually primitive instincts become active; the wilderness creeps into his consciousness; imagination carries him back to the long ago and the camper seems to hear the howl of wolves reverberate from cliff to cliff in the narrow mountain pass. Suddenly a question thrusts sleep aside, "Who was Dolly Copp? Why was this place named Dolly Copp?"

Not so long ago, 1804 to be exact, this tract of forest was in its primeval state when a baby boy, named Hayes Dodifer Copp, was born on the eastern side of the Carter Range in the borders of Maine in a clearing called Stowe. His parents were pioneers with little to offer their son in worldly prospects except a strong body and a patient disposition. As the boy grew to manhood he frequently heard rumors of fertile

meadows, untouched by man, on the other side of the range. Although possessing no money with which to purchase land the youth had the courage to appeal to the legislature of New Hampshire to grant him a tract with the promise that he would pay the price in bushels of grain as soon as he could grow them. His plea was granted. So Hayes Copp, at the age of twenty-four, shouldered his ax and gun, bade goodbye to his home in Maine, and became a pioneer in Peabody Valley, later Pinkham Notch.

Through five lonely years persevering Hayes Copp toiled before a clearing had been cut and the ground prepared for crops of grain and hay. In winter he labored to roll up cabins for house and stables. To construct a log house without assistance was no easy task. Logs about a foot in diameter formed the lower courses; then others of gradually decreasing sizes completed the height of the walls, each timber carefully notched near the ends to dovetail into those above and below. With muscular energy alone as the propelling force, each log was rolled up slanting skids to slip into its appointed place.

On his occasional trips to Jackson, at the southern entrance to the valley, for necessary supplies Hayes acquired stock for his farm; first, a horse; later, cattle and swine and finally, sheep and poultry. But a far greater acquisition spurred him to his tasks, for in Bartlett he met and won the promise of blue-eyed Dolly Emery that she would share his cabin when all was ready for occupancy. Dolly was a tiny woman with fair complexion and yellow hair, but her pride in her appearance centered, as did that of many a maid of the past century, in her unusually small feet which

she always shod with footwear that she managed to purchase from the growing city of Portland even when she lived far from city factories. She was not an unsophisticated woman although she lived in the back woods; she had visited the thriving cities to the south and knew their amusements and culture. However, she was trained in all the domestic arts of a pioneer housewife who must live isolated from human contacts.

At length the cabins were completed, crops of grain and vegetables were stored for the winter's food supply and Hayes came to Bartlett to claim his bride. On a chill November day in 1831 Dolly and Hayes pledged their marriage vows which were followed by a wedding journey up the Ellis River Valley and over the divide into the Peabody Valley to their homestead over thirty miles distant. Snow had already fallen in the mountains and Dolly rode the horse while Hayes trudged at her side and behind dragged her "car." Such a vehicle is never seen today even in the most primitive hamlets. Doubtless the sides were two birch poles about twelve feet in length whose smaller ends were fastened to the stirrups, on either side, and the larger ends dragged upon the ground. Crosspieces about three feet in length held the poles apart and acted as supports to the few pieces of household furniture and the small hair cloth covered trunk that contained the trousseau and wedding gifts, among them a silver teapot and spoons that were heirlooms in the Emery Family and a china tea service that was decorated with bands of gold. How many days were necessary for this wedding journey is not recorded, but the sight of the snug cabins must have been welcome in that winter atmosphere. There

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DOLLY COPP'S TAVERN IN PINKHAM NOTCH

in the lonely forest although many miles from human contacts or neighborly companionships these two courageously developed a home for themselves and their four children. Dolly was an ideal mate for Hayes Copp. To his deliberate habits she brought a supplement of energetic, creative ability. She could card the wool from their sheep into rolls, spin them into yarn and weave webs of homespun. She could dye these with natural wood and vegetable colors. She knew the art of dipping candles, of manufacturing soft soap. She had learned how to grow and cure flax for the family linens, how to dry fruits and preserve them in maple syrup. But greatest of all her achievements was her orchard. Scattered throughout New England were wild apple trees and Dolly searched for these in her valley. Carefully transplanted and nurtured, these wild trees bore fruit which became famous in Dolly Copp's Apple Butter.

After a few years had passed, Daniel Pinkham persuaded the state to construct a road through the Notch which was then named in his honor. Settlers occupied the northern valleys and travelers began to frequent the highway. Then Dolly opened her house, a new framed dwelling, as a tavern. One wayfarer described his stay in this simple home. He told how Dolly drew her rude table before the fireplace, laid a homespun linen cloth, set out her wedding silver and china with the gold bands, and served slices of home-cured ham, fresh honey from her hives, hot corn bread and apple butter preserves. Later the traveler found comfortable repose upon a feather bed covered with linen sheets and woolen blankets and all for the nominal sum of seventy-five cents for food and lodging for him and his horse.

In time the Glen House was constructed and more and more summer boarders lingered in the valley. An idea for business that some more modern trader may believe he originated, came to Dolly. This enterprising business woman utilized her doorstep for a trading-post, a roadside stand as it were, where she sold the products of her housewifery. Not only at home but also at the Glen House were her wares known where guests demanded her homespun blue woolens, her apple butter, honey and preserves. Thus by constant labor by Dolly and unremitting toil by Hayes this couple extended their clearing, built additions to their barns, and accumulated a competence for their old age. Their children grew to maturity and left the homestead for other interests, one to the West, and the one daughter, Sylvia, married in Auburn, Maine.

No modern woman will grudgingly censure Dolly for her one solace during the winter evenings as she spun or wove in the firelight, for Dolly smoked a pipe. Probably the bowl was fashioned from a cob of corn and the stem was a reed from the river bank. Tobacco was grown and cured in years when the season permitted and history relates that a barrel of this plant was the first product of the land that was transported down the length of Crawford Notch.

Truly these parents experienced the anxieties of wilderness life. On a bitterly cold winter afternoon one of their sons became lost in the forest during a severe snowstorm. His father searched with the help of neighbors all night without success, but the young man finally reached the home of a settler on the other side of the range. Neither father nor son ever entirely recovered their robust health after this

ordeal. Imagination falters when the varied trials that life must have presented are considered—childbirth, accidents, winter severities, pain and disappointments which developed a quaintness in speech and manner peculiar to the Copp Family that is still remembered in their valley.

As the years brought their burden of age, Dolly grew restless and weary of the narrow environment; her thoughts turned to the comforts and amusements of the cities that she had visited as a girl. So, when her daughter offered a home to her parents in Auburn, Dolly could not restrain her eagerness to accept the invitation. But Hayes Copp was a pioneer woodsman, his mode of life did not find the bustle of city streets appealing, he preferred country ways.

Then Dolly made a momentous decision and her terse reasoning is remembered as her most famous saying, "Hayes is well enough" said this aged woman, "but fifty years is long enough for any woman to live with any man." Hayes acquiesced to this decree and the two people of seventy years and more amicably divided their life's savings into equal parts. Dolly took her share and departed to spend the remainder of her days in Auburn with her daughter while Hayes wandered back to his childhood home in Stowe and ended his days surrounded by the peace of the hills. Occasionally he visited his family in Auburn or Dolly drove to Stowe to meet her husband. Her daughter lived to be an aged woman loved and respected in her home in Auburn.

Today, thousands of travelers quaff a cool drink from the spring on the old farm where the home of the Copps once stood as strangers quenched their thirst in the days of Dolly's hospitality. Dolly Copp and her spring will be re-

membered as long as the white birches rustle their leaves at nightfall over the tents of summer visitors to the camp ground that bears the name of this able woman who lived with such endurance in the days when the Peabody River flowed through primeval forests that encircled her mountain home.

STAGE COACH DAYS

Compared with pioneer days the period of the stage coach may be said to be recent history. Highways that permitted stage travel were not known until turnpikes were chartered about 1796. Even then such was the condition of the road that after a storm the advice of the driver was often necessary, "First class passengers, keep your seats; second class passengers, get out and walk; third class passengers, get out and push."

A veteran stage driver lives in Lunenburg, Vermont, Mr. Arthur E. White who handled the reins for eighteen years between North Woodstock and the Profile Hotel. Mr. White described the tallyho as a coach with seats for passengers on the top in front of the baggage, a stage coach had no top seats.

Reminiscent of sixty or more years, Mr. Eugene Bowles of Franconia recalled his life at the Profile House when his father was porter for three decades. Before the entrance was a wide circular drive which stages approached at full speed and disgrace was due the driver who did not make this circle with all four wheels on the ground. The favorite stunt of the boy of eight summers was to meet the coaches below the

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circle, jump the step and ride around until the spectacular stop before the entrance. When a dozen coaches were arriving about the same time "It was quite a sight," said Mr. Bowles. "Old Ed. Cox was a wonderful driver whose team of six chestnut horses carried General Grant from Bethlehem to the Profile House in an hour. Everyone in town was out to see the General as he passed through. The trip was made in a tallyho which was a boat-shaped thing painted up in great shape. The driver and one or two passengers would sit up high. You could not tip the old thing over, but the stage coaches swayed more than the tallyhos."

That ride with General Grant was the most famous of White Mountain history with Edmund K. Cox as the driver. It occurred in 1869, about seven o'clock one August evening. The General was a judge of horses and horsemanship. When he stepped from the Sinclair House and looked at the six well-matched thoroughbreds, he requested that he be allowed to ride beside the driver, not knowing that a wager was bet that Ed Cox could not make the hazardous trip in less than two hours, a distance of eleven miles, down steep grades and up the "three mile hill" from Franconia. Mr. Cox had kept his own counsel, but made preparations by carefully feeding and grooming his steeds and examining every part of the harnesses and of the coach to be certain that no weakness be risked. A telegram was sent when the team left Bethlehem with its load of ten passengers besides the General and driver. In exactly fifty-eight minutes the horses stopped before the door of the Profile House. General Grant pulled his hat low over his forehead, gripped the seat and enjoyed the entire performance. He was concerned for the condition of the

horses, but when he learned that they were none the worse for their run, he presented Mr. Cox a driver's whip with its stock of four feet bound with silver rings and a twelve-foot lash, the whole enclosed in a leather case marked with the driver's name and that of the donor.

"Stage drivers were drinking men," said Mr. Bowles, "and they would all join in a game of euchre for the drinks between stop-overs." However, accidents were rare. One of the worst to be remembered was an overturned coach at the foot of the hill near the Strawberry Hill House in Bethlehem. Unfortunately, two children were sitting on the trunks on the top. The horses became unmanageable when the driver's foot slipped from the brake; the coach went over killing the children and injuring others. These stage lines were owned by private companies and this catastrophe was the financial ruin of the owners of the line.

The story is told in Plymouth about one driver who became exasperated to hear passengers talk about the "Profeel" and the "Profeel House." One day he drove to the roadside and pointing to a large supply of wood beside a farmhouse said, "See that darned big woodpeel?" and drove on feeling satisfied with his lesson in phonics.

Another driver became hopelessly stuck in the mud. His appeal to the passengers to assist in extricating the stage brought no response. Philosophically the driver seated himself beside the mire, lighted his pipe and waited. After the patience of the passengers was exhausted by this stagnation one said, "What are you sitting there for? Why don't you do something?" The laconic reply, "Waiting for the mud

to dry up," brought the situation clearly before the company and everybody helped to start the wheels moving immediately.

UNCLE JIM LANGDON OF PLYMOUTH

Mr. James Langdon, "Uncle Jim" as he was called, was a veteran stage coach driver and later a railroad expressman. He lived in Plymouth for many years and late in life, when he had amassed a comfortable fortune and retired from business, he and his good wife, Rhoda, were advised by their solicitous friends to go to Florida to spend the winter.

After their return someone asked Mrs. Langdon if she had enjoyed the trip. "Nothing to brag about. I think it is downright foolish to leave our good comfortable home, make a hard journey to go to a state full of sand and fleas just to eat green peas and lettuce in the winter. I had rather stay home where I belong and eat baked beans, sausage, and boiled dishes that were made to be eaten winters." And she did so the rest of her life.

In those younger days when "Uncle Jim" drove stage from Haverhill to Concord, Mrs. Langdon made the trip with him. It was a bitter cold day in the late fall. So, she rode inside and for several miles was the only passenger.

After a time a dapper, young lawyer boarded the stage. He was evidently overconfident of his appealing personality to the fair sex, for at the next stop Mrs. Langdon called, "Jim, this galoot has got into the wrong pew and also got the wrong pig by the ear; the place for him is outside where

he will have to thrash himself with his active arms to keep warm."

"Uncle Jim" said, "Get out and climb up on the driver's seat." The passenger demurred, calling attention to his title and his name, when "Uncle Jim" responded, "If you were Andrew Jackson you would ride outside if you couldn't behave inside." The lawyer got out and thrashed himself fairly warm the rest of the way, to the great satisfaction of Mrs. Langdon.

Mr. and Mrs. Langdon were staunch Universalists. So, "Uncle Jim" decided to attend camp meeting at the Wiers one summer. It was at the time when negotiating for the Universalist Church in his home town. He had evidently talked with Mrs. Langdon about donating to the cause. Mrs. Langdon had said, "Now, Jim, if you want to give something, give a good respectable sum, but don't spread yourself and stand up and give it publicly, just to brag that we've saved enough to do a little more than some. Just go up and give it quietly."

Accordingly "Uncle Jim" went unobtrusively to the person officiating, a stranger, and handed him a most generous sum. When asked his name he said, "Just a friend." Of course that aroused the stranger's curiosity and he pointed him out to one and another until one said, "Why, that is our Uncle Jim Langdon of Plymouth." Immediately the delighted minister announced that "Uncle Jim Langdon had just handed him—mentioning the sum."

"Oh, Lord, Lord! What will Rhoda say when she reads the paper tomorrow," groaned Uncle Jim.

Chapter II

ALONG THE SEACOAST

TO A NATIVE of the Granite State the date of 1623 should be as familiar as is 1620 in the Bay State; likewise two rocky headlands should be regarded with equal reverence with Plymouth Rock for over Dover and Ordiorne's Points dawned the history of New Hampshire, three years after the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers.

In the log of their voyages in the sixteenth century many adventurers recorded their visits to the eighteen miles of seacoast of New Hampshire; even earlier than 1600 fishermen were curing their summer's catch on the cliffs of the Isles of Shoals, a site that was safe from the Indians who had not learned the science of navigation of their frail bark canoes over the seven miles of boisterous waves between the mainland and the Isles.

A tradition existed among the aborigines that the Shoals were formerly high granite cliffs on the coast of the continent. Then one day there came "a big noise" and after that "much water" came between the islands and the shore of the mainland.

The settlements at Dover and Rye in 1623 are traditional as but little is known of their history. Mr. Langdon Parsons and Mr. Francis Jenness of Rye were careful investigators of the history of the coast and from their publications the following tales have been compiled.

TWO VISITS BY CHAMPLAIN

In Langdon Parson's History of Rye is a letter written by Thaddeus William Harris, a former librarian of Harvard College, to Dr. John Wilkes Parsons which gives information concerning Champlain's second voyage in 1606.

"I am strongly inclined to the belief," wrote Dr. Harris, "that Rye Harbor was Champlain's 'Beauport.' I will venture to state the grounds that lead me to this conclusion, and to add some items translated from the very interesting narrative of Champlain's voyages in 1605 and 1606 with the Sieurs DeMons and Poutrincourt.

"In the first voyage along the coast from Nova Scotia, DeMons could find no suitable place to anchor for the night. Standing away from the land, towards the south he saw a point on the mainland six leagues distant. Two leagues to eastward were three pretty high islands—Isles of Shoals—and at the west a great inlet which Champlain called Bay Long. At the entrance, there were two large islands covered with trees—Gerrish's Island and Great Island.

"The place being unsuitable for anchorage, they kept off under light sail until towards daybreak they came to anchor near the before-named cape which they named Cape of Islands—Ordiorne's Point.

"On the sixteenth they went on shore at the Point of the Cape, where they saw Indians, and made them some presents of knives and biscuit. Here there were 'abundance of vines, the berries of which were not much larger than peas, and nut trees, with nuts about as big as musket balls. The ground was well cultivated, as at Saco, and other places that they had visited.'

"Having brought DeMons and Champlain thus far, I will take up the next voyage by Poutrincourt and Champlain, along the same coast, bringing them to Saco on the twenty-first of September, 1606, where they made some stops, and thence 'continued the voyage to the Cape of Islands, where they were overtaken by bad weather and fogs, and were unable to find any good harbor for the night. While they were in this trouble, Champlain recollected that, in the previous voyage, as they were coasting along shore, he had observed a place, which had the appearance of being a good harbor, but which they did not enter, as the wind was favorable for their voyage. Having mentioned it to Poutrincourt, while they were about sailing by it again, he indicated a certain point of land which he advised Poutrincourt to stand in for, and where he cast anchor near the entrance of the harbor he had noticed.' This place they called Beauport, and it is represented on the map, as southerly of the Cape of Islands; and on his little plan, Champlain has represented on the northwest comes a portion of water, which, in the explanation, he says is 'the sea of water of a bay as you turn around the Cape of Islands,' corresponding, I imagine, with Little Harbor at Rye.

"The extremity of the tongue of land on the easterly side of the harbor, Champlain on his map called 'Rocky Point' answering to your 'Ragged Neck,' perhaps; the rest of this tongue, he said, was full of yellow flowers (goldenrod) nut trees, and vines. In a little creek near the northern extremity or base of this tongue, the sailors washed their clothes and spread them on the bank to dry and whiten in the sun. While they were thus engaged Champlain had strolled away

from them, and suddenly perceived a large party of Indians, armed with bows and arrows, 'coming across the marsh,' apparently to cut him off and to surprise his men; but Poutrincourt and seven or eight companions armed with muskets were concealed behind some trees, and hearing Champlain, came out upon the Indians, who immediately fled in all directions.

"Before the event, the Indians had appeared very friendly, having visited the French while they were caulking their boat near the neck, and having exchanged, for such small presents, as they received, the produce of their country. One woman, about one hundred years old, came to Poutrincourt and laid at his feet a cake made of maize, and a great quantity of very good, ripe grapes. The French found here, besides the corn, which the Indians were then harvesting, great quantities of beans, winter squashes, and pumpkins, and the tuberous sunflower, which the Indians cultivated for the roots, 'which had the taste of artichokes, and were good to eat.' The trees in this place were walnuts, cypress (cedars), sassafras, oaks, ashes, and beaches. There were about two hundred savages in the place."

Mr. Parsons says, "This letter contains the first and only suggestion we have ever seen that Champlain on his second voyage to this coast anchored in Rye harbor. That he did so is not inherently improbable, for the exploring 'ships' of Champlain's time were much smaller than the American fishing schooners of the present day; but, whether he did or not, it is accepted by historians that on his first voyage he landed upon what is now called Odiorne's Point."

PANNAWAY ON ORDIORNE'S POINT

The date of the settlement upon the promontory, now called Ordiorne's Point, at the smaller mouth of the Piscataqua River, is not a matter of dispute. Mr. David Thomson, a resident of Plymouth, England, having procured from the Grand Council of Plymouth, November fifteenth, 1622, a patent for six thousand acres of land to be selected by him in New England, sailed from Plymouth in midwinter with a handful of colonists in the good ship called the "Jonathan of Plymouth"—the Mayflower of New Hampshire—and arrived at the Piscataqua in the early spring of 1623.

Mr. Thomson's design was to found a plantation, convenient for trade and the fisheries, somewhere near the mouth of the Piscataqua river, and as he had visited New England in previous years, and was familiar with the coast, it seems probable that the site of his settlement had been determined upon before he left England upon his present enterprise. David Thomson is described by Morton in "The New England Canaan," published in 1637 as being "a Scottish gentleman, that was conversant with those people (the natives) a scholar and traveller that was diligent in taking notice of these things, as a man of good judgment."

The original agreement or indenture, under which Thomson came over, was recovered several years ago among the ancient Winthrop papers. From this it appears that Thomson had three Plymouth merchants as partners or co-adventurers, named Abraham Colmer, Nicholas Sherwill and Leonard Pomerie, who were to contribute to the expenses of founding and carrying on the new plantation, and to share in its

property at the expiration of the partnership. David Thomson's colony, which first landed with him at Little Harbor, comprised probably not more than ten men.

The indenture referred to provides that the little colony "so landed, shall and will use their best endeavor (by the direccon of said David Thomson) with as much conveniencie as may be, to find out some fitt place to settle and Builde some houses or buildings for habitacons, on which they are to begin with as muche expedicon as they maye; to the lymits and precincts of which habitacons or buildings soe intented to be there erected, there shall be allotted of the lands next thereunto adjoininge, at or before the end of five years next ensuing the date hereof, the full quantitie of six hundred acres of land or neere thereabouts."

In pursuance of this clause of the indenture, Thomson and his men selected the Point at Little Harbor as a "fitt place to build their houses for habitacons" and began upon them with as much "expedicon" as they could. The site selected for the settlement was chosen with excellent judgment.

From the Little Harbor fronting the north side of the promontory a salt water creek runs back so far towards the ocean, as almost to convert the enclosed point into an island of about six hundred acres area, which was the precise amount of land required by the indenture to be allotted to the new plantation. The soil is good, and among the rocks on the harbor shore is a living spring of fresh water. The harbor is safe and accessible at all times to vessels of light draught and most commodiously situated for the prosecution of the fisheries, as well as for the peltry traffic with the Indians of Sagamore Creek and the Piscataqua river. Above all other

advantages in those perilous times, the Point, rising on every side towards its centre and almost surrounded by water, was easily defensible against the assaults of savages. These considerations probably determined Thomson in the selection of this site for the new plantation, which he named, perhaps from the Indian appellation, "Pannaway"—a name, which seems, however, not to have survived the period of Thomson's own occupation and ownership of the plantation.

The principal dwelling house erected at Pannaway was built of stone, and of considerable size. Hubbard informs us that "the chimney and some part of the stonewall were standing in his day" (1680). The house, which, a few years after its erection, passed into the hands of Captain John Mason and his associates, was afterwards called by these proprietors "Piscataqua House," and sometimes in popular parlance "Captain Mason's stone house." It seems from its remains to have been laid upon a foundation of sea sand and small stones packed close into a trench. The sea sand is identical in appearance with that still abundantly found on the harbor shore in front of the house. There was no cellar beneath the building. The walls above the foundations were built of a slate-like shale laid in blue clay, both of which material are abundant in that immediate neighborhood.

With these materials close at hand, Thomson and his colony could have erected a comfortable and spacious habitation in a short time after their landing. Little or nothing would have been required from England for that purpose beyond window glass, hardware and household utensils. The site of the Pannaway house is still confidently pointed out by the present owners of the territory, and part of the foundation

walls are believed to have been exposed by the excavations for a road, which, was laid out from the main highway to the harbor. Close by the house, the foundations of a small building, supposed to have been a blacksmith's shop, are pointed out. Among its debris have been found, by very slight excavations along the roadside, charcoal and ashes, nails, pieces of iron, a pipe-stem, etc., and also, strange to relate, parts of a human skeleton. No doubt, several other buildings were erected around the principal dwelling, such as a cooper's shop, a carpenter's shop, storehouses, boathouses and barns, but no remains of these have as yet been discovered.

The fishing stages and fish houses, we conjecture, were put up in the sheltered coves upon the ocean side of the point, and in close proximity to Flake Hill as it is called, where, according to tradition, the fish were dried. In one of these coves are still to be seen numbers of wooden spikes driven into the sand, which once served, probably, as a foundation for fish houses or boathouses. Between Flake Hill and the main building lies a well-filled cemetery, which holds all that remains of the first settlers of New Hampshire. From the long space between the headstones and the footstones, many of which are still standing, this cemetery seems to have been a graveyard of men. We found no small graves in this ancient God's Acre.

Pannaway house must have been a structure of considerable size as to have afforded accommodation to Thomson and his new colony; and as it was put up by ordinary English workmen, we may reasonably conjecture that it followed the general plan and presented the general appearance of the dwelling houses of the time of James I, vast numbers of which still

remain in good preservation all over the old country. As soon as his buildings were put in habitable condition, Thomson entered actively into the prosecution of his enterprise at the Piscataqua, and he continued engaged in that business at Pannaway until about the expiration of the stipulated term of co-partnership with the Plymouth Merchants, in November, 1627.

Pannaway plantation became at once well known along the New England coast, and was visited within its very first year by many of the most interesting and striking characters connected with our early hishtory. Phinehas Pratt came there as early as May, 1623, and before the great crackling fires of a cold spring, recounted, no doubt, the story of the terrible winter he had passed at Wessaguscus; of his marvellous escape from the murderous savages across a trackless frozen forest for nearly fifty miles into New Plymouth in quest of succor, and of the valiant achievements of the redoubtable Miles Standish, who, with a small band of soldiers, set out the very next day from the Pilgrim village, and slaying Pecksuot, the savage chief, with his own hand, succeeded in dispersing the Indians and rescuing the trembling exhausted planters of Wessaguscus from impending annihilation.

A month or two later, there came into Pannaway a half-drowned, half-naked man, imploring succor and protection. He proved to be Mr. Thomas Weston, the faithful friend and agent of the Pilgrim fathers in England before they sailed away for the new world, though at present they entertained towards him sentiments of distrust and unkindliness. His political and religious sentiments did not accord with those

of the Separatists at New Plymouth. Weston had now been cast away, and while cruising along the New Hampshire coast between Boar's Head and Merrimack River, his shallop was wrecked, and himself afterwards assailed and stripped of his clothes by the Indians. The miserable man succeeded at last, however, in making his way along the coast, into Pannaway, and there he was clad and restored to health and furnished with means to return to Plymouth.

About this same time, the Pilgrim hero, Miles Standish himself, made his appearance at Pannaway. "Standish," says Hubbard, "had been bred a soldier in the Low countries and never entered the school of Christ or of John the Baptist, or if ever he was there, he had forgotten his first lessons. A little chimney is soon fired, so was the Plymouth captain, a man of very small stature yet of a very hot and angry temper." The valiant captain, at the conclusion of his stout achievements in the rescue of Wessaguscus, was employed to buy provisions at the eastward "for the refreshing of the Plymouth colony." He must have been at Pannaway about the last of June, as he returned to Plymouth in July, laden with the provisions he was in quest of, and bringing along in his company our Mr. David Thomson from Pannaway.

The next important visitor at Pannaway was Captain Christopher Levett, "his majesty's woodward for Somersetshire," as he describes himself. Levett's design was to establish a city at some eligible spot along the New England coast, to be named "York" after the metropolitan city of England, and to found there, in all pomp and circumstance, a full prelatical establishment over all New England. Captain Levett was an officer in the royal navy, high in favor at court, and

of much distinction in the old country. He stayed at Pannaway about a month during the early spring of 1624, awaiting the arrival of his men, to begin his search along the coast for some suitable site for his projected city.

While Levett still remained at Pannaway, Governor Robert Gorges arrived there with a considerable company. Robert Gorges was the son of Sir Ferdinando Gorges and "like his father, of an active enterprising genius, and had newly returned from the Venetian war." He came out with a commission under the Great Seal, appointing him "Lieutenant General and Governor of New England," and designating Captain Christopher Levett before mentioned, as one of his Council. It was at Pannaway that the ceremony of installing Levett into his high office was performed by Governor Gorges, assisted by three others of his Council, and in the presence of all the people, no doubt, then at the plantation. We may be assured that this ceremony, to which it was desirable to give as much distinction and publicity as possible, was performed in a most imposing manner on that great and stirring day in the annals of a Pannaway.

That the Indians were visitors at Pannaway during the very first year of its foundation, appears from the narrative of Phinehas Pratt, who writes that "at the time of his (Captain Levett) being at Pascataway a sachem or Sagamor gave two of his men one to Captain Levett and another to Mr. Thomson:" but one that was there said, "How can you trust those savages? Call the name of one 'Watt Tyler' and the other 'Jack Straw,' after the names of the two greatest Rebills yt ever were in England."

Neither was the society of women wholly lacking at Panna-

way during this period. David Thomson's wife resided with him at his new plantation, and it is reasonable to believe that she was not without female companions. And it was here at Pannaway, that John, the son of David, it is believed, first saw the light—the first-born of New Hampshire.

We have thus sketched, as briefly as possible, some of the principal events in the history of Pannaway for the first year of its existence, from the spring of 1623 to the spring of 1624. It will suffice to add that the plantation founded by David Thomson and his co-adventurers at Little Harbor passed in 1630, by way of lease, into the hands of the company of Laconia. It was then that the doughty soldier of fortune, Captain Walter Neale, the Governor for that company, and the worthy compeer of Miles Standish himself, took possession of Pannaway as his "chiefe habitacon" and thus preserved the nucleus of the future State of New Hampshire.

A large tract of land, including the Point, was granted to John Odirone in 1660, and has been owned continuously by his descendants since that time. The homestead is the third house on nearly the same site, and the present owner, Ralph Odiorne, and his family occupy it as a summer home. Mrs. Odiorne has an interesting collection of Indian relics.

THE STORY OF JOHN LOCKE

John Locke came from Yorkshire, England about 1644. He first settled at Dover, later moved to Fort Point in New Castle. About 1652 he married Elizabeth, daughter of John Berry, who was probably the first settler at Sandy Beach. A

few years later he lived at Sagamore Creek, a part of Portsmouth, and from there moved to Joscelyn's Neck, on the Rye Shore.

For many years there was much controversy and trouble in regard to boundary lines between Hampton and Rye, which were not finally settled until 1738. Joscelyn's Neck was the extreme north eastern point of coast land claimed by Hampton and Mr. Locke may have supposed himself within the limits of Portsmouth (later Rye), but when it was reported at Hampton that he had "sat down on common lands," had built a house, and evidently intended to stay, all without permission, the people of Hampton were very indignant, and at the town meeting in May, Thomas Marston and Morris Hobbs were directed to demolish the fence he had built, and to order him to meddle no more with the town's property.

Just how Mr. Locke received this committee is not known, but in 1668 in compliance with his request, the town accepted him as an inhabitant, and the Lockes came to be among the leading citizens.

Captain John Locke was much hated by the Indians, owing to his many successful encounters with them. It is told that "A raiding party of the savages from the eastward, landed one night at the Neck, concealed their canoes in the bushes, and proceeded inland" on mischief bent says the town historian. Going into the bushes on Sunday morning to read his Bible in solitude, Captain Locke discovered the canoes, and cut generous slashes in them with his knife in places where the cuts would not be seen at a glance. Returning at night the Indians did not discover, in the darkness, that their canoes had been tampered with, but as soon as they put off

from shore, the canoes took in water so fast that they were compelled to hurriedly land again, and finding the canoes damaged beyond repair, they were obliged to make their way eastward by land, suffering many hardships and losing several members of their party."

Just two months after the terrible massacre at Portsmouth Plains, on August twenty-six, 1696 a party of Indians came from the eastward with the avowal of killing John Locke, and "surprised him as he was reaping grain in his field. His gun being some distance away, standing against a rock, they easily took possession of it and shot him through the thigh and he fell prostrate; but as the savages ran up to tomahawk and scalp him, he struck at one of them with his sickle and cut off his nose." This Indian, it is said, was seen in Portsmouth several times, years later, after trouble with the Indians had ceased in this section, and it was from his account of the manner in which he received his mutilation that the circumstances of Locke's last fight with Indians was learned.

Another account states that Mr. Locke had taken his little grandchild to the field with him and the child, "unobserved by the Indians, escaped to tell the sorrowful tale."

Just at the turn of the road, on the side towards the sea is a burial plot of considerable size, where John Locke may have been buried. It is certain that the graves of numerous members of the family are there, as well as those of some sailors who were washed ashore from a wrecked vessel.

The Locke homestead, the first large white house on the left, after passing Rye Harbor, is believed to be very near the site of the first house of the family.

CEDAR SWAMP RUN

The boundary line between Rye and Hampton was not finally settled until 1730; in the autumn of that year seven families were, with their estates, severed from Hampton and annexed to Rye. "About eighteen hundred acres of land were thus severed from Hampton—the tract embracing all the land now included in Rye lying southerly of Lock's Neck and a considerable quantity on the north side of it."

Winding through the center of this tract is a little stream known in early days as "Cedar Swamp run." The run is a brook rising in the lowlands at west Rye and emptying into the sea.

When in 1674 Francis Jenness settled "above ye long stony beach towards Piscataqua" he built his home upon a knoll, that slopes gently down to the brook, not far from the sea. It is said that Francis Jenness cleared a piece of ground by cutting and burning it over, then sowed wheat, built a grist mill on the brook, to grind the grain, and a bake house, where he made bread and sea biscuit, shipping them to Boston and all along the coast as far east as Saco and selling them there. In 1695 Francis Jenness, with three others, engaged John Babson of New Castle to build for them a dam and saw mill, "to go with one saw" on Cedar Swamp run, near the home of Francis Jenness. This was the first saw mill in town and for many years there was a saw mill at this place, owned wholly or in part by the Jenness family. The brook now flows through the broken dam, beside the road and into the sea.

Francis Jenness' children for six generations have claimed the land granted to him. They were among the first in the

business that has made Rye one of the most noted and exclusive summer resorts in New England.

Like many others, Mr. Jenness and his sons were involved in the boundary disputes of the early days. It is related that one day he discovered a score or more of men "throwing down fences and laying his pastures open." Being the only man at home, Mr. Jenness, then seventy-three years old, accompanied by three women went to the men "and demanded of them whether they had any justice with them" and told them that unless they had, "They were an unlawful assembly, and what they acted was a riot." John Redman himself went on to demolish a fence, and ordered his men to assist him, and Jenness says they did so in a "riotous manner." The fence, thus pulled down, had enclosed a tract of land claimed by Jenness, and had, as he states, at first been built by three of his neighbors, "For preservation of the Garrison and keeping of the cattell belonging thereto, in case they should be drove in by the Enemy."

This is from a complaint of Frances Jenness.

THE BRACKETT'S LANE MASSACRE

"On the last Tuesday of September, 1691, a party of Indians, variously estimated from twenty to forty, came from the eastward in canoes and landed at Sandy Beach a little after noon.

The garrison there they left unmolested and fell upon a few defenseless families living about half a mile from the garrison; killed some of the members and took captive some

others, and burned one or two houses. The severest blow fell upon "ould goodman Brackett's and goodman Rand's families."

Two messengers brought the sad intelligence to Hampton the same afternoon. On their return in the evening, about the time of the moon's rising, on reaching Ragged Neck, about half a mile south of Sandy Beach Garrison, they saw "as they adjudged, about forty Indians coming towards Hampton, with five or six canoes on their heads." Having made this discovery the messengers quickly retraced their steps and gave the alarm at Hampton. Henry Dow, one of the town committee, immediately wrote and dispatched a letter to Salisbury, conveying the intelligence to Major Robert Pike, who commanded the militia of the county of Norfolk. Major Pike, having added a hasty note, forwarded the letter to Mr. Saltonstall, one of the magistrates, who was then at Ipswich "on court service," and by him it was sent to the governor.

The next morning, September thirtieth, a company of men from Hampton hastened to the scene of carnage, where they met Captain John Pickering with a company from Portsmouth. The enemy had gone. They were discovered at Ragged Neck, the evening before. Their tracks were distinctly traced in the sand, as were also "the tracks of two women and one child" whom, with others, as is supposed, they carried into captivity. The companies found the dead bodies of ten persons, and thought from what they found in the ashes, that three had been burned with the house. Seven others were missing.

The whole loss was twenty persons, two of whom were very aged men; the others women and children.

Two of the first settlers were killed that day; Francis Rand, and Anthony Brackett, who lived near Saltwater Brook, whose house was burned and two children of the family were taken away by the Indians. It is said that the boy was recovered, but the girl was taken to Canada, where she grew up and married a Frenchman, afterwards returning to Rye to claim her share of her father's estate. She took a part of the cattle and about seven acres of land was sold to satisfy her claim.

Children too young for the Indians to take away with them were dashed against a large rock which stood on what is now Wallis road, near Brackett road. "This rock, which tradition says bore the stains of blood for many years, was long ago removed in improving the highway."

Anthony Brackett was buried on the eastern side of the highway near Saltwater Brook, the others who had been killed were buried not far away in the hollow of a field near Mr. Remick's home.

Thomas Walford was killed by Indians on the hill on Brackett road near the spot where the home of Mrs. Charles Remick now stands. For many years this little hill was called Walford's hill.

Sometime before the massacre, a Mrs. Rand supposed to be the wife of Francis Rand was killed. Mrs. Rand was old and nearly blind and, with that intuition so often given to blind persons, that day was much disturbed by a feeling that Indians were lurking in the neighborhood. She urged her husband to postpone his trip to the mill, as she feared being

left alone, but he laughed at her fears, telling her there "were no Indians nearer than Winnipiseogee," and went to the mill with his corn, returning to find his wife dead, killed by Indians and scalped during his absence.

Mr. Parsons writes, "Sandy Beach in common with many other early settlements, suffered terribly from Indian raids." "How many of the Sandy Beach pioneers perished through these sudden and deadly attacks is not known, but the number is large. The records of Indian depredations on the settlement are very meagre and incomplete, but the most disastrous raid of which there is authentic record took place in September, 1691—on or near Brackett's Lane."

Brackett's Lane, now Brackett Road, is a part of the first road used by the earliest settlers which extended from the present Washington road near the old "Seavey House," and is now parallel to the Ocean Boulevard.

BATTLE OF RYE HARBOR IN 1814

If driving along the Ocean Boulevard, around Rye Harbor, imagination can easily picture the scene of the only naval battle that has ever disturbed the New Hampshire coastline.

Of the War of 1812, Joseph Dow in his History of Hampton writes: "As might be expected, Portsmouth, the Navy Yard and the forts in the harbor were early threatened by the enemy; and indeed the whole New Hampshire seaboard was exposed. British vessels were cruising off the coast, and had even entered the bay of the Piscataqua; but

the defences were found so strong that no attack was made. None felt secure, however, and rumors of the landing of the enemy and of violent deeds, often struck terror into the hearts of the people."

In April 1814 under a proclamation of the British Admiral, declaring the whole United States coast in a state of blockade, many of our coasting vessels were destroyed by the enemy in Massachusetts Bay. The New Hampshire men were not inactive. Many Rye men sailed in privateers during this war, some never to return. Three were captured, sent to England and confined in Dartmoor prison. Richard Rand Locke was a prisoner there for one year and nine months. Robert Robinson was also confined and Jonathan Goss died in Dartmoor prison of small pox.

Portsmouth became alarmed, and asked Gov. Gilman for more men. On the twentieth of May, the Governor issued orders for marching eight companies of the militia to Portsmouth. Of the troops, some guarded the forts, others were placed at the "South Ropewalk," while the third detachment was posted on the "Playnes," commanding the country roads, to guard against an attack from forces landing at Hampton or Rye, whence danger was apprehended.

It is easy to understand that there was great excitement and anxiety felt in Rye. That the people made all possible provisions for defense in case of an invasion, the town records show. In 1812 it was voted at town meeting "that the selectmen shall deliver to each man that Col. Goss shall allow to have, a good fire-arm and one half-pound Powder, and balls in proportion." "Voted that each and every man that doth not return the same Powder and balls when demanded by

the Selectmen of the town, shall pay the town five dollars, if they have not fired it away in action with the enemy."

In March 1813 it was "Voted that the Selectmen shall purchase one hundred weight of good Powder and Led in proportion for the use of the town." "Voted to deposit the Powder and balls that the Selectmen are to get for the town, in the roff (roof) of the meeting house." "Voted to give to each man detatched in Rye fourteen dollars a month including United States pay, providing they are called into actual service to defend the United States."

These and many other articles in relation to defense were voted upon at the town meetings. Among other measures two cannons were procured and stationed in front of the meeting house. Then on May twenty-ninth, 1814, after two years had passed by with no disturbing alarms, the worst fears of the townspeople seemed about to be realized, for on that date two British warships anchored off the Rye shore on what has ever since been known as "Gunboat shoal."

There was great excitement. Some people hastily packed the most valued of their possessions ready for flight into the interior.

Mr. and Mrs. Jonathan Brown felt that their children would be safer with relatives of Mr. Brown at North Hampton. So, packing them and her best feather bed into the chaise Mrs. Brown hurriedly started off. It was dark when she left home, and as she drove with all possible speed through the woods on Grove Road, she heard the hoof beats of a rapidly approaching horse, and soon could distinguish the outlines of a vehicle. In attempting to pass each other in the narrow road, the wheels of the two carriages interlocked, so that

both drivers were obliged to stop, then back in order to free them. Only after Mrs. Brown was well on her way again did she realize that no greetings had been exchanged, in fact so tense were their minds no word had been spoken, and she never knew the identity of the other party in the collision. She arrived safely at her destination. Such was the panic in the entire region.

The following day, May thirtieth, a barge from one of the British ships chased a coasting schooner into Rye Harbor. The church bell rang the alarm, a messenger was dispatched to Portsmouth; General Goss, commander of the militia of Rye, hastily sent his son William and William Varrell to the Center with an order for one of the cannon to be sent down to the shore. The cannon was immediately dispatched but as the horses started on a run down Breakneck or Meeting-house Hill, the bottom of the ammunition box fell out, causing a delay. Again the cannon started but a horse balked at Aaron Rand's hill, detaining the impatient drivers so long that they arrived at the Harbor too late to be of service, and the cannon lost its only opportunity to strike terror to British hearts. Dr. John W. Parsons with his instruments and bandages hurried on horseback to the scene of action.

Meanwhile the Rye militia at the Harbor were giving a good account of themselves. General Goss had stationed them behind the stonewall below the fish houses on Little Neck, and also on the other side of the Harbor at Ragged Neck. The schooner ran in, closely pursued by the British barge. As the barge entered the harbor, it was "hailed" by one of the Rye men named Moore. The barge crew replied with a volley from small arms, which was promptly an-

swered by the muskets of the men behind the wall. Indeed, they responded to the shots of the British with so much enthusiasm that when the battle was finished it was found that some of them had used all of the sixteen or eighteen rounds of ammunition that had been furnished them by the town.

The coxswain of the barge was seen to fall and it was believed that he had been killed and that several of the crew were wounded before they turned about and returned to their ship. Both ships soon sailed away.

Incidentally the two boys who had been sent into the town with the order for the cannon did not delay but returned to the Harbor at top speed, and from a point near the fish houses, close enough to the activities to hear a ball fly over their heads, were excited observers of the fight.

There were no casualties to the Rye troops. The schooner later made its way under cover of darkness into Portsmouth Harbor. A company from Portsmouth started for Rye but were met on the way by a messenger with word that the enemy had been driven off and they turned back. There were throngs of spectators about Rye Harbor that day, from Portsmouth, and nearby towns, who hurried to the scene of excitement but remained safely out of range of the guns. Such was the contrast in the early part of the nineteenth century with twentieth century warfare.

Although the people rejoiced over the outcome of this affair their fears were in no way allayed. At the town meeting, held July eighteenth, a Committee of Safety, was chosen; and it was voted "That the committee shall apply to the Governor to see what he will do for the defense of this seaboard."

On the night of the twenty-first of June, a panic occurred

in Portsmouth, when an alarm was raised that the British were landing forces at Rye to attack Portsmouth, but it was a false report. The people, however, were now thoroughly aroused and on the seventh of September the entire militia of the state were ordered to be ready to march at a moment's warning; while detachments from several regiments were sent with all speed to Portsmouth. But the battle at Rye Harbor was the only actual encounter with the British on the New Hampshire coast.

Dr. John W. Parsons was later surgeon on the armed privateer ship "Orlando." Afer capturing several prizes the ship arrived at Cape Ann about the twentieth of March, 1815, and on his return to Rye, Dr. Parsons brought the news of peace.

The tales of the Rye shore have been collected by Mrs. Mary Varrell from Parson's History of Rye and Dow's History of Hampton. A descendant of Jonathan or "Whitehouse" Brown, Mrs. Irving Garland, told the story about Mrs. Brown at the time of the Battle of Rye Harbor. The title, Whitehouse, was given to Mr. Brown because he was the first man in Rye to paint his house white. Miss Olive Locke and L. H. K. Lane contributed stories of the Locke Family and letters of Mrs. Emma A. Kimball furnished facts for Mrs. Varrell's writings.

HISTORIC OCEAN-FRONT SITES

In the early days of the history of Rye, commerce and travel were made possible by boats, the sea being a safer and more convenient throughfare than the narrow roads and trails

through the forests. All along the shore were fish houses, and every little cove had its fleet of boats and a name. All the ledges and points were also named by the fishermen. Every creek had a grist mill or a saw mill, sometimes both. There were also numerous salt works. Rye fishermen early gained fame for the excellence of their salted fish.

Many little roads went down to the sea, but the state boulevard was the first good road along the shore. Beginning at Odiorne's Point it continues past the Parsons estate where from the bluffs the view is unsurpassed. The road passes back of the dunes and the Coastguard Station at Wallis Sands and crosses Pass River, long known as Doctor's creek or Doctor's mill, so called because Doctor Joseph Parsons had a grist mill and extensive salt works at what is now known as Concord Point. The mill was standing as late as 1806. In front of the Harrington Hotel is Biddy Beach, then Foss Beach or North Rye Beach, which extends to Ragged Neck, the northern shore of Rye Harbor. This beach was long known as Sandy Beach. Ragged Neck on the north and Little Neck on the south embrace Rye Harbor.

In 1792, forty-seven men, by vote of the town, "dug out Rye Harbor." They were assisted by five yoke of oxen and sustained by ten gallons of rum. When the work was completed, quite large schooners could enter easily at high water. There were two wharves and much business was carried on.

In summer all the boats were engaged in fishing. All the fish were caught by hand, salted, dried and shipped to various markets; during the fall and winter the fishing boats freighted farm products as well as a large part of the fish cured at Gosport, on the Isles of Shoals, to Boston, bringing

back groceries for home use. A large fresh water pond and alder swamp was drained into the harbor, leaving a tract of salt marsh, called the "thatch pond," of which each man who helped dig the harbor received a share.

In June, 1792, Nathan Goss, tore down his old mill, built a dam fitted with flood gates across a salt water creek entering the harbor, and built a new tide-water mill, the first at the harbor.

About 1883, Mr. W. H. Burke of Scituate, sailing along the coast, noticed the large quantity of sea moss growing on the rocks in this vicinity and decided to establish a sea moss business here. He located at Rye Harbor on Little Neck, bringing with him from Scituate a number of men experienced in the hazardous work of pulling the moss from the rocks and careful process of bleaching, drying and packing it for the market. Mr. Burke conducted a profitable business for about twenty-five years and during the months from June to September the many little green boats of the "mossers" were always to be seen on the blue water of the harbor.

Beyond Rye Harbor the road turns sharply at the Locke House and passes the receiving station, now abandoned, of the Direct United States Cable Company. At the time the cable was landed by the steamers Faraday, Ambassador and Dacia, July Fifteenth, 1874, this was the only ocean cable having one end in Europe and the other in the United States. On Tuesday afernoon when the landing was expected to take place, a great crowd of spectators waited along the shore but as night came on the crowd gradually thinned, to assemble the following day ready to salute the arrival at about three o'clock in the afternoon. The cable house was not

Walter R. Merriman

JENNESS BEACH IN RYE

ready to receive it, and it was first installed in the home of Albert Locke. Mrs. Locke and her helpers worked all night making coffee and doughnuts for the crowd.

The cable was laid over the stumps of the submerged forest at Jenness Beach. These stumps which are rarely visible, have been the subject of much interest as many large ones of cedar and other varieties of wood extend out for a long distance from shore. Mr. Parsons writes, "Even when they were first discovered is not known. One of Rye's oldest residents of fifty years ago being asked about them replied, 'Why, everybody in Rye always knew they were there.' " At Ordiorne's Point is a similar submerged forest.

Next is the long stretch of Jenness Beach and beyond the Rye Ledges where are the beautiful homes of summer residents and the Atlantic and Farragut Houses. Continuing along the Boulevard past the Boar's Head comes Hampton Beach described by Whittier in his "Tent on the Beach." River Mouth Rocks at Hampton River are famous in the tale of Goody Cole, the unfortunate woman who was believed to be a witch, whose story is found in Book One of the Folk Tales.

THE SHORELINE IN HAMPTON

One hundred years ago, in the thirties, there were but four dwelling houses along Hampton Beach. On the highest part of the Boar's Head stood the David Nutt Hotel, exclusive and fashionable, and Thomas Leavitt's Hotel at the Head.

Marshlands separated the seashore from Hampton Vil-

lage where were situated the homesteads of the famous families who settled the town two hundred years previously.

A characteristic of the old houses was that they usually sat directly to the south, no matter how the road went. This often brought the kitchen to what is called the front of the house, and the "fore" room or "best" room in the rear.

The Page Homestead was settled in 1639, and is owned today by descendants. The first framed house was burned about 1775. The story in the Page Family is that most of the household furnishings were destroyed but Mrs. Page seized the wooden churn, carried it to a place of safety, and only afterward realized that a box of valuable linen stood by the churn and might have been saved in its place.

The old Marston House still boasts of its western section built in 1654 in which is the kitchen that is plastered with clamshell mortar, rarely seen today. One well authenticated story is that when the Indians infested the forest that closely surrounded the dwelling, one of them shot a man who was standing in the doorway. The doorstone which was covered with the blood of the victim was later removed and built into the walled up fireplace. Descendants also occupy this old homestead.

Oldest house is the Dearborn home, built in 1664. Its wainscoting and paneling are still preserved and its fireplaces are constructed of square brick made on the place. The plastering on two of the rooms was the first to be used in the town. An aged resident has told how he rode a horse through the house, entering at the front door in pursuit of two young ladies and out by the back entrance. Logs for the big fireplace were drawn into the room by a horse. The trail by this

house was originally called Wigwam Row and clam shells were found, near the spring, that must have been left there by Indians before the farm was occupied by white settlers. Godfrey Dearborn, the founder of this family has been succeeded by men of note. Among them Brigadier General Henry Dearborn of 1812, a member of Congress, and a Secretary of War in Jefferson's cabinet.

THE OLD MAST SHIP

Most famous tale of the Hampton Shore is that of the "Mast Ship" used to carry huge logs from the forests of New England to old England for the navy of the king. Becoming too old to be longer safe for service, the British sold her to a merchant who loaded a cargo of cloths, china, buttons, copper utensils and even cannon, put the ship under heavy insurance and sent her to Boston paying her officers to never bring her back to England.

At Boston the cargo was partially unloaded and the ship left port for Portsmouth but the weather was too calm for a wreck. When off the Boar's Head, a squall of snow was encountered and dispairing of better opportunity, the skipper "put her onto the rocks" on North Beach. General Moulton and Colonel Tappan, two most prominent citizens of Hampton, laid foundations for large fortunes by buying and retailing the salvaged articles "for," said the Colonel while at one of the auctions, "I made a thousand guineas on that bid."

The captain and mate, fearing to return to England re-

mained in Hampton and the captain wooed and won a fair wealthy widow, Mistress Prudence Marston, "Aunt Prue" to many, and settled on her farm. Today may be found bits of china, buttons and knives taken from the wreck and a few years ago when the tide was at an unusually low ebb, the keel of the ship was discovered.

THE SEA CAPTAINS AND THE OLD BIBLE

Captain James Philbrick was a navigator. He was born in 1651 and lived on the home place where Mrs. Clara Philbrick Miner now lives. Eight generations of Philbricks have owned the land. Before 1700, the captain traded with Martha's Vineyard in lumber, wool, hides, spices, molasses, woodenware, cloths, and other products. He sailed the high seas, and at one time was captured by a French privateer, England and France being at war. A fierce storm arose and the French Captain was not able to manage his vessel. Captain Philbrick offered his services, and took the wheel, steering the craft through the storm to safety. When the tempest was over the captors proceeded to divide what they had seized. While so doing they came across an English Bible which had doubtless been found on some other vessel and overlooked.

"Throw the heretic book overboard," shouted some Catholics of the French crew. Captain Philbrick begged the book of the French Captain, who in gratitude was glad to give it. When Philbrick reached London the silver clasps of the old Bible being worn he took it to a book shop and had new

CHESTER'S TOWN POUND

corners and clasps of brass put on. The Bible is in black letter and was published in 1583, and has always been in the Philbrick family.

Captain Samuel Palmer probably "the teacher of Navigation," was born in 1685.

On one voyage he was captured by a French vessel and thrown into prison. He was a Free Mason and waited his chance. One day some officials were visiting the prison and happened to come near or into his quarters. He thought one of the men must be a Mason and giving a sign received a response which caused him to hope for release. The official found an opportunity to interview him, and in a short time he was again free.

ABIGAIL PHILBRICK

Abigail, daughter of Daniel and Margaret Ayers Philbrick, was born in 1769 and died in 1862. She would have been a "new woman" had she lived in these days. A cousin of Rachel Freese whose story appears in Book I, yet unlike her, she lived to be ninety-three years old. Her home was that of the late Captain David A. Philbrick and there she was born, lived and died unmarried. She was such a strong-minded woman that she needed neither the comfort nor support of husband or children, but lived alone in the homestead after her family were gone.

One day her pigs got out and were already in the pound when she discovered her loss which meant that they would be fed by the pound keeper at her expense; a foolish outlay when her farm teemed with all sorts of provender. Next

morning she arose at four o'clock and with spade and hoe visited the pound at some distance from her home where she dug an outlet for the swine and drove them home to their own breakfast. She told her sister that she could not help laughing aloud when she thought of the dignified Squire Toppan, the pound keeper, going to feed the pigs with slow arm. "Of course hogs could root out of that place as well as and measured step, his bucket of corn hanging on his out of this pen" she added with a twinkle in her eye.

One night she went to the "east end" to visit her sister, in the darkness, alone and unafraid. She could hear the shouts of boyish laughter mingled with yells, then all became silent. The boys had heard her solid step and, in the gloom of night spied the flourish of the huge cape which enveloped her. They had stretched out flat on their stomachs, head to feet, quite across the road. It was not too dark for her to see them. Turning neither to right nor left she went placidly on until poised on the back of one of her tormentors, she gave a good "jounce" which called forth "a grunt" and continued her way in peace. When the Baptists, a new sect, held a meeting in a field about where the Methodist Church now stands a mob gathered. The preacher standing in a tip cart, was pelted with potatoes, pulled in a nearby patch, and with stones. The pin was jerked from its place tipping the speaker out. Finally the militia came out not so much to quail the disturbance as to arrest the preacher. He fled, taking refuge in the Philbrick house. When the soldiers arrived there "Nabby" stood in her doorway, rampant, and forbade them to enter. She lectured them on their cowardly action and told them to go take care of the dastards who were too mean to give fair

play. "Aunt Nabby" as she was called, wore as did the women of her day, a long, full, scarlet, broadcloth cape with a hood, and as she was very tall and had strong features she must have been, when in her prime, a striking figure.

Chapter III

PIONEERS OF EARLY NEW HAMPSHIRE

TALE OF CROYDON MOUNTAIN

ANNA CUTTING stood outside the heavy door of the log cabin on the knoll, dreamily watching her broad-shouldered young husband, Benjamin, riding slowly down the trail in the crude cart. Occasionally she heard his call to the oxen which were taking him away. All oblivious was "Ann," as she was called, to the cold grayness of a day in late fall, about 1785. What she saw was her Ben of the future, riding down that same lane converted into a country road with strong stonewalls on either side, and fruit and shade trees leaning over. She also saw broad fields of grain, large gardens, and horses and cows grazing on the distant slopes or in the shadow of the mountain back of the cabin. What a beautiful valley! Hundreds of acres, hemmed in by the mountain at the north, a ridge at the west which extended southward and then stopped abruptly leaving an unbroken vista as far as the eye could see. At the southwest was another mountain, and then the valley lay unbroken in the east save for hills here and there. At this point in her daydreaming, Ann saw Ben turn and wave just as he was lost to view. She responded with a vigorous wave of her apron. As she entered the cabin she hoped sincerely that

he would return by nightfall with a portion of the supplies they needed for the winter, as what provisions they had were nearly gone.

As she busied herself about her many tasks during the day, which included the care of two little children, she pondered over the multiple events of the past few years. She smiled as she thought of the ardent wooing of Benjamin Cutting, youngest son of Francis and Thankful (Warren) Cutting of Worcester, Massachusetts, a well-to-do family, indeed, in those times. It was in the early spring of 1779 that Anna Bemis, the little maid from Paxton, finally consented to marry him. At that time Ben was a soldier in the Revolution, serving in Colonel Bradford's regiment. Some time after their marriage and at the end of his service in the war, there was talk among Ben and his brothers, Zebulon and Jonathan, of making homes of their own elsewhere. They finally decided to travel northward to the fertile valleys of New Hampshire. As in the beginning, when Richard Cutting, the emigrant ancestor of this family, came to America from England in the period following the Puritan emigration, this enterprise likewise meant the breaking of ties of every association and the leaving behind of many friends, to make a beginning in another section of the country. Ann, like many another girl of her day, was brave and courageous, and was ready to push through the wilderness with her young husband.

After days of travel on horseback the party finally came to the beautiful Sugar River valley in the southwestern part of New Hampshire. Along its banks they found a

pretty little town known as Newport. Here "Zeb" and "Jon" decided to make their home, but Ben went on a few miles further until he came to a village called Croydon. The scenic beauty of the section captivated Ben and for a few days he wandered about alone, looking for a likely place to make his own home. He finally came upon a path which wound down over a great hill and down beside a mountain which hid the village of Newport from view. As he went on he found himself in a picturesque valley, hemmed in on nearly all sides by hills and mountains. The sloping valley enthralled him. Greatly enthused he went back to Ann and told her of his find and shortly after a log cabin was erected on a knoll in the shadow of what has come to be known as "Cutting Mountain." His brothers and others helped in the raising of the cabin and the crude shelter for the necessary farm animals for that first winter. Later they would build a home that would be cherished by future generations.

The days wore on as all days will. Ann became anxious as the first shades of dusk settled down over the countryside. Ben had not returned. Glancing through a window of the cabin she saw the first flakes of snow falling. The first snowstorm in this new land—alone with two hungry children! Dare she risk a possible return of Ben late that night with provisions? Or should she go down to the next farmhouse and secure the things she needed? Fearing that there might be a heavy storm which would result in delaying Ben's return, Ann decided to go to her neighbors' home. She quickly donned her cloak and bonnet, and with a basket on her arm started forth after making

her children secure within the cabin. Gleeful over the first snowfall, the youngsters were unafraid at being left alone for a space.

Ann hastened to the nearest farmhouse, which was about a mile away, and was able to procure enough provisions to keep her children from hunger until Ben returned. He might not be able to reach home until late the next day, she reasoned. As she started back home she heard the unmistakable howling of wolves in the distance and with a great fear in her heart as she thought of her two little ones at home, she sped on with all the ardor of a mother's love to her humble pioneer cabin on the knoll at the end of the lane. It was not long before she realized that a pack of hungry wolves were after her. But onward she fled and it was not easy, for now it was a gradual uphill flight. She was barely able to reach the door, rush in and slam it in the face of her enemy. As she quickly bolted the door the children were upon her, greeting her with cries of joy.

Ann's fear, which had been somewhat dispelled upon her successful escape from the wolves, now turned to rage as she heard the pack mount the low roof, which was covered with bark. There was no chimney, and she expected every moment to see them come down through the open space through which the smoke escaped from the fireplace below. She tore herself from the now frightened children and grasped the wooden poker lying by the hearth. She stirred the fire with such violence that the smoke-hole was filled with sparks and flames. This she kept up for some time. The terrible howling and biting of the

wolves made the night hideous. The children, fascinated by their mother's movements and her soft admonitions to be calm and quiet and to assist her, gradually lost some of their fright. But the wolves made a fighting stand. One after another they paced the roof, lured by that smoking hole which served as a chimney. When one of them showed his teeth through the open space in the roof, Ann greeted it with a thrust of the burning poker. If they grew desperate, she threw on the contents of her straw bed and increased the flames. The contest was kept up until the straw bed and wood supply in the cabin were nearly exhausted when the wolves, with badly burned noses, finally left the cabin and retreated into the woods.

The next morning the light blanket of snow revealed many footprints of the wolves where they had made a beaten path around the cabin. In the afternoon Ben returned with the provisions and he heard the story which has been handed down to future generations of the Cutting family.

As for Ann's dream, it came true. A new home and a large stock barn were erected on the side of the old log cabin. The stonewalls were built and fruit trees were set out. Fields of grain were harvested. But eventually Benjamin Cutting settled on a new location to the westward beside the path which first took him into the valley, and his son Francis who was born in the house on the knoll, who became known as an extensive farmer and stock raiser, spent his entire life on the original site. The path to the westward came to be a fine country road leading from the valley into Croydon. Several of Benjamin's de-

CUTTING HOMESTEAD

scendants built beautiful homes along this road, but nothing remains of them but cellar holes. The old apple trees and other fruit trees, remnants of once flourishing orchards, rose bushes, various kinds of tall lilies, lilac trees and majestic shade trees still tell the visitor what they may of what used to be. And the old road to Croydon is closed. The only original Cutting homestead still standing in the valley is the one erected by Benjamin Cutting on the site of the old log cabin in that section of Croydon settled by him and his children which has remained in the Cutting family for one hundred fifty years.

A CABIN AT INDIAN STREAM

In the spring of 1825, my grandfather, Abiel Holt, in company with three young men left his home in Temple, New Hampshire and journeyed to the unsettled part of the state near Connecticut Lake, the head waters of the Connecticut River. There they felled trees, cleared land and built log cabins for themselves. When everything was in readiness they returned to Temple where were anxiously awaiting their arrival the young women who were to become their brides. Grandfather and grandmother were married, and shortly after the wedding ceremony they set forth on their wedding journey, grandmother riding the entire length of the state in an ox cart while grandfather walked proudly beside, driving the oxen. The Pillsbury homestead, still standing a quarter of a mile north of Rumney Depot was then a tavern, and grandfather on his

later visits to Rumney often recalled that it was there they stopped for doughnuts, a mug of cider and a night's lodging.

The new home was at Indian Stream Settlement, about twenty miles from Pittsburg. Grandfather worked hard tilling the land, raising all their food as well as the flax from which grandmother spun and wove the linen they used. In our family is treasured a towel made from one half of the knapsack which grandmother made to strap about grandfather's neck in which the baby rode when they travelled on horseback, linen which was made from the flax they raised, spun and wove into cloth.

The first few months after their arrival they walked to church, a distance of between four and five miles, my grandmother carrying her shoes and stockings in her hand until she neared the church when she stopped and put them on. After the service was over and they were out of sight of the church the footwear was removed. One day when my grandfather returned from a visit to Pittsburg where he had taken his grist to be ground, he brought with him a colt which he had purchased. After that grandmother rode in state to church behind grandfather on the colt's back.

Trips were rarely made and only when grist was to be ground or articles traded for something which could not be produced. These trips were always looked upon with dread by grandmother who was a frail little woman, for the distance was so great that two days were required to make the journey thus necessitating her spending the night alone. During one of these trips she did not close her

eyes at night to sleep, but kept awake listening with fear and trembling from her loft to animals prowling around, especially as wolves were often heard at night. In the morning she ventured to peek out and to her surprise she saw not wolves, as she supposed, but the colt which had in some way become loose and had stamped around all night. She was not always as free from danger, however. At another time a pack of wolves came when she was alone with the baby. Nearly overcome with fear that they would get into the house she sat near the foot of the ladder leading to the loft holding the baby in her arms. She planned if the wolves dug under the house she would go up into the loft and draw the ladder up after her and close the trap door; or if they got in above she planned to go down cellar closing that door. The wolves stayed around the house all night, and howled and howled, but as daylight began to dawn, she felt that they were not as near. As soon as she could muster sufficient courage she looked out the window and saw to her relief that they were beginning to seek the shelter of the woods. Their howls became less and less distinct and by the time the sun was well up they had all disappeared, and once again she was unharmed.

Wolves were not their only enemies. Grandfather purchased a pig. One night when the pig had grown to be nearly a full sized hog they heard a loud squeal from the pen. Grandpa hastily unbarred the door and rushed out, reaching for his flintlock gun as he ran. In the moonlight he could see a large bear tackling the hog. He raised the gun and shot the bear as he was standing on his hind legs

with his fore legs around the hog just ready to lift it out of the pen.

Another worry which always presented itself during these absences of my grandfather was the prospect of a visit from the Indians who lived not very far distant. Shortly after noon one day when grandfather had taken an early morning start, whom should the little woman see approaching but an Indian. He demanded something to eat, and, as she had always heard that one must feed Indians well, she proceeded to prepare the best dinner her larder afforded. The man seemed very well pleased and went on his way, but she was even more frightened than ever before, lest he tell other Indians and they, too, should pay her a visit. None came, however, and nothing was heard from them until fall when the old Indian returned bringing her a beautiful basket, a gift of gratitude for the hospitality shown him on his previous visit.

Sometimes the ground grist was exhausted before grandfather found it convenient to make a trip to Pittsburg, and then it was that the grain was taken outside the log cabin and placed in a worn hollow in a nearby ledge and ground by working a small rock back and forth.

Mishaps in this family occurred as in all families, and one day when grandmother sat spinning in the loft, the baby crept too near the opening and fell to the floor below with the big bread trough descending on top of him. Grandmother expected to find he was killed, but when the bread trough, which we still have among our family possessions, was lifted, the baby came up smiling as ever.

Many were the hardships this couple endured during

their stay in that pioneer country, but little was ever said of them. However, when grandmother talked about these experiences she always expressed her satisfaction in their return a few years later to Temple where once more they were surrounded by kindred and friends.

A BEAR STORY OF WARREN

On the height of land that forms the northwestern divide between the Pemigewasset and Connecticut River Valleys is the township that was named Warren in 1763. So slowly did settlers penetrate this isolated section of the wilderness that twenty years later but eighteen families claimed sections of this grant. The hamlet possessed no meetinghouse, no preacher, no physician; the town clerk officiated at marriages and an infrequent visit by Parson Ward of Plymouth permitted the settlers to attend a religious service which he conducted in the rude schoolhouse that also was used for town meetings.

On a June Sunday in 1783 since no church service was possible, John Whitcher suggested to his wife that they walk up to the home of his brother, Chase Whitcher, a mile or more north at the Summit. Mrs. Whitcher gladly assented to the plan. As preparations were made little four-year-old Sarah begged to be allowed to accompany her parents but her mother suggested that she remain happily at home with the older children offering as an enticement some small gift on her return. Feeling confident that all was safely arranged at home for their few

hours of absence, the parents started up the trail along Berry Brook. Neither thought to look behind; neither noticed that the child had followed them.

Pausing to pick a flower or to look at some interesting object, Sarah soon lost sight of her parents, wandered from the path and became lost in the dense undergrowth. Unafraid, since she was accustomed to walk in the woods with her sisters, she pushed on deeper and deeper into the forest. Once she was startled by a wild cat that passed her without seeming to notice her presence. At last, tired and scratched by brambles she dropped at the base of a big rock and fell asleep.

Meanwhile the family at home believed that their parents had noticed that Sarah had followed them and allowed her to continue, while the parents were enjoying their visit all unconscious of the peril of their small daughter. Not until late in the afternoon, just as rain was beginning to fall, did they arrive home.

"Why did you leave Sarah at the Summit?" asked the older daughter. "Sarah!" said the astonished mother, "What do you mean? Where is Sarah?" "She followed you and we thought you had allowed her to go with you," replied the frightened girl. The father turned pale as he realized that his tiny child had been alone in the forest, exposed to every danger from drowning in the brook to attacks by wild beasts.

Their few neighbors were summoned and all night the father and his sympathetic helpers searched the forest in vain. Although communication was difficult, somehow the news spread that Sarah Whitcher was lost in the woods.

Every man left his work to ride quickly to join the hunters but on Monday evening no trace had been found. On Tuesday the report penetrated to surrounding townships and men hurried along the bridle paths to add their numbers to the few men of Warren. That evening one person reported that he found the footprints of a child and near by those of a large bear. On Wednesday, people came from Wentworth and Rumney to the south, from Orford and Piermont to the west, from Haverhill and even from Newbury across the Connecticut River to the north, all eager to assist the frantic father and mother. Women brought food for the hunters, one cook baked a bushel of beans. A minister, Parson Powers, arrived to offer consolation. But Wednesday passed without results.

Although seemingly a hopeless effort, to comfort the anxious mother, again on Thursday the searchers renewed their survey of the entire region. About noon, Mr. Heath of Plymouth, twenty miles to the south, came in saying, "Give me some dinner and I will find the child." As he ate he told how he heard of the lost girl and how he dreamed three times in the night that he found the child under a big pine top, a few rods southwest of where the path crossed Berry Brook, guarded by a bear. Some of the listeners laughed but Joseph Patch, first settler in the town, joined Mr. Heath on the trail in his self-appointed task.

Hours passed. Then a shot was heard, another, and then another. Three shots! The signal of success! Surely a kind Providence had intervened.

Mr. Patch guided Mr. Heath up the trail to the spot where the Berry Brook crossed. There they trusted to Mr.

Heath's dream and turned southwest. After walking a long distance they finally came upon Sarah asleep under a pine tree. Hungry but not frightened, she asked to be carried to her mother. She told how she awoke from her Sunday's nap and began to cry. Then a "big dog" came to her, sniffed about her legs, lapped the blood from her scratches while she rubbed his nose and put her arm about his neck just as she was accustomed to pet her dog at home. Then he lay down beside her and, comforted and warmed by his presence, she placed her head upon his shoulder and went to sleep. The big dog had returned every night and kept her warm.

When her mother saw her alive in the arms of Joseph Patch, she fainted; her father smoked his pipe furiously to conceal his emotion. More food was brought and, after the minister had offered a prayer of thanksgiving and all had joined in singing Old Hundred, a real feast was enjoyed. Some shouted, others danced and the men fired their guns until the supply of powder in the community was consumed.

The memory of that adventure was never affaced from Sarah's mind. Years after, when married to Dick French, she related the story of how the big bear saved her life in the forest.

THE TRUE STORY OF POLLY McFARLAND

When I want to see little eyes grow round with wonder and to know that delicious little thrills are running up and down little backs, to be soon followed by little squeals

of delight, I tell my small listeners the true story of Polly McFarland.

Now I must confess that I am not sure that her name was Polly. I do not believe any one ever told me what her name was, but I have always called her Polly, and Polly is a good name, and we will call her that now. But the rest of the story is as true as true can be. For there was a girl whose name was McFarland, and it all happened as I am telling it, in Northumberland, many years ago.

Polly's father was a farmer, and had a great many cows on his farm. The very best cow Polly called hers. She fed it and watered it, and even milked it. Do you wonder that that cow grew to be the very best on the farm?

One day when blackberries were ripe, Polly and her sister went up to the hill pasture, close to the woods to pick berries. Polly saw some branches filled with beautiful berries hanging over the stone wall. She climbed up to pick them, and then jumped down on the other side. And what do you suppose she found there? Something soft and furry! Something that growled! Something that caught Polly's foot in its mouth and would not let it go! A bear! A great, big black bear! That wanted some of those very same berries that Polly was after, and found it such a nice place that he had gone to sleep there under the shadow of the old stone wall. And how surprised he was when Polly jumped down on him!

Well, you can imagine how surprised and frightened Polly was, and how she screamed, and how her sister screamed; and how they both tried to pull Polly's foot away. But it was no use, and they were about discouraged.

All at once they heard a terrible bellowing, and down the hill they saw Polly's cow coming as fast as she could run, her cruel horns close to the ground, her tail brandishing in the air, and making the most frightful noises that ever came out of a cow's mouth. The bear heard that terrible sound, and saw those sharp horns ready to stick into his side, whereupon he dropped Polly's foot and started for the woods as fast as his old clumsy body could move.

Here come the squeals of delight and questions—questions about Polly's foot and how she got home. And I can tell them that the foot was not so badly hurt, after all, we conclude that the old bear was too sleepy, and it soon got well; and that I believe that that very fall her father caught that bear in a big trap, and that they made a big rug of his skin; but that Polly never liked to step on it, for it made her think of the time when she jumped off from the wall in the old pasture.

A BEAR OF WARNER

In the early days wild beasts roamed through the forests of Warner as well as elsewhere. About 1780, in the early summer, from Kingston, came two young men who had bargained for a wild lot, at or very near the highest point on Pumpkin Hill.

They came with their axes and began work at once, building a rude shanty, the front end of which was entirely open, and the rear end came against the stub of an old tree that had broken down. While these young ad-

venturers were peacefully partaking of their meridian meal one day, an old bear climbed up the stump and gazed in belligerently upon them. Instantly the youths jumped to their feet; stood not on the order of their going but went, and as fast as possible. Nathaniel Bean was near the trail as they dashed down the hill past him, on a dead run, one of them bareheaded. Bean sang out, "What's the rush?" but they answered not a word. Upon reaching Tappan Evans' cabin, they sank down in utter exhaustion. After wiping the perspiration from their faces and getting their breath, they told their tale.

Evans gave the destitute one an old hat and they took their departure from town, and Pumpkin Hill and the old bear knew them no more.

A CAPTURE BY INDIANS

Three brothers named Greeley—spelled five different ways—emigrated to America in 1640. One settled in Maine, another in Rhode Island, and the third in Salisbury, New Hampshire.

Benjamin, the branch from which the writer descended, moved from Amesbury, Massachusetts, about 1757, and settled in Salisbury. Reuben, the first son, married Rachel Meloon, who was taken captive by the Indians, May eleventh, 1753, and brought back to Salisbury about 1763. Her father, Nathaniel Meloon, was one of the early settlers in Stevenstown, afterward named Salisbury. It is said that his wife was the second woman in the settlement. Previous to the capture of the family the Indians

often came to the cabin and were fed on corn-meal mush and milk, which they liked. Mrs. Meloon's only cooking utensil was an iron kettle with three legs on the bottom, so that it could stand on the coals and not tip over. This kettle was kept by the cabin door. One night it disappeared, having been stolen by thieving Indians. The family were in a sorry plight, as they could not boil any meal, which was their chief subsistence, in fact, they could not cook anything except what was roasted in the ashes.

For several years previous to 1754 some depredations had been committed upon the lives and property of the inhabitants of Penacook and surrounding towns by the Indians. Some of the Indians of the Saint Francis Tribe were heard to say that they had sent eight of their men to the Merrimack River to take revenge for the killing of two of their number. They made their first attack on Nathaniel Meloon and family. Mr. Meloon was taken prisoner while on his way back to his home from the fort in Contoocook, having been there on business. They knew him and knew where he lived, and directed him to his dwelling, to which they repaired, and took as prisoners his wife and children, including Rachel and Sarah, the latter an infant, thirteen months old. The eldest son, Nathaniel, Jr., was at work in the field a short distance from the house, planting corn and in plain sight. The father was ordered to call him, which he did; but the son saw the Indians, and understood his father's wish for him to escape by the significance of his voice. He dropped his hoe, fled to the woods, swam the Blackwater River, eluded the pursuit of the Indians, and reached the fort in safety.

The Indians plundered the house, and then returned with their captives to Canada. The infant was ill soon afterward, and the Indians took the child from the mother, and, probably murdered it. The prisoners were sold in Canada, Mr. Meloon and his wife to a French priest near Quebec. The children were scattered. In 1757 Mr. Meloon, his wife, and sons were shipped in a French vessel destined to France. The ship was captured by a British man of war off Halifax, and Mr. Meloon and family were landed at Portland, and from that place they found means of returning to their former home.

Rachel remained in Canada until 1763. She was about nine years old when taken prisoner, and when Samuel Fowler of Boscawen found her in 1763 she was so much attached to the Indian mode of living that she had little inclination to return to civilized life. Probably another reason that influenced her in wanting to remain with the Indians was because she was about to be married to Peter Louis, an Indian chief. She, however, was induced to return to civilized life, and afterward married the writer's great, great-grandfather, Reuben Greeley, January seventh, 1773. He died in the spring of 1778 while with General Washington's army at Valley Forge.

It is said that Rachel always retained a partiality for the manners and habits of Indian life. She learned the Indian language, and was accustomed to sing her Indian songs.

This tale was written by the great, great-granddaughter of Rachel Meloon, of the Mary Butler Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution in Laconia.

PETER LABAREE'S CAPTIVITY

In our childhood days, sister and I used to sit in rapt attention at the feet of our grandmother while she recounted the thrilling adventures of her grandfather, Peter Labaree, when he was captured by the St. Francis Indians.

Peter was the son of a French refugee who fled because of religious persecution with thirty Huguenot families, to America where three thousand acres had been granted by the crown, to these fugitives. Peter learned the trade of a ship carpenter. After he had married and possessed several children, he joined a group of pioneers who were settling at Fort No. 4, now Charlestown, New Hampshire, in the Connecticut Valley. His trade fitted him to be a useful member of a settlement; he built the first log schoolhouse and then taught the school as well.

On the morning of August thirtieth, 1754, Peter went to the home of a neighbor named Johnson to assist in raising a barn. No sooner had he knocked for admission at Mr. Johnson's door than he was surrounded by hostile Indians who burst into the house immediately. Mrs. Johnson was dragged from her bed and with her five children, a sister and several other captives, including great, great-grandfather, Peter Labaree, was soon on the long trail for Montreal. One man escaped, ran to the fort, and fired the alarm gun, and my great, great-grandmother and her four children fled to the fort in safety.

It was a wearisome tramp through the wilderness and across unbridged streams. The second day, Mrs. Johnson gave birth to a baby girl and the savages were humane enough to

pause one day of their flight. On the next day the mother was placed upon a pony and the journey was resumed. The tiny baby was intrusted to Mr. Labaree. Once, in swimming a stream, the child was nearly swept from his arms by the current. They traveled only by day. At night, the Indians built great campfires around which the captives were compelled to dance for the amusement of their captors. They must also sing as they danced. In telling the story, my grandmother used to sing in a monotonous tone the song as her grandfather taught it to her. This is the way it sounded to me:—

Kooshus inde moodi paw
Kooshus inde moodi paw
Dominu squee wa naw
Hunni-i-ee

After the party reached Montreal, the captives were sold. Mrs. Johnson and her baby, who was named Captive, went in one direction and her other children in another. One son was adopted into an Indian tribe, and never returned to civilization. My ancestor was bought by two maiden ladies who seem to have treated him with some consideration for he was allowed to work overhours and in three years had worked out his own redemption. He was about to leave for his home when he was seized as a prisoner of war. Not being able to arrange for a release, he and two companions waited until the St. Lawrence River was frozen over so that they would be able to cross. One night they effected their escape into the forest where they lay concealed for three days. Then they set off through the trackless wilderness for their home on the Connecticut. They dared not light a fire for fear of

Indians; they nearly perished from cold and hunger. I conclude that they had no firearms with which to shoot game as grandmother said that they kept alive on roots and nuts.

After weeks of wandering, they found themselves near Albany, New York, and were able from there to gain transportation to Fort No. 4. They were little more than skeletons when they arrived; they had long been given up as dead. Peter Labaree lived to be nearly eighty years of age. He and two other men took up a claim two miles north of Charleston where he built a small house and later a more pretentious homestead which is still standing. During one hundred and forty years, Peter's descendants occupied the land, now passed into the hands of strangers.

Peter and his wife, Ruth Putnam, are buried in the old cemetery at Charleston; their graves are marked by slate-stone slabs on which their names are inscribed in letters that can with difficulty be deciphered today.

A PRAYING INDIAN

Among the earliest settlers of Lyme were Benjamin Grant and his wife, coming from Bolton, Connecticut, about 1764. Their son, Benjamin, fought in the Revolution, going in the expendition to Canada, where he died while recovering from smallpox or, it is supposed, he may have been poisoned.

One cold winter evening when his widow and two small sons, Abdon and Alanson, were alone in the house, four Indians came to ask for something to eat and to be

allowed to warm themselves. After their hunger was satisfied, they sat down before the fire and sharpened their knives. Twice they went out and remained away for some time, but finally returned and lay down before the fire.

After awhile Mrs. Grant heard one get up, and opening her eyes, she saw him standing at the foot of her bed with one hand uplifted, praying to the Great Spirit. Perceiving that she was awake, he said:

"No one harm white squaw and papooses; go to sleep. Great Spirit take care you."

In the morning she found that they had set and were watching traps, and that the knives were being sharpened to dress the game, of which they brought a generous supply to Mrs. Grant.

A SPECULATION IN LAND

After the Indian Wars left central New Hampshire safe for settlement many companies of proprietors received grants of townships which they sold in small lots to their financial advantage. In the remote sections liberal inducements were offered to persuade families to purchase farms since the charters usually demanded that not less than ten households must be established within a given number of years or the contract would be forfeited. Few proprietors ever saw their grants. An exception was Colonel Israel Morey who emigrated from Hebron, Connecticut, to Orford, in 1765. With him came Nathan Caswell and wife with their four children.

In the spring of 1770 Colonel Morey urged Mr. Cas-

well to become the first settler of a grant called Apthorp situated between the Connecticut and Ammonoosuc Rivers. In haste the family packed a few household utensils upon the back of a horse and started on foot for the new home, thirty miles north, early in April, a cold stormy month in the north country. At length they arrived at the small hamlet of Bath where they remained overnight. Then, because they found the trail was impassable for a horse they left the animal and their household necessities and trudged on carrying whatever each could manage.

On the eleventh of April, Nathan Caswell found the log cabin that he knew had been built and filled with hay by explorers during the previous summer. To his dismay, unmistakable evidences of the recent presence of Indians were apparent but darkness prevented his retreat. Fearing to build a fire or even light a candle, the mother and children crept under the dry hay for warmth while the frightened father stood at the entrance all night with his flintlock ready for intruding Indians.

In this plight an exciting event occurred which may account for the hurried journey at this inclement season, for there in the darkness with only the hay for comfort, a baby boy was born during the night who was appropriately christened Apthorp. Although he came into the world under such distressing conditions, the baby thrived and lived to the age of eighty years or more. But the present was then of greatest importance. Deeming it most imprudent for the mother and children to be exposed to menacing attacks by Indians the father sought for some means to transport them to safer quarters. At length a

fallen trunk of a giant primeval pine was discovered near the bank of the river, somewhat decayed but strong enough to serve as a boat. Hurriedly scraping a hollow sufficiently large to accommodate the seven persons, the improvised canoe was launched into the swollen stream and the family embarked upon a perilous voyage down the Ammonoosuc constantly in danger of capsizing the clumsy craft or being overwhelmed by huge cakes of drifting ice. A kind Providence preserved them until they landed at Salmon Hole, six miles downstream below a small fort that had been built high on the bank by families who had made a beginning of Gunthwaite now called Lisbon. A cordial reception awaited the fugitives who remained at the fort while Nathan Caswell returned to Apthorp. Although absent but three days he found the cabin reduced to ashes but the Indians had fortunately departed never to return. A new log house received the family during the summer which they occupied until the Revolution again brought the expectation of Indian raids. Then the Caswells sought protection twenty miles up the river at the fort at Northumberland, the refuge of many families from that section who remained together until peace was declared.

Meanwhile the mother was rewarded for her weary journey on foot those forty miles for according to the usual custom, a section of Apthorp was awarded to her baby since he was surely the first child to be born within the township. Nathan Caswell sold his claim on the Ammonoosuc and selected another on the banks of the Connecticut River where he built a new home in the vicinity

of other settlers. The Caswell house is mentioned in the history of Littleton as the meeting place on the Sabbath of these isolated families to join in the worship of God. Among the heads of households where college graduates who read sermons and offered prayers for guidance until a meetinghouse was erected on the hill with a clergyman in its pulpit.

As the children grew to maturity, some of them built homes in the township while others sought adventure further north. Among the latter was young Apthorp who finally located in Canada. There in their old age Nathan Caswell and his wife were welcomed but their numerous descendants are found in the town that they first inhabited at so critical a period in their career.

EPITAPH

Rev. Bunker Gay, the first settled pastor in Hinsdale, whose congregation came from both sides of the Connecticut until after the Revolutionary War when the town and state was divided, wrote the following epitaph on an old tombstone which is still preserved in the Vernon cemetery —one of his parishioners having died from the effects of inoculation.

"Here lies cut down like unripe fruit
A son of Mr. Amos Tute and his wife,
Called Jonathan of whose frail life
The days all seemed slow, short the account

Scarcely to fourteen years amount,
Born on the twelfth day of May was he,
In seventeen hundred sixty-three.
To death he fell a helpless prey
On April five and twentieth day
In seventeen hundred seventy-seven
Quitting this world we hope for Heaven.
Behold the amazing alteration effected by inoculation
The means employed his life to save
Hurried him headlong to the grave."

THE SILENT STONES

A hundred years and more ago many small towns had no physician. Home remedies were in general use and herbs, poultices and purgatives were considered sufficient for all bodily ailments.

So, when old Moses Davis of Warner felt seriously ill it was several days before his unusual symptoms so alarmed the family that a doctor was called. This meant a long horseback ride over rough roads, some little more than a bridle path to Concord, twenty miles away, with the return equally difficult.

The case was pronounced smallpox which was then a far more dreaded scourge than it is today. The disease had already progressed so far that the patient soon died.

In the meantime Nathaniel Bean, the nearest neighbor, although a good half-mile away, had visited the sick man, sat by his bedside, and peered closely into his face already showing signs of the dread disease. When the doctor's

diagnosis became known the utmost concern was felt for the welfare of Mr. Bean who was almost certain to have contracted the disease and in those days it was more than probable to be fatal. A family consultation was immediately held to decide upon the wisest course of action and to see that the smallest number of people possible should be exposed.

His son, James Bean, who was the writer's grandfather, was the acting head of the family, and upon him devolved the responsibility of ministering to his father and at the same time protecting the other members of the family. His greatest concern was for his young wife, an infant son and another yet unborn.

The wife's father, Captain John Stewart, for whom Stewart Hill was named lived a few miles away. It was the dead of winter and the roads drifted almost to impassability. Yet they did not hesitate. Wrapped in the warmest clothes they possessed, the young husband took his wife with her babe clasped in her arms to her father's home.

Their parting was as tragic as that of a soldier parting from his bride on the eve of battle and the enemy to be fought as deadly as shot and shell. Forcing himself to leave his loved ones behind, the husband returned to his father and a desolate hearthstone.

The elder man soon showed symptoms of smallpox and the agonies of a painful and loathsome disease began. The son, an unmarried daughter and a hired man stayed by to minister to the patient. No one dared to come near them and the weary days passed without the consolation of friends.

One loyal soul arranged with grandfather to be a messenger to the ouside world without danger of contracting the disease or exposing others to it. On a bleak hillside about a mile from the house by the outcroppings of a giant ledge a board was erected and on this board any message or request was written. From the valley below could be seen the flying signal, which indicated that something was wanted. The friend would then climb the hillside and standing some distance from the board read the message. Sometimes a request was for groceries, sometimes for medicines. Whatever was needed was always brought and left at the board. When sufficient time had elapsed for the friend to have safely gone grandfather went to the rendezvous and carried the supplies home.

One day the message read that the old man had passed into the next world and the request was for boards to make his coffin. When these were received grandfather and the hired man set to work with saw, hammer and nails to construct as good a casket as possible. Below the house in the edge of a wood a grave was dug and the body which had been carried over the crusted snow on a hand-sled lowered into it.

The sister had already succumbed to the disease and in a few days she too had passed on. Again a rude box was constructed and again a lonely burial without clergyman or mourning friends took place on that wind-swept hillside.

The others escaped and gradually life on the farm resumed its normal state. Young lives grew up to take the

place of those who had gone, and to accept this tale of heroism as only an incident.

Somewhat back from a grass-grown road, unseen by the occasional passer-by stand two marble headstones in a small area enclosed by a moss-covered wall. Seldom are they visited and few know of their existence. Only tall trees and giant ferns wave an everlasting requiem to the victims of one of New England's tragedies.

SMALLPOX IN GOFFSTOWN

In the year 1776, the terrible malady of smallpox in a malignant form visited the townspeople, and six families at least were stricken with the disease. The authorities were obliged to care for those sick. The sickness and suffering with such limited accommodations for their care, led to agitation for the construction of a town hospital for the care of those sick with the smallpox and other contagious diseases, but after much discussion in open town meeting the matter was "voted down."

In the spring of 1777, Samuel Blodget, Esq., who was chairman of the board of selectmen in Goffstown, presented his bill to the townspeople, which included the following items:

"To twenty-two days self and horse in attendance upon the families of Hale, Kimball, Hadley, Myrick and Rogers while sick with the smallpox.

"To fourteen days self and horse in attendance upon the family of Jno. Morse while sick with the smallpox."

The number of miles travelled in the former case per day is stated at twelve, making two hundred sixty-four; and in the latter eighty-four.

The bill closes with the following statement, "for all which Service I Beg to make a present of to the Town."

Pr. Samuel Blodget

THE MOHAWK LINIMENT

An early resident of Goffstown, named Job Kidder, while hunting bees on the Uncanoonuc Mountain met an Indian who was gathering plants. The two became friendly and hunted together. The Indian was from New York, a Mohawk, hunting for certain wonderful plants and herbs, which grew on the mountain, to make a very beneficial medicine. The plants were not to be found in the Mohawk country but were known to grow on the Uncanoonuc Mountain. This Indian had made the long journey to obtain a supply and confided to Kidder what plants were required to make the remedy.

Job Kidder made and sold the "Mohawk Liniment" and the manufacture and sale was continued by his son.

People to-day remember seeing signs on roadsides which read "Use Mohawk Liniment."

One time the son was asked if the story was true about Job Kidder getting the remedy from an Indian. He replied, "He had to make up some kind of a lie or they wouldn't bite."

GRANNY RHODES' PROFESSIONAL CALL

Judith Baldwin answered the thundering knock on the door, and with a pleasant "Good Morning," opened it wide to admit the owner of the powerful knuckles. It was somewhat difficult to determine whether it were a man or woman who stood in the doorway of that pioneer home in Stratford, in the year of our Lord, 1800. The long leather leggings and moccasins that appeared might have been claimed by an Indian. A nondescript garment of fur, that once had given warmth to a bear, but was now fashioned with an originality known only to its wearer, fell to her knees. Below that appeared a scanty skirt of homespun, faded and weatherbeaten. A hood-like structure of fox skin, with the tail still dangling, was on her head. For we may as well state that this startling figure in Judith Baldwin's doorway was Granny Rhodes, herb doctor and nurse in this little settlement in the "Upper Cohos." Out from her wild headgear looked a face wrinkled and browned by the exposures and hardships of many winters. Wisps of straggling gray hair fell around it, but it was lit up kindly through piercing black eyes, and the smile of the almost toothless mouth with which she answered Judith's greeting was pleasant.

"Mrs. Gamsby told me you had a sick girl, and wanted to see me."

"Come right in. Yes, I'm afraid Lucinda has rheumatic fever. She's feverish, and aches so all over. You must have had a hard time getting here, the snow is so deep."

"Oh, don't mind that. Wade up to my knees every day. I'm rigged for it. Where is your girl?"

"Right here." And Judith led the way to a bed in the corner of the room, and drew aside its curtains.

The little girl lying there gave a frightened glance at the strange figure gazing down at her, and covered herself more closely with the bedclothes.

"Got some fever. Face too red. Ache, do you? Where?"

"All over," faltered the child.

"Puny little critter, ain't she?" turning to the mother. "Well, I must get to work." And Granny Rhodes proceeded to divest herself of her outer garments, revealing a costume as unique as the one she had laid aside. She then went to a black leather bag which she had brought on her arm and brought forth a bottle.

"Give me a dish. I want to heat up this marrer," she ordered.

The dish filled and placed on the coals, she turned to Judith.

"Now I want that young one right here by the fire. I'm going to see if I can't rub some of that pain and soreness out of her. Take off all her clothes, for I'm going to give her a good greasing."

Soon the little shrinking figure was laid before the blazing coals in the big fireplace.

"Now this ain't goin' to hurt you any. 'T won't burn. Lay still there, and don't try to cover up. I don't want to git your marm's bedclothes all greased. I'm goin' to rub you with this marrer; marrer is from the bones of a horse. You remember that old white horse Mr. Gambsy had? Well, I got him to save the bones for me, and from them I got this marrer. Nothing so good for straightening out the j'ints as

the marrer of a horse. Oh, I know it don't smell very good; but that won't hurt you any. Shows it's old, and will take hold better."

All this time the rough but kindly hands were rubbing, with a firm but kindly touch, the aching limbs, until every part of the little body had received the healing virtue of the "marrer."

"I expect my old doctor down in Connecticut would have bled her," remarked Judith, as she watched the vigorous hands at their work, and marked the winces of pain on her daughter's face as sore and sensitive spots were touched.

"Well, I don't see what good that would do."

"They claim that your sickness is caused by your blood being bad; and, if that can be taken away, good new blood will take its place."

"Huh! And what if that new blood isn't better? And how do you get along while that new blood is making?"

"Oh, they take only a little at a time; and they keep doing it until they think you are rid of that bad blood."

"I don't see how they can keep the good blood from coming out, too. How do they keep them apart?"

"I don't know; but that is what the best doctors practice. They did that to President Washington, you know."

"So I heard. He died, didn't he? Well, as fur myself, I don't want no doctors stickin' knives into me. You need all the blood you've got to get along in this world. Here I am, seventy years old, and as strong as an ox, and no doctor has taken away any of my blood, nor given me any of his calomel. None of my teeth have dropped out because of his dosin'. Do you know what happened to a woman 'round

here? The doctor gave her a big dose of calomel and her veins rotted, so she bled to death."

"She probably did not follow his directions and het it out of her system."

"She didn't, all right; but I don't want any of his stuff. What do you s'pose the Lord made all these plants and herbs for if they wan't to be used in sickness? Take the Indians, now. If I knew half as much as some of them do, there needn't be a sick person in the town of Stratford. There's a squaw over east'rd, around the Androscoggin. Her name is Mollocket. She's always diggin'r roots and peelin' bark off'n the trees. She travels everywhere—up in Canada and on the other side of the Connecticut. She's so kindhearted and obligin' you'd never think she was an Indian. White folks are terrible glad to see her. She'll rock their babies, and when they're sick she's better than any doctor. She'll scrape up some bark—spruce she uses a lot, they say—and give it to them. She never lets you know just how she does it. Goes through some kind of Indian performance, they say. But you get well."

"Have you ever seen her?" inquired Judith.

"No, I've never got over so far east as that. But Granny Stalbird has. You've known of Granny Stalbird, hain't ye? She's the woman that planted so many herbs in this country. That catnip up in your grove—catnip grove'm some folks call it—they say all grew from seed she planted. She reckoned that where there were settlers ther would be babies, and babies and catnip go together; and it's just as good for grown folks, too. She's learned a lot from the Indians. There's nothing that grows above ground that they haven't some

use for—even paint their faces with blood-root juice. What they call 'Indian Tobacco' is lobelia. They say the Indians chew some of the leaves when they want to get a good puke. It's amazing what they can do with their pipsissewa and cherry bark and witchhazel. They'll stew up the queerest messes and make you drink them, or clap a poultice of them on you if you have a sore or anything of that kind. Now *I* think there's nothing like a cabbage leaf to put on when you take off a blister. I put one on old Mrs. Smith, and she thought it growed in. 'No,' I said, 'It crumbled away.' 'No, it didn't,' she said; 'I never took it off. It growed in, and was a pesky sore thing.' "

Judith joined Granny in her laugh, and asked if Granny Stalbird lived in Jefferson.

"Yes, she came there in '76 as housekeeper for Colonel Whipple, who settled the town. She made him give her a farm, married and settled down. But if anybody was sick she'd go. She went everywhere—'way over to the east'rd. Forty miles from here they say there's a rock where she stood all night holding her horse during a terrible storm."

"Is this the boy that was born with a caul over his face?" she asked as a boy entered the room.

"Yes. This is Granny Rhodes, Elisha."

"Well, little feller, you're bigger'n you was the first time I saw you," she cried in answer to his quiet greeting. "Mrs. Baldwin, I hope you've kept track of that caul. I gave it to Heth's wife and told her to look after it and put it away in a safe place. Then, if this little feller should ever be sick, and you get scared about him, you just look at that caul, and if that's all right, you don't need to worry; but if it has

begun to crumble, you might just as well throw all your doctor's stuff out of the winder. Nothing can save him. It's a sure sign."

"It is considered a sign of good luck, isn't it?" said the mother. "One will prosper, and need never be afraid of drowning."

"I don't know about that; but as that caul keeps whole you needn't be scared of his dying. He can't do it."

At last she rose. "Well, I guess that'll do for today. Feel better, don't you? Now, Mrs. Baldwin, we'll get her into bed; and I think I'll give her one of my butternut bark pills. Hello, cat!" she said as a white kitten appeared, attracted by the odor of the heated grease. "White, are ye? Well, you ought to be black. Mrs. Baldwin, you should always have black cats on hand; and when you get a cold on the chest, or rheumatiz, get the skin off'n that cat, and clap it right on as quick as you can. Don't let it get cold."

Here she stopped with a cackling laugh, as a little boy rushed in and seized his kitten, alarmed as to its possible fate.

"Don't be scared, little feller," she cried; "I don't want that good-for-nothing cat. Black ones is what I want."

By this time the little patient was in bed, and the nauseous pill had been swallowed with great effort and some tears, only to reappear to the great indignation of Granny Rhodes.

"What do you mean? Didn't you know that medicine must be kept down?"

"She is fainting," cried the mother.

"Well, she's a miserable, good-for-nothing critter; not wuth the raising."

It was night. Granny Rhodes had departed, and Lucinda fell asleep, the pain a little eased, the stiffness and soreness somewhat rubbed away; but with troubled dreams of black cats, dead horses, Indians, and a stern old woman in strange garments and with rough speech hovering ever near her.

THE WEEKS FAMILY OF LANCASTER

James Brackett Weeks cleared the land and built the first little frame house on the spot where the Fernald's house now stands at the foot of Mt. Prospect. This was about the year 1809. In 1847 was the big forest fire which swept the country surrounding this place.

A daughter of Mr. Weeks is still living in 1933 at the advanced age of ninety-seven years, and she well remembers this exciting time. In the swamp below the house, the sight of the flames as they seemed to leap from tree-top to tree-top is still a vivid mental picture with her. The fire crept nearer and nearer the house until finally the hay cart was drawn before the door, the precious piano, the second one to be owned in town, was loaded in, together with the other household goods ready to be taken away at a moment's warning. Even the appetizing odor of the turkey roasting over the fireplace could not deter them.

Fortunately the wind changed its course and the home was saved. But the danger was not over and close watch was necessary as every little while a flame would break out in the grass. The fire burned until the autumn rains extinguished it.

One bright summer's morning Mrs. Weeks wished to visit her cousin, who lived some three miles away, so she saddled her horse, picked up her baby and started. There had been showers during the night before and the road was quite muddy, but she galloped along regardless until suddenly her horse made a leap and a fox darted across the road.

In her efforts to control the frightened animal she dropped her baby boy into the mud. In the old days babies wore clothes, and many of them, so no harm befell the child. That child became the father of a United States Senator and Secretary of War, John Wingate Weeks.

The favorite pastime of two little Weeks girls on long Sunday afternoons, was to have their grandmother tell them stories of when she was a little girl. And this is one of them:

Her maternal grandfather, David Greenleaf, had a gristmill in Lancaster and in the spring and fall migration period he would shoot wild geese from an upper window in the mill.

Grandmother told them how her brothers and the other boys used to spread nets on the meadow, sprinkle them with grain, and when the wild pigeons had alighted to feed, quickly gather up the corners of the net, and take home quantities of pigeons to make a pot pie on the morrow.

INCIDENTS OF INDIAN STREAM

Indian Stream War was caused by a boundary dispute when the town of Pittsburg, for a short time, was an independent nation in 1829.

One occurrence of the war was often related by old settlers. The town had no prison so when a Britisher or Tory was captured he was confined under a large potash kettle, overturned on a large flat rock, a smaller rock placed underneath the edge allowed air to enter the prison. He was there confined until tried and justice meted out.

The large flat rock has often been pointed out to me as the spot where stood the "jail" of the Indian Stream War.

During the War of 1812, the sparsely settled towns along the border between Canada and the United States suffered raids and counterraids. At West Stewartstown a fort was built on a high hill overlooking the river and the road from Canada.

At one time the commander of the fort, Major Charles Hilliard, was visiting his home farther down the river, when five or six Britishers, hearing from some source that he was home, went by a roundabout way there and demanded that he be given to them. Hilliard was asleep at the time, but his mother, a courageous old lady, seized a musket, pointed it at the intruders and told them to leave instantly, or she would shoot. Her attitude was so threatening, that they concluded discretion the better part of valor and left.

METALLAK

Last of the Mohawks, Metallak was a famous Indian of northern New Hampshire about a century ago. The granddaughter of his guardian tells of his declining years.

"My father who would be ninety-four years old if living

now, was a lad at the time his father and mother cared for Metallak and remembered the old Indian and his stories distinctly. He said that Metallak told that when his tribe was on the march, he fell on a 'stub' and put out his eye. Then his tribe went on and left him after he told them to do so. They were near Dixville Notch at the time. The inflammation in the injured eye affected the other eye and he became totally blind.

"Metallak's name is mentioned in the old records of Stewartstown, sums being paid for his maintenance. His death was recorded in the year 1864, age one hundred twenty-nine years and his name was spelled 'Metalloch.'

"Metallak said that he was with the party of St. Francis Indians that captured James Luther of Canaan, Vermont, who had been visiting in Maidstone and was captured on his way home. When the Indians camped on their way to Canada, Luther was bound to a tree and the savages amused themselves by throwing tomahawks around him, so as to stick in the tree close to him, but not to hit him. Metallak said, 'Me do so, me do so,' and would make the motion as though throwing a tomahawk. When they neared the Canadian line, one night, with the help of an Indian whom he had befriended, Luther escaped.

"It may be interesting to know that the Indians had several well-marked trails from Canada across northern New Hampshire to Maine, the most used one started from Clifton, P. Q., across by South Bay, Connecticut Lake, thence across the northern part of Clarksville, New Hampshire, and down the Magalloway into Maine."

STORY OF METALLAK

Have you heard of old Metallak—
Of the Indian Chief Metallak,
Last one of the Abenaquis?
Up and down the Androscoggin
Roamed the hardy Indian children,
And his father was big chieftain.
Young Metallak, like the oak tree,
Grew and thrived and roamed the forest
Hunted moose and bear and bobcat,
Plucked the beaver from his stronghold.
Fished upon the lakes and rivers—
Fished for trout and bass and salmon.
So he grew to sturdy manhood,
And the maidens looked with favor
On Metallak and his prowess.
There was one among the maidens
Fleet of foot with queenly bearing—
Molly, Wild Fawn—fairest maiden—
And he wooed in Indian fashion;
Brought her gifts of tender venison
Skins of fox to deck her person;
Then he took her to his wigwam—
Made her his by tribal rulings.
And two children came to bless them,
To bring joy unto their wigwam.
The Great Spirit called his father
To the happy hunting meadows;
And Metallak then was chieftain
In Magalloway the fertile,

Coosishaukes of the redmen.
Years passed on and then these tribesmen
Joined with other tribes to northward—
The St. Francis and the Mohawks;
But Metallak vowed to stay there
'Till the call came to his fathers.
Molly, Wild Fawn, slowly sickened
And Metallak watched her weaken.
He had lost an eye while working
But, half blinded, nothing cared for
But the welfare of his helpmate.
Then one day in early autumn
When the woods were red with splendor
Molly died, passed to her fathers,
And Metallak old and feeble
Bore his mate of fifty summers
Tenderly down to the lake front—
Placed her in his boat of birch bark
With her trinkets all about her,
Trinkets that she'd loved in lifetime.
Down the river rowed he softly
Past the whispering pines and headlands,
'Till the lower Lake Umbagog,
Lovely silver Lake Umbagog,
Drew his fancy for the burial;
There near Chunk-a-munk he buried
Moll beloved of his young manhood.
Three days on that grave he tarried—
Then near by he built a wigwam
Only leaving it to wander

Through the woods for food to succor,
Food to succor and sustain him.
Then one day some hunters found him
Stumbling, falling in the forest—
Total blindness was upon him.
Down to Stewartstown they took him
Where he lived 'till near a hundred—
And when called by the Great Spirit
Was accorded Christian burial.
Now a tombstone of white granite
Marks the grave of Chief Metallak—
Last one of the Abenaquis;
And Moll's Rock is known to tourists
Of the lower Umbagog region—
Molly Chunk-a-munk they call it,
For the memory of the wild fawn.
This is the story of Metallak
Of the Indian Chief Metallak—
Last one of the Abenaquis.

—*Iva H. Drew, Colebrook*
from "Piecin' Up"

LAST FIGHT OF THE PENACOOK INDIANS

Sanbornton was incorporated as a part of the kingdom of George III on the first day of March, 1770, and included the present town of Tilton. The Pemigewasset River forms a boundary for eight miles. Further south is the Winnepesaukee River which widens to form Little Bay or Silver Lake with Atkinson Island in sight from the railroad station at Lochmere.

In the autumn of 1746, after the destruction of the French Armada Colonel Atkinson's New Hampshire regiment was ordered into the Winnepesaukee region for winter quarters to defend the frontier from the French and Indians from Canada. Fort Atkinson was built at the head of Little Bay which was claimed to be the first fort in the interior under orders from the government. The earthworks remained for over a century and were generally supposed to be Indian relics. The troops were stationed here for about a year.

Previously a fort was erected for defense by the tribe of Penacooks who before their destruction by the Mohawks mustered here as many as three hundred canoes at a single gathering. That there was a favorite "burial place" for the Indians just outside the fort on the mainland as well as on the island is proven from the fact that at least seven of their bodies were found when the Boston and Maine railroad was built.

M. B. Goodwin, a former editor of the *Merrimack Journal* gives this interesting legend:—"The people who garrisoned these old works are unknown to the present generation, yet there is little doubt that the fort was the work of the Penacooks who fled to this spot and built themselves a stronghold after a disastrous battle with the Mohawks on the Concord intervales. Here the loud alarm was sounded to prepare the garrison for the inroad of the man-eating Mohawk and here the battle was set that put an end to their tribes.

"Tradition has left but a meager sketch of this last battle in and around the old fort. The Mohawks whose thirst for blood had not been gratified by the slaughter at Concord,

learning of the whereabouts of the remnant of the Penacooks, followed in considerable numbers to their stronghold at Little Bay. The first attack was made at the north side of the fort and while the battle was raging here, the weak and feeble of the Penacooks were sent to the canoes which were moored on the south side. The whole garrison followed and were soon beyond reach of pursuit.

"The Mohawks then retired, but afterward when joined by a band of allies from Canada, returned to the fort. This time a powerful attack was made on the south side, the canoes were secured and the fort entered. The garrison was overpowered and massacred except a few Penacooks who fled up the river a short distance. In attempting to cross to a point of land running from the Belmont shore nearly across the stream, they were overtaken and slain. This point has since been known as Mohawk Point."

The few families who commenced the settlement of Sanbornton must have been familiar with hardships. The story is told of Mr. Rowen who, while clearing his lands, struck his ax into a hollow tree farther than he was aware of and not being able to get it out went to Canterbury on foot and borrowed another ax to cut his own out of the tree. Then he carried the borrowed ax home again which proves that he was the only settler at that time in town. At one time there were only three horses in town and the first person to have shoes on his horse gave great offense to a neighbor who was about to go on a journey, by refusing to lend his horseshoes to him. The first chaise was driven into town in 1800 and not until 1806 that a four-wheeled carriage appeared.

Chapter IV

SCOTCH-IRISH TALES

ALTHOUGH they never acknowledged a trace of Irish blood nevertheless their name, Scotch-Irish has persisted in New England for over two hundred years. Persecuted because of their Puritan or Presbyterian faith, Scottish dissenters were offered liberal grants of land in Ulster County in northern Ireland by King James I. About the year that the Pilgrims came to Plymouth Rock, the Presbyterians emigrated to Ireland. Not peace but constant enmity with their Irish neighbors followed until warfare too terrible to describe raged in Ulster. To escape this turmoil many groups resolved to settle in New England in 1719.

Parson James MacGregor, said to have been a direct descendant of Rob Roy, obtained a grant of twelve square miles of land in Nutfield, now called Derry, Londonderry, and Manchester, which were occupied by sixteen Scotch-Irish families. Later others settled Peterborough, Antrim, Dublin and the three towns of Henniker, Hillsborough and Hopkinton. They brought a valuable contribution to the food supply, the Irish potato, and to industry, the flax wheel. But of far greater worth was a people of sterling character, religious purpose, and industrious habits that have made such names as John Stark outstanding in New Hampshire.

Tradition says that James MacGregor was a college friend of the Governor of Canada, The Marquis de Vaudreil, whose

correspondence resulted in instructions to the St. Francis Indians that the Scotch were different from the hated English. In consequence, no tales of Indian raids and capture are told by the Scotch. Instead appear stories of the strict observance of the Sabbath, and strange superstitions that may have been acquired during the century of contact with Celtic customs. To them are attributed the introduction of "auld wives tales" and curious omens.

That Rev. James MacGregor was a true Scot is illustrated by the following incident. In Londonderry were extensive fields of native grass which the people of Haverhill thought they would harvest for hay. When the Scotch learned of this invasion, they rushed to Parson MacGregor in great excitement. The good man went to the fields to argue with the Haverhill trespassers and words grew heated. Finally the Haverhill leader said, "If it wasn't for that coat you are wearing I'd lay you out." Instantly Priest MacGregor threw off the coat and replied, "Come on! That coat can't save you."

Two Scotch-Irish neighbors by the name of Humphrey and Steel, living in the southeastern part of Derry, had a feud of long standing. Humphrey was critically ill and Parson MacGregor sought to make friends of them. He brought Steel to the bedside of his sick neighbor where they agreed to forgive and forget and shook hands.

Just as Steel was going out the door, his neighbor raised himself in bed saying, "Mind ye, Neighbor Steel, if I get well this old grudge holds gude." Neighbor Humphrey did get well and soon another quarrel arose with Neighbor Steel because of the trespassing of some cattle.

Among other things, Steel called Humphrey a liar and was called to account for it before the church and required to confess and ask for forgiveness or be put out of the church. He apologized thus, "I called Brother Humphrey a liar. I am sorry, but it is a failing I've had from my youth up of speaking the truth."

MARY MacGREGOR

Mary MacGregor, daughter of David and granddaughter of James, was a woman of marked force of character. One day when she was a girl, she and her brother, Robert, were out walking near the Merrimack River when they came to a narrow place in the stream where a fallen tree had been thrown across the water. Robert, not averse to teasing his sister, stepped upon the tree, expecting that Mary would call him back from danger. No call came. Robert could not turn in his course nor even look back without danger of precipitating himself into the water; there was nothing to do but finish his "passage perilous." When once more on land and he could turn his eyes over the course, it was not to see a fainting figure on the other bank, but his sister close behind him. Mary had crossed the Merrimack upon the fallen log wearing high-heeled slippers as was the fashion of her day.

David MacGregor died before his wife and she subsequently married a Mr. Clark. In a Londonderry cemetery is a curious group of three stones. A large, imposing stone to the memory of David MacGregor and beside it a similar one to Mary, his wife, as the inscription reads, "Mary, spouse of

David MacGregor, alias Clark." Not far away is a third stone, very small and low. This would seem to be for a child, but on examination it proves to be in memory of poor Mr. Clark.

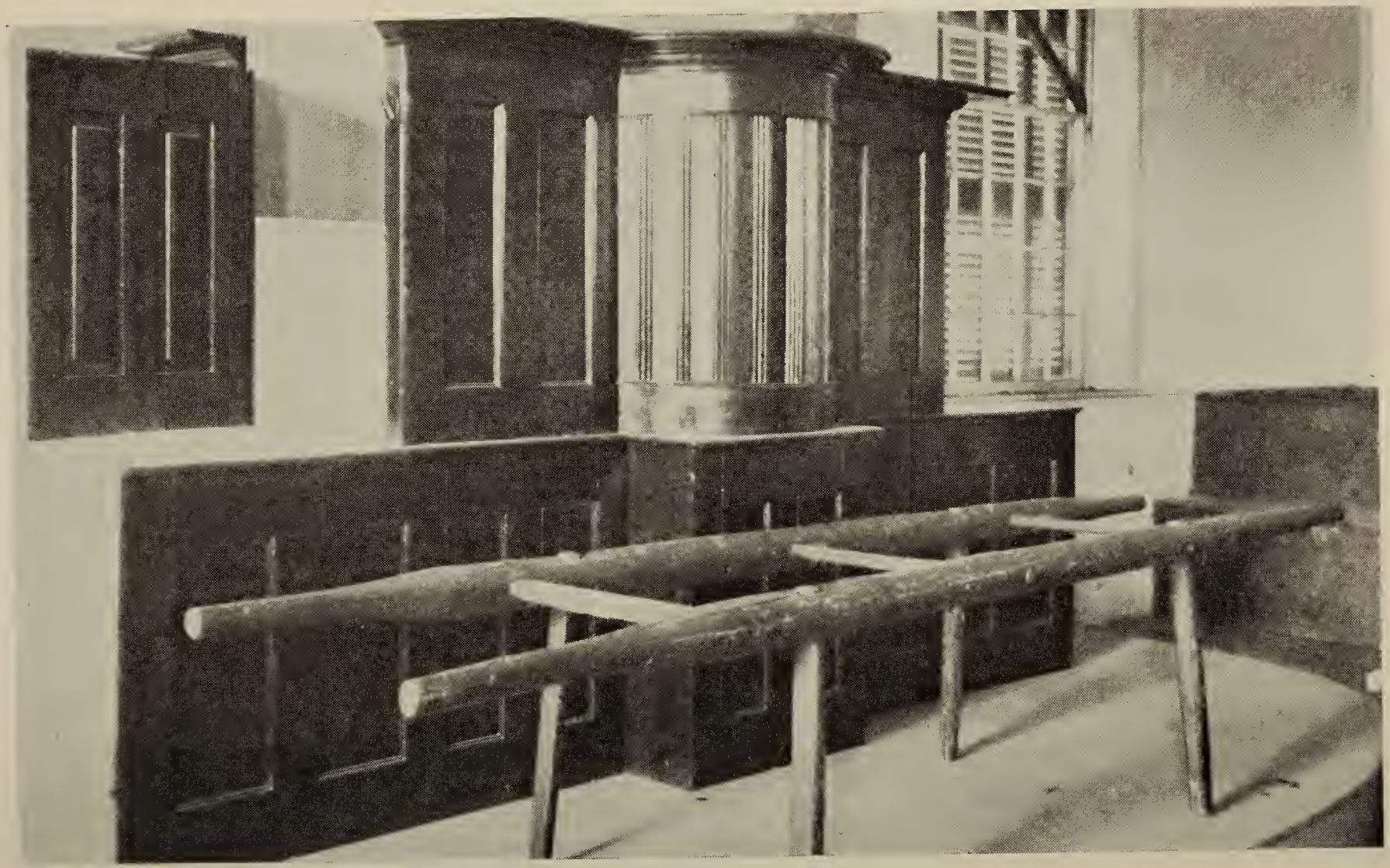
BURIAL OF THE DEAD

The following was dictated by an aged man about 1861:

"After the days of temperance first commenced in the town an elderly man in conversation with Rev. Edward Parker said, 'I swear now Mr. Parker, there will just get to be no funerals at all by and by.' Meaning that the people would not attend if they were not furnished with spirit.

"This was literally fulfilled for a time when they had to send away at the funeral to get men to bury the dead, so opposed were they to temperance, at first.

"At a funeral the horses were tied at a convenient distance from the house so that the mourners might walk out in procession before mounting their steeds. The horses were then brought up and all rode double. That is, a man on a saddle and a woman on a pillion behind him on the same horse. All being provided with horses and mounted, the underbearers, if they had some miles to travel, would be from twelve to sixteen in number so as to change frequently, to prevent shoulders being blistered by carrying the bier. On a very warm day they had to set it down in the road. It was not an uncommon thing to see the bearers muffled because of the corpse being kept too long. Over the coffin was thrown a cloth with six tassels which six elderly men, three on each



A RUSTIC BIER

side, took hold of and marched until their arms would ache, and then change sides. This gave them the name of pall-bearers.

"They sometimes walked four or five miles to the grave-yard. When they arrived there the mourners all dismounted and formed in procession and marched to the grave. They stood there in silence while the grave was filled up. The Doer, as he was termed, stepped forward and in the name of the mourners returned thanks to the friends and neighbors for their kind attention on the occasion and requested all to return to the house of mourning and take some refreshments. The mourners were then mounted and returned.

"After entering the house all would have a refreshing draught from the social glass and not infrequently did some get quite merry.

"When a man's wife died the custom was for him to carry the head of the coffin out of the house and place it on the chairs provided for that purpose.

"In the year 1817 the first hearse in the town of Londonderry, 'West Parish,' was used to carry the remains of James Adams, son of Hon. William Adams who in open town meeting the year before violently opposed the procuring of two hearses for the town saying, 'I have carried people to their graves and can do it again.' "

THE GRAVEDIGGER

Some two or three would volunteer to dig the grave of the deceased and while they were laying out the ground, one would repair to the tavern and procure a bottle of spirit and

place it near the grave, where each one as he came out of the grave in turn, took some of "the critter" to cheer them in their work. The bottle would often be empty before their work would be accomplished and they would have it replenished.

After the grave was completed, they would select the best bier in the yard if not more than a mile to carry. If more they would choose to make a new one, which was not infrequently the case and for that reason there would be quite a number of decaying biers over the graves of those who had been buried within two or three years, as it was the custom to place the bier over the grave where it remained until it fell to pieces.

After the men had returned to the house of mourning to quench their thirst, they partook of a sumptuous dinner.

MAKING A COFFIN

The men would select two or three that could handle the saw and plane and collect around an old sawmill press, that being the most convenient work bench, to make what would be at this day termed a rude coffin, the lid of which would be cut off one third down from the head and leather put on with shingle nails for hinges.

If there were no boards belonging to the deceased some one would find the boards, another the nails, and proceed to their work. A bottle of spirit would be furnished "to kill lampblack" as was termed. They would take soft soap, mix the black with it and stain the coffin while the men would be telling their merry stories.

On one occasion a worthy deacon was requested to furnish the "needful" to purchase the nails for a coffin. He said, "No, let Deacon Pinkerton do that, he is not a whit better than I." The one who made the request being rather hasty and harsh, said, "The deacon ought to be eternally in the agonies of death and never have the privilege of dying." Such was the feelings manifested by a free and generous man against one who was rather penurious.

The people of Londonderry were as a rule kind and humane to one another and despised small things.

Old Uncle E. had his own idea about things. One day he went to see a neighbor. The neighbor said, "Where have you been? I haven't seen you for a month." "Oh, I've been busy making my coffin, made it of white oak, too. I've seen the way them undertakers do. They take a hemlock board and cover 'em with a little cloth. Now I don't propose to go snappin' through hell in a hemlock coffin."

EPITAPHS

The following epitaphs were collected from the stones in Forest Hill Cemetery by Miss Carrie Wheeler.

Hark! from the tombs a solemn sound.
Reader, attend the cry;
"Ye living, come and view the ground
Where you must shortly lie.

Lo! here our mould'ring bodies teach
What wisdom bids you learn;
For dust and ashes loudest preach
Man's infinite concern."

When death is sent from God above;
Calls us from those we fondly love,
He does not always warning give,
Dear friends, be careful how you live.

Come all my children that survive,
Come, let us mourn together,
It's I have lost a bosom friend
And you a tender father.

Early, bright, transient, chaste as morning dew,
She sparkled, was exhaled and went to heaven.

Afflictions sore long time I bore,
Physician's skill was vain;
Till God was pleased to give me ease,
And free me from my pain.

Ho, all you sinners, come and see
What my dear Saviour's done for me;
He made me triumph over death
And peacefully resign my breath.

A little time on earth she spent,
Till God for her his angel sent;

And then on time she closed her eyes,
To wake in glory in the skies.

Here lies an honest upright man,
A mechanic of great ingenuity and skill,
Equalled by few, surpassed by none.
Borne from this world, gone to his home.
Our brother dear has passed away,
His body is mouldering into clay.
His sins we trust they were forgiven,
We hope his soul's with Christ in Heaven.

THE SABBATH DAY

Few young people of the present day ever think or know how the Sabbath was passed years ago. The family arose a little later than usual as only such work was done on Sunday as was judged to be necessary. The entire family attended church unless roads were badly drifted with snow. Services began at ten-thirty and lasted until noon. Then came a few minutes in which to greet friends and eat an apple or cookey that Mother had carried for the children. Sunday School filled the next hour to be followed by a service equally as long as the morning worship. The congregation often sang "Every day will be Sunday by and by" or "When congregations ne'er break up and Sabbaths never end." As a child, I used to think sorrowfully of such a state.

Needless to say that all were ready for dinner. After this late afternoon meal, children were allowed to take a short

walk in the fields but were enjoined to keep very quiet. Later books were read which were deemed suitable for Sunday reading and all went early to bed. As Mother tucked the children in for the night it was pleasant to think with a sigh of relief that the next day was Monday and Sunday could not come again for a week.

It was almost as wicked to work on Fast Day. One old lady became tired of doing nothing. So, she began to knit, which she could do without glasses. A neighbor came to call and the conscience-stricken woman dropped her knitting into her lap, covering it with a newspaper which she pretended to read. After the caller had gone, there was much merriment among the children who pointed out the fact the paper was upside down.

Reverend Samuel Harris, an old-time Presbyterian minister, so trained his family in the proper observance of the Sabbath that his little daughter, Elizabeth, three years old, was once heard to reprove the rooster for crowing on Sunday by saying, "Sabba Day, Cochal."

THOSE WICKED FRILLS

About one hundred years ago in the town of Merrimack lived a young girl in her teens, my grandmother who, like most girls, loved pretty clothes. Her hair was naturally curly. Besides being attractive she was a good needlewoman and tastefully embroidered articles of apparel for herself. She was especially pleased with an embroidered collar and cuffs set.

After she joined the church some of the older members thought she was much too worldly in her love for pretty clothes and remonstrated with her but they could not persuade her to relinquish her white frills or to smooth her hair to obliterate as much as possible the curls.

Finally the matter was brought to the attention of the minister. He called and after deliberating the matter, decided that as her hair was naturally curly, she might be allowed to wear it in curls, but the embroidered frills should be removed. This she consented to do and the collar and cuffs were discarded, but not forever for among her things, are found embroidered frills, undersleeves, caps and other dainty things.

DEACON J. G.

Deacon J. G. was a man powerful in body as he was large in heart. He was often called upon in public to offer prayer. His theology is illustrated by his oft repeated prayer meeting discourse on the devil:

"The devil is like an old horse. Man's heart is desperately wicked. Man's heart is like a field of corn. When the bars of man's heart are down the devil who is like an old horse, just like an old horse, comes in and eats all the corn. Just like an old horse comes and takes possession of the whole heart, the whole heart. What a strange critter mankind can be! What a strange critter mankind can be! Grows up like a spear of grass and flies away like a hoppergrass."

Another held morning prayers before breakfast. Who-

ever was at his home or whoever called must wait. The following is one of his oft repeated prayers:—

"Oh Lord, have mercy on us all that bow down to sticks and stones, especially my nearest neighbors. Deliver us from hoofs, horns and heretics and pardon our transgressions."

GHOSTS

Mr. and Mrs. F. were very religious and often the neighborhood prayer meeting was held at their home. The minister was believed to be very lazy. At one meeting when everyone was seated and things seemed about ready to start some of the boys in the kitchen poured the water out of the teakettle and put a small kitten, which was asleep on the rug, into the kettle. There was no fire in the stove so they replaced the kettle and waited. The meeting started, so did the kitten. Every sentence was punctuated with a "Meow." Hearing the kitten Mrs. F. came out, looked all around but could see no kitten. Five minutes more and the daughter came out and looked all around. No kitten in sight but still the "Meows." By this time Mr. F. began to be pretty well worked up and came out in the kitchen and gave a thorough hunt, but to no use. He returned to the parlor but he was completely unnerved. The minister thinking to relieve the situation, and from courtesy, but Mr. F. thought from pure laziness, said, "Brother F. will you lead us in prayer?" "PRAY, pray yourself," was the answer.

IN NEED OF A MINISTER

It was customary to open town meeting with a prayer from the minister. On a certain town meeting day when it was time to start, no minister had arrived. The good men fumed and fretted, and fussed and worried, but to no avail. About ten o'clock Uncle John spied the minister coming up the steps and rushed to meet him saying, "Where have you been, Parson, we wanted you here to pray like the devil."

EVIDENCE

Much has been written regarding the future state of man. Here is evidence of an existence that should satisfy even the super-fundamentalists. It left no doubt even in the mind of the most skeptical regarding the destination of the departed spirit of a well-known citizen of Derry.

In many respects, the man in question was an ideal citizen. He was industrious, generous and interested in all that pertained to the advancement of the town, but like all of us, he had "one thing to spoil him." He was an infidel and was fond of presenting arguments in favor of his lack of belief in the teachings of the Bible.

One day a neighbor sought to expostulate with him. "Where do you expect to go when you die?" asked the friend. "That is of little concern to me," replied the man. "However, if there is a place of punishment as you so foolishly pretend to believe, and if I ever reach the locality, I'll send back to this town the worst thunder shower the place has ever seen."

Some months later on, a beautiful spring morning, the man was mowing his lawn and fell—dead. Before noon the town was visited by a terrible storm, accompanied by lightning, thunder and much hail. Strange to relate the path of the storm was not more than half a mile wide and passed directly over that section of the village in which the infidel's home was located. As is often remarked, "Truth is stranger than fiction."

SCOTCH SIGNS AND OMENS

Bad luck will follow the killing of a Christmas fly.

A girl wishing to know her destiny must go blindfolded into a cabbage patch, turn around three times and point to the cabbages. If she designates a hard head, her future husband will be all she could wish for. If, unfortunately, she points to a soft head, she is doomed to live with a worthless mate.

Kill a pig at flood tide or the pork will shrink.

Count the white horses you meet, then touch a wedding ring. The next man you meet will be your fate.

If you see a white horse a red-headed man is near.

If Good Friday be fair, there will be no rain for forty days.

If you can hang a pail of water on the lower horn of the moon it forecasts dry weather.

"Break the first brake,
And kill the first snake."

If scissors in falling stick upright in the floor, company is sure to appear.

Bad luck follows if "Wandering Jew" is kept as a house plant.

To break a mirror is a very bad sign. Bad luck will follow for seven years.

The first article a new-born baby holds in his hands signifies the character of his life work.

If there is a white horse in a funeral procession, one or more occupants of the carriage drawn by the white horse will die during the year.

Certain old ladies were able to charm burns.

Scrofula could be helped, often cured, by the "laying on" of hands of a seventh son.

A garden in order to yield a bountiful harvest must be planted when the moon is on the increase.

Begin a piece of work on Saturday, and it will be a long time before the work is finished.

A family moving on Saturday will not remain long in the new home.

"Sun set clear Friday night,
Storm before Monday night."

If a black cat crosses your path, look out for trouble.

It is a good omen if the sun shines on a wedding day and also a good sign if the rain falls on a death day.

Company is coming if the housewife drops her dish cloth. The guest will delay her coming if the housewife quickly recovers the cloth and shakes it.

Trees full of leaves, a long hard winter is approaching.

If the snow clings to the tree branches, the coming year will be a good apple year.

It is well to remember the following if you intend buying a horse:—

"One white foot buy him,
Two white feet try him,
Three white feet deny him,
Four white feet and a white nose
Take off his skin and give him to the crows."

Snow that falls upon mud stays.

Circle around the moon; storm is brewing.

After leaving the house if you return to get something you have left behind, seat yourself and count nine. That will break the bad luck spell.

If a dreamer succeeded in killing the reptiles, he could rest in the assurance that he would also overcome his enemies. It was a wide spread belief that those nearing death received a warning of the coming of the grim messenger by raps more or less evident.

If a housewife accidentally spilled salt, she carefully put a pinch in the fire to prevent disaster.

When starting on a a journey, it was prophetic of ill luck when one was obliged to turn back for a forgotten article.

Young mothers carefully kept their infants from beholding their own reflection in the mirror during the first year of life, lest it be followed by their decease. Also they refrained from cutting the tiny finger nails lest the child grow up a thief.

Maidens bathed their faces in dew on certain days to keep their complexion fair.

The departing bride and groom were followed by slippers

thrown by vigorous hands, to assure their future good luck, and even that could not overcome the dismal forebodings that hovered over the pair whose nuptials were solemnized beneath the stormy skies.

Half your wood and half your hay
You must have left on Candlemas Day.
I would as soon see my wife on a bier,
As to see Candlemas Day cold and clear.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Mary E. is so often Mary Elizabeth that an inquiry as to my middle name is usually followed by a story of explanation.

More than one hundred years ago a girl baby was born to a family living in southern New Hampshire. An old gentleman neighbor named Eastman whose daughter Ruth had recently died soon called upon the newcomer and requested the parents to give the baby his daughter's name. They asked if the name should be simply "Ruth" or "Ruth Eastman" to which the father replied that he would like something added to the "Ruth Eastman" to show the estimate placed upon the name. Very literal, those parents must have been for they christened their helpless daughter "Estimate Ruth Eastman" and as "Estimate" she was known all her life.

Other nieces and relatives received her name which must be explained as often as used. Mary Estimate Perkins, who wrote this tale was one of those who was most interested in collecting Derry's old stories.

MEMORIES OF A LITTLE NEW HAMPSHIRE GIRL'S ACTIVITIES DURING THE CIVIL WAR

My father was a soldier during this war and my mother was left with three little children and an aged father to carry on the farm. As the eldest of these children I felt the importance of my position as chief aid and helper.

She wrote to my father with great regularity and my most important duty was to carry her letters to the post office at least twice a week. To be late for school was a catastrophe not to be considered and as the school and the post office lay in exactly opposite directions from my home it became necessary in the short days of winter to set out on the post office pilgrimage long before it was light for the post office was more than a mile distant. My mother used to tell in later days of waking me, preparing my breakfast and seeing me set out on my lonely walk, perhaps through a snow fall so recent that it remained quite unbroken. It nearly broke her heart she said to close the door upon me but there was no other way for the hired man could not be spared and the other children were too young to make the trip at a later hour. She used to tell how brave I was and that she never heard a word of remonstrance from me. Remonstrance, no. I, too, realized that this work had to be done and that it was my job to do it. But brave I was not, for a greater coward never walked.

There were three terrors the thought of which was always with me. The first was wild animals for from time to time there would be circulated a story of some one having glimpsed

a lynx, a wild cat or even a panther in the forest of a neighboring town. The second horror was ghosts for during that same year the bones of a suicide and the rope with which he had ended his life were discovered not a mile from my home. The third and only real danger which beset me was the French woodchopper who was fairly common in those days when great tracts of forest were being cut off. The shorter route to the post office lay partly through fields and only one house was passed in the mile and a quarter walk. How well I remember the joy with which I came in sight of this house and reflected that whatever came upon me now it would be possible for me to secure help from the good neighbors.

One never to be forgotten morning in April when there was no school and it was possible for me to make my pilgrimage at a seasonable hour, a little group was gathered on the platform of the station as the south bound train pulled in and a man in the door of the baggage car announced, "President Lincoln was shot last night in Ford's Theater and died this morning!"

I can see the little procession who followed the postmaster to the near-by general store. We sat around the stove and listened to the reading of the account of the tragic event.

When we separated, I was told that it would be better for me to take the longer route home and to stop at each of the several houses on the way and inform the inmates of the sad happening. Reaching home, I went in another direction to acquaint our neighbors with the great disaster which had befallen the country. I remember, as if it were yesterday, the solemnity of the occasion and I can still see the tears coursing down the cheeks of the listeners and hear their suppressed

sobs. It is not pleasant to reflect upon one's advanced years but there is compensation in the thought that one lived at a time when history was being made and was able even as a child to perform her little part in the work of the times.

THE MAMMOTH ROAD

When this highway was first proposed the towns between Concord and Lowell through which it was scheduled to pass held town meetings to consider ways and means of providing their share of the cost.

The town of Londonderry has a lengthy diameter from north to south and its inhabitants deemed themselves especially unfortunate since the road was planned to follow the lengthy route. The matter was freely discussed at the town meetings and finally the orator of the day arose to express his views.

"Do you realize fellow citizens," he said, "what a tremendous undertaking is required of us? A road four rods wide from the extreme north to the extreme south of our town! My friends it is a mammoth undertaking."

And Mammoth Road it has been from that day to this. To us who have been familiar all our lives with this name there seems nothing unusual about it but a stranger always hears it with an expression of interrogation. This explanation was given to me years ago by an old resident of the town who remembered the christening occasion.

NEW HAMPSHIRE GIRLS IN THE COTTON MILLS

The first operators in the cotton mills of Manchester, Lawrence and Lowell were almost exclusively farmers' daughters from the rural districts of the state. It has been my good fortune to know several dear old ladies whose reminiscences of those early days are most interesting. They were roused at five A.M., going to work soon after and continuing until seven P.M., except for brief intervals allowed for meals. The remuneration for these strenuous hours was one dollar and a half per week. Their board was furnished by the corporation in their boarding houses. Yet these thrifty young women saved money which was often contributed to the home fund toward paying off the hated but all too frequent mortgage. One such devoted daughter worked for sixty consecutive weeks and then treated herself to a vacation spent in her old home. From her accumulated savings she purchased a gift for each member of her family and to her father she gave fifty dollars, saving enough money to pay her fare back to Lowell where she planned to continue her thrifty program. Hard work and long hours did not seem to affect them unfavorably either physically or mentally.

THE PASSING OF THE POORHOUSE

It was my good fortune to live in the same school district and to associate daily with the little folks of the town poor. I do not believe that anyone of us was ever guilty of making them feel that they were in any way inferior to us. Dear little

things, they were beautifully clean and tidy under the faithful care of the superintendent's wife.

The old people in the institution were looked upon much as we now regard the inmates of old peoples' homes. Why should it be considered a disgrace to live in the poorhouse when some ancestors had given them the right to a home there by paying taxes for many consecutive years? Our mothers often made social calls upon those old ladies and were much interested in their bits of gossip.

Old Mrs. G—— was brought in great state from the poorhouse once in each year to do our family spinning. That was a happy time for the children. After her work was done for the day she spun other yarns and we listened breathless to her stories of when she was a little girl. A sweeter, sunnier, more lovable octogenarian I have never known.

THE COUNTRY DOCTOR OF LONG AGO

We often try to picture life as it was without the telephone, the automobile and other modern conveniences. Much as they have come to mean to the general public, to the old time physician their absence meant inconceivable hardship and privation. The distances traveled, often over almost impassable roads, would have seemed impossible to those worthy men but for their devotion to their profession and the needs of suffering humanity. Nor were their duties such as related to their profession alone. The country physician was often the only college educated man in his town and as such the duties of school committee devolved upon him.

Naturally he needed to know something of law for it was often his duty to draw up the last will and testament of a patient and perhaps later settle his estate. Yet with all these manifold claims upon these pioneer physicians, many of them found time for study along the line of professional employment.

An interesting account is given by some of our older inhabitants whose parents handed down to them the story of an operation performed about one hundred years ago by a doctor whose practice included parts of Manchester and Londonderry.

A little boy fell from a temporary bridge across the Merrimack and landed on the jagged rocks below with a fractured skull. The older doctor who was called pronounced the case hopeless, but the young man had read in his treasured medical journals of the operation called "trepanning" which had been performed in Europe in such cases. The parents of the child consented to what was looked upon as an experiment and in six weeks' time the boy was well, and had completely recovered. It is claimed by the friends of Doctor Flanders that this was the first operation of its kind ever performed in New England and perhaps in the whole United States.

The account books of Doctor Flanders, kept during the early years of his practice shed much light upon the domestic economy of those days. His charge during those first years was invariably twenty-five cents including medicine and often involving a ride of many miles. In payment he received provisions varied by the farmer and sometimes a suit of clothes, the material of which came from the back of the domestic

sheep, spun and woven in the home and afterward manufactured by the county tailor. Labor estimated at fifty cents a day was often an item on the credit side of the account. Cash payments were few and small. The farmers of those days handled little money. They raised all the necessities of their simple lives and other articles were obtained by barter as was the doctor's professional skill.

DOCTOR BROWN

Doctor Sylvanus Brown was a very eccentric character but a man who did a great deal of good among the poor and left a bequest to the Town of Derry. He lived in four different houses at various times, all of them near the junction of the Turnpike and the so-called Rochester Railroad. He would go out of his way to avoid passing the houses of people he did not like, always leaving the house at his left and the same with the church. Although he had a license to preach he seemed to delight in tormenting the ministers. If he could get the chance, he would go into pulpits uninvited and preach a sermon. Often he left a pack of cards in the pulpit. When a certain church was remodelled, he insisted that he would preach the first sermon in that church and he climbed to the ridgepole and carried out his intentions from that height.

Mr. Horace B. Johnson of Windham tells of Doctor Brown calling at the home of Mr. Johnson's uncle, where he stayed so long in the absence of the uncle that Mr. Johnson invited him to sit down to supper but he refused, saying that he wouldn't eat so long as his host was not there. The family

ate, however, and at nine o'clock the man of the house returned. His wife put supper on the table for him and again Doctor Brown was invited to seat himself at the table which he now did. Mr. Johnson says that the item about the supper which impressed him the most was the fact that his aunt made seventeen cups of tea for the doctor. Finally he lay down on the sofa in the sitting room and said he would spend the night, as it was then about midnight. The family retired but found the next morning that he had left sometime during the night. When he started out to drive to Salisbury, Massachusetts, he would take along with him a cheese box full of food and two gallons of cider for lunch on the way. His horse he called "Blessed Charlie." One time some mischievous boys trimmed the hair all off the horse's tail. Saying "No horse should go without a tail," Dr. Brown would not take the animal out of the barn until he had arranged an artificial tail which he fastened onto the crupper so cleverly that the substitute was hardly noticeable.

He met his death by being thrown from his wagon by his runaway horse. This happened at the corner near the Kilrea Schoolhouse where he was thrown with such force as to land over the fence and the horse and wagon was completely turned around. Doctor Clark and Doctor Crombie were both called. He said to them, "Now you know that the first thing you should do is to see that the patient is kept warm," and made other joking remarks although he would not allow them to do anything for him. But they could see that he was badly injured internally as well as having a broken leg and announced that he would probably not live twenty-four hours. He was a huge man, weighing about three hundred and sixty

pounds, but his kindly neighbors got a drag and managed to get him onto it and drew him to his home which was not far away. They moved him into the shed making him as comfortable as possible and he died in a few hours. Since his coffin was too large to go through the door of the hearse he was taken to the cemetery on an express wagon. It was his wish that there should be no marker at his grave and there may not be anyone in town now who could point out the exact spot.

THE BEGINNING OF MANCHESTER

As is well known, the site of the City of Manchester was a portion of the grant of Nutfield, or Derry; the most famous citizens were John and Molly Stark. The following recollections are from the pen of a woman now ninety years of age.

Manchester had a town crier who with a bell in his hand, passed through the streets, ringing it and announcing child lost or articles lost or auctions to be held, etc.

The city added most efficient means of assisting the young, middle aged, and aged along the pathway of learning by establishing a library. In 1846 *The Manchester Atheneum* possessed sixteen hundred and seventy-seven volumes.

St. Anne's Catholic Church was built in 1849. At that time there was an unfortunate prejudice against Catholics and one day someone sawed the supports of the building in the cellar nearly off and attaching ropes, pulled at a certain time, precipitating the altar, priest and people into the cellar. One night later a mob of boys and men started for the church

which had been repaired, and throwing stones and bricks demolished windows, and probably more damage would have been done but for the timely interference and words of the late John Maynard who lived opposite. Hearing the mob, he hastily drew on some clothing and going over told them they would have to kill him before they could do further damage and after a few more words the mob dispersed. The priest at that time was Rev. William McDonald whose devout spirit and his influence and education of his people should receive a grateful acknowledgement not only from his parish but among our people and there will ever remain an appreciative memory.

In 1851 the passenger station was situated at the corner of Granite and Bedford Streets and two trains ran north and south each day.

The first schools were erected in 1795, four one-story wooden buildings. The old high school on the corner of Franklin and Bridge Streets was built in 1841.

One incident which made a great impression upon me, was one Sunday in the fifties we were startled by the sight of two young girls dressed in white muslin with white slippers, walking up the railroad track near the foot of Pleasant Street, hand in hand. When they reached the canal, they jumped in and were drowned before help arrived. Love was said to be the cause of the rash act.

For years the only street sprinkled by cart was Elm Street and paid for by the merchants having stores and those who did not pay, they skipped.

In September, 1859, was held one of the largest old-time musters. Fifty-two hand engines were present and it was esti-

mated that two thousand firemen participated; most of them slept on the common.

The first post office was established at Manchester Center. When mills began to be built in 1838 the inhabitants objected to going so far for their mail and a post office was consequently opened on Elm Street. Free delivery came in 1865. In 1857, Joel Taylor advertised to deliver letters immediately on arrival of the mail, directed to a street number, for a penny apiece. He was called the Penny Post; he became a regular carrier and served until his death.

In 1852 the city boasted of a two-wheeled cab running to the depot, then came big coaches carrying eight or ten passengers inside and several places on top and baggage was carried on racks in the rear. In winter covered sleighs easily carried a dozen passengers.

During the Civil War a newspaper, *The Union Democrat,* was published by a man they called a Copperhead as his sympathies were with the South. He published some articles offensive to many of our citizens and had been warned for so doing, but one day he raised what was supposed to be a "Sesech Flag" over his house. The news spread quickly and a mob started for his home and but for the timely warning of E. P. Richardson it would have been a serious thing for him. The mob cried, "Pull it down! Kill the man! etc.," but he escaped by a back way while Mr. Richardson went out on the piazza and restrained the mob from doing damage. The flag he raised proved to be the "Old Regulation Flag" with thirteen stars. His wife and some friends were sewing on enough stars to make it correspond with the right number.

In the fifties were the long hours the mill operatives had

to work, about fourteen hours a day. They went to work at five A.M., came out at seven for breakfast, back at seven-thirty. At that time the weavers were not allowed to run but two or three looms. In those days the girls who boarded away from the boarding houses of the Corporation had to be in by ten o'clock or give an account of where they had been and with whom; they had to sign a paper that they would attend divine worship on Sundays and when leaving their work, had to give two weeks' notice.

In the year 1855 a strike was ordered. The mayor read the riot act to the strikers, telling them to disperse and go to their homes and what they ought to do. This maddened them and one man opened his dinner pail and threw a doughnut at the mayor. It missed its mark but hit Agent Gillis square on the head causing much amusement. For three weeks, men and women paraded the streets singing some songs composed for the occasion. One of these was as follows:

Look to the North, Look to the East,
And see all the factory folks a comin'
With banners and flags and bands on ahead
To take them to the other side of Jordan.

Gillis and Adams may rave
And Smith may tear his hair
The Boston men may come to town
For them we do not care.
So go for ten hours
Go for ten hours
For we know that this is right.

The strikers did not succeed in getting ten hours, but got eleven hours per day.

ROGERS' EXPEDITION TO CANADA

In the early days men came from all the region to fish at the falls of Amoskeag and for other amusement they had wrestling bouts and every man's record in that line was known for miles around as well as the champion prize fighters are now known.

The St. Francis Indians had been killing settlers since 1690; Robert Rogers personally knew of four hundred victims who had been murdered. The homes of some of his relatives had been destroyed. In 1759 he organized an expedition of two hundred picked men who came to be known as Rogers' Rangers. Not one was under six feet in height, every man was a marksman with his flintlock, all were woodsmen and hunters.

They suffered unbelievable hardships wading in snow through trackless forests with but little food or sufficient clothing, as they tramped through Vermont to destroy the Village of St. Francis to the north of Lake Champlain.

Among the men who went with Rogers was my great, great-grandfather, Robert Wallace of Londonderry who lived in what is now East Derry. They accomplished their task so that no more severe attacks were suffered from Indians.

Robert Wallace participated in the Revolution. One evening near sunset, six men on horseback came riding through the country saying, "Come at once, the British are taking Boston!" Robert Wallace and a neighbor took their guns in

their hands and started walking the forty miles to Bunker Hill, arriving there in the morning after the battle was over, but he regularly enlisted after that.

The settlers' guns were always ready. In the house in Derry where I lived, which was the home of Robert Wallace when he died, there was a shelf in the kitchen which was above the fireplace and built in at each end. We had always called it a mantel and I had always wondered at its height. Years later I saw one in a house in Plymouth, Massachusetts, and was told it was a gun shelf. I knew that on the other side of the chimney in the next room was a closet called the powder closet, but I had not associated them.

FOLK TALES OF PETERBOROUGH

Peterborough has a history rich in incidents illustrating the perseverance and resourcefulness of our sturdy ancestors, many of Scotch-Irish origin.

The beautiful historical building, given by Mrs. Perkins Bass is a lasting tribute to the loyalty, love and pride which she had for the town which was the birthplace of her ancestors.

She was the fifth generation to live in the house which she occupied each summer. The Smith family once owned that whole hill which is now owned by descendants of that family. The present Clement home is the old homestead. The first frame barn in the settlement was built by William Smith in 1754, and is still standing on the place. Its large timbers, twelve by eighteen inches, were hewn out of black

ash from trees grown on the hill north of the building. The nails of wrought iron were made on the place.

The first dwelling on the farm was a log house, but a frame house was built in 1753, and in 1777 the two-story house was built which is a part of the present dwelling. The farm received its name from the row of elm trees which were planted by Jonathan Smith, son of William Smith, the first owner. In 1814 Jonathan Smith rebuilt the rear of the main house and raised the roof by the ell. Mrs. Clement's children make the seventh generation to live in the old homestead.

The well, which is still used, is another landmark and was in use in 1762. Here is an interesting story about it. The Smith children were leaning over the stonewall of the well, trying to see which could reach down the farthest. Jeremiah, the youngest, lost his balance and fell in. The others rushed to the house and called their mother with cries of "Jerry's in the well." She immediately climbed down to the water level, caught the boy when he came to the surface and held him until help came. The boy, whose life she saved, became one of Peterborough's leading citizens, being in turn member of Congress, Judge of the United States District Court, Governor of the State and Judge of its Supreme Court.

Not all of a town's best history deals with dates. The quaintness, which is a part of our traditional history, is accompanied in this case by that sturdiness of character which inevitably produced strong men and women. It is said that at one time there was only one family in town which did not speak with a broad Scotch accent. The log houses were scantily furnished, everything being home manufactured.

The religious tendencies in the lives of our early settlers

were very marked but we find education and religion side by side. Our Unitarian Church, often called the Bulfinch Church, because designed by the famous Boston architect, Charles Bulfinch, was planned in 1819 and built in 1825, but the first meetinghouse was on the hill.

The earliest town records tell us that Peterborough citizens discussed educational policies from the first and until 1781 the school sessions were held in the meetinghouse.

The importance of music was early emphasized in Peterborough's religious life. This appropriately enough in the village which has become a national attraction to musical artists and students. In April, 1792, the town record states "that Jonathan Smith, John Gray, Oliver Felt and Samuel Smith pitch the tune and invite such other persons to join and assist them as they think proper," owing to a dispute about a choir for Sunday worship.

A committee was also chosen at the same meeting to "procure seats in the breast of the gallery, decent and comfortable to accommodate a sufficient number of singers to carry on the singing in as good order as the circumstances of the congregation will admit." Some of the more conservative among the congregation opposed this progressive movement and Deacon Robert Morrison was reported to have written a protest in which he said: "Human invention is used in praising God . . . . and we fear more for recreation than for the glory of God . . . . many uncommon tunes being used; therefore we, being very desirous not to be partakers in other men's sins, do hereby protest—and we humbly crave that this our protest may be recorded in the Session book of this town for exoneration of our consciences."

The fondness of the early Peterborough citizens for reading led twenty-two of them to organize in 1792 the Social Library. No records of this society now exist, and all that is known of it is that it continued to 1830, when it dissolved. It did much to encourage habits of reading and a taste for good literature in the town and ultimately led to the establishment of the Peterborough Town Library, the oldest free public library, supported by taxation, in the world.

NAY FARM

Situated two and one-half miles from the village of Peterborough, on the Middle Hancock road, is one of the oldest farms in this town, known as the Nay Farm. Located on the summit of the hill, surrounded by valleys and mountains in all directions, this farm possesses one of the most picturesque views to be found in southern New Hampshire.

This farm has now been in the Nay family since 1823 or thereabout, being first owned by James and George Nay, bachelor brothers. Shortly after this, James Nay married Jane Farnsworth of Dublin. It was in her honor that her brother planted on her wedding day the elm in front of the house, which still stands sound and erect. After this marriage, George Nay then bought his brother's interest in the farm. In about a year, he married Mary Persons of Dublin. They settled on the farm for the remainder of their lives, which was a long and happy union, both living until about eighty-five years of age and leaving their earthly home within a few days of each other.

THE STAGECOACH IN FRANCONIA
Eighty Years Ago

One incident which occurred in relation to their wedding is worth relating. A day or so before the wedding day a snow-storm started and continued until the marriage ceremony was over. On the morning of the looked-for day, the snow was so deep that it was thought of postponing the wedding, but the neighbors of Mr. Nay rallied to the occasion and shortly after, a sled to which were hitched six yoke of oxen, left for Dublin after the bride and minister. Late in the afternoon, they returned in triumph with the bride and minister almost submerged in snow from their long slow ride in the storm, behind the faithful oxen. Just as the prayer was offered by the minister, the sun burst forth upon this happy couple as they stood before the south window of the sitting-room, making a perfect ending to one of the happiest weddings that ever occurred.

THE B. P. CHENEY FAMILY

Mr. Benjamin P. Cheney, the oldest of six children, was born in Hillsboro in 1815. Through signing a note with another man his father lost the most of his property, having to give up even his flock of sheep, so at the age of thirteen Benjamin had to leave school.

His father, by trade, was a blacksmith and one of the boy's nightly tasks was to sharpen or point one hundred nails to be used the next day. Not being physically strong, at the age of sixteen he was compelled to work outdoors. It was a choice between driving a peddler's cart or driving a stage-coach. Being a great lover of horses, he chose the latter and

for several years he drove the mail coach from Keene to Nashua, changing horses at French's Tavern.

Next, he and his brother Gilman started the Cheney Express, later taking in a third partner and extending the line into Canada. This later became the American Express Company.

William Wilson owned the house on the "Street Road" where for several years Mr. Nyland lived. His brother, General James Wilson, owned the Tavern, on the corner. William, wishing to go to California and not having money, borrowed ten thousand dollars from Mr. Cheney, giving him a mortgage on the place. Not being able to pay off the mortgage, the place came to Mr. Cheney. The property included a good many acres. He and Daniel Webster were great friends and the statue of Webster in the State House yard at Concord was given by Mr. Cheney. They were both in Washington at the same time when Mr. Cheney was interested in obtaining grants of land from the government for railroad purposes. This led to the building of the Atchinson-Topeka and Sante Fe railroad, going far beyond the populated area. For a good many years this was not a paying proposition, but Mr. Cheney and his associates, all eastern men, believed business would follow the railroad, which it did, and the stock sold well over two hundred dollars per share and the railroad was one of the longest and strongest.

THE HUNT FAMILY

Dea. Timothy Hunt came to town with his father's family from Weymouth, Massachusetts, in 1785. He was born in 1767, the son of Eber Hunt, who was a descendant from Enoch Hunt, an Englishman, who was one of the first settlers of Weymouth, Massachusetts. His mother, Abigal Nash, was also of Weymouth. By the early death of his father, the support of the family devolved upon him and his elder brother, Eli. He bought the Warren farm, so-called, at the North Factory. He married Nancy Wade of Prudence Island, in Narragansett Bay. When a small girl, the word came that the British were coming to drive them off the Island. They at once took to their boats for the mainland, leaving their supper on the table. However, it was a false alarm, and they returned to the Island. Mrs. Hunt was a very energetic woman, and loved to sing old songs to her grandchildren.

Dea. Hunt built a saw and gristmill near his residence. It was well patronized and he carried it on many years. In those days they took toll in grain, so the saying was, "No one knew whose grain the miller's hogs were fattened on." He used to carry grain and produce to Boston with oxen, with a web of homemade frocking tied on their horns. He would bring back a load of groceries for the storekeepers, as they were then called. Once he had his son Norton, a young lad, drive a pair of oxen to Townsend to meet him and help draw his load over the mountain. As he ran along beside the oxen, he dropped his mitten (one of a new pair). When he missed it he ran back and found it. When he

reached the tavern at Townsend he rapped at the door. The maid came and he told his errand. She took him in, seated him in the chimney corner, and made him feel very much at home. She asked him what he would like to eat. He said bread and milk. This son Norton succeeded his father on the farm and in the mill. He was Colonel of the Twenty-second Regiment of New Hampshire Militia, and held Muster on the Old Muster Ground, now to be a golf course. He was born in 1800 and married Mary Cummings of Hancock, the twenty-seventh day of March, his twenty-seventh birthday. There were seven sisters and twenty-seven guests at the wedding. His son Timothy of the third generation to live on the homestead, told this story to his grandchildren. When a young lad he was sent to the neighbors to borrow a warming pan to warm the beds for the company. He rode a young colt and all went well till the colt began to gallop and the lid flopped on the pan. Faster and faster they went, till the boy and the warming pan were left beside the road and the colt went gaily home.

THE WILDER FAMILY

Col. Abel Wilder of Bolton, Massachusetts, came to Dublin in 1780. He was Commander-in-Chief of the twelfth Regiment of the New Hampshire Militia and was buried with military honors. Though young, he performed some service in the Revolution.

His grandson, John Wilder, was one of ten children of Abel and Deborah (Perry) Wilder of Dublin. His career commenced by working for his brother Mark, making shoe

pegs at what was later Briggs' piano stool factory. He then worked in the Union Mills at West Peterboro, as an overseer in the carding room.

No foreign help worked in the mills in those days. When help was needed he rode around in neighboring towns and hired the farmers' girls. This employment was considered highly respectable. These girls were often times homesick, especially when they caught their fingers in the fliers—or other parts of the machinery. He always kept a box of supplies ready for first aid in case of injuries.

After leaving the mill Mr. Wilder became manager of the barometer and thermometer shop of Chas. Wilder at North Factory.

A list of the early industries shows the diversified needs of the early settlers and the wonderful resourcefulness with which these needs were met:—sawmills, gristmills, machine shops, cabinet shops, then cotton mills.

This industry dates back one hundred and thirty-four years. The town being liberally supplied with waterpower, mills were started in various locations, one each in the North, South and West Villages and three in the Center.

THE OLD BELL FACTORY

The first cotton factory in Peterborough was known as the Old Bell Factory, called "Old" from its being the first incorporated factory in the town, and "Bell" from the circumstance of having introduced the first bell in the town.

It stood on the spot where the first saw and gristmill was

built in 1751, on the north side of the Nubanusit River, at the head of Main Street. The machinery for this mill was built in town under the supervision of John Field of Pawtucket, R. I., known here as Judge Field. He was one of the workmen employed in the erection of the first cotton factory in the United States. Mr. Field was considered one of the best workmen and the company gave him what was considered extravagant wages—three dollars per day, and in addition they kept his horse and also furnished him a pint of rum a day. The machinery was put in operation in 1810. The first cotton was bought at thirty-two and a half cents per pound; the highest price paid was forty-one cents.

In 1817 an addition of a brick building was made to the factory and looms were added under the superintendence of John H. Steele. In 1818 the first cotton cloth woven by waterpower in New Hampshire was manufactured in this factory. Wages were small and averaged one dollar per week for women and a dollar and a quarter for men. Beginners worked for nothing until they could run the machines well. Mr. Steele resigned to take charge of the building of the Union Mill at West Peterborough. In 1834 Frederick Livingston purchased in part this mill and for thirty-one years was its superintendent. In 1865 it was sold to a New York firm. It was enlarged and thoroughly repaired and leased to E. B. Hill in 1871 for the manufacture of Curtain Hollands; eighty or ninety hands were employed. Mr. Hill ran it for several years, then it was closed on account of business depression and it was closed until Ex-Governor Cheney took it over, operating it for a Pulp Mill a short time. Next we

find the Ivory Works here. The Shoe Finding business followed, then the Bailie Basket Company bought the building and operated a basket factory until the building was burned in 1922. The Company, being financially unable to rebuild, offered the site for sale. For what seemed a long time we gazed on these unsightly ruins until Mrs. William H. Schofield, a daughter-in-law of Mr. Cheney bought the property and transformed it from a place of neglect and ruins to a place admired for its scenic beauty.

From time to time, Mrs. Schofield's interest in our town and its people has found expression in many and varied ways:—the Episcopal Church and rectory, Nursery School, musicals and the studio at the MacDowell Colony are a part of her benefactions.

We who are privileged to call Peterborough "Home" realize this most deeply, and the casual visitor making only a brief sojourn goes away feeling that our little town among the hills has attractions not only for those whose interests are ancestral but also claims the life interest of many who cannot claim lineal descent from Peterborough's former settlers.

The Centennial celebration in 1839 must have been a wonderful occasion. The records say "Music played an important part in the services, one of the last songs sung being 'Oft in the Stilly Night.' And when it was so dark that the audience could hardly distinguish each other's faces, a general invitation was given to attend a ball in the evening at Col. French's tavern. On motion of Albert Smith, the meeting adjourned for a hundred years and with shouting and the clapping of hands—joy mingling with many pensive

thoughts—the assembly of fourteen hundred persons separated to lie down in their graves long before the next meeting should be held in 1939."

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS

It was about 1848 when the first musical instrument was introduced into the Union Congregational Church at Peterborough. Previous to that date probably the tuning fork was used. At that time Asa Davis, the choir leader, carried his little melodeon from his home on Pine Street to the church every Sunday as needed for his daughter, Adelia, to accompany the choir, she being sixteen years of age at that time. Just how long he carried the melodeon is uncertain but doubtless about ten years. The instrument is now in the Historical Building. Mr. Davis, not being a singer, directed with his violin. To complete the orchestra the bass viol was played by Mr. Kimball or Mr. Weston. Finally Mrs. Betsy Washburn Barber bought a seraphine, which looked like a piano but the tone was like an organ.

Also in the Peterborough Historical Building is a melodeon which belonged to Daniel Emery at Sunapee. He took this instrument around to homes for use in cottage prayer meetings. In row boats the choir used to sing out on the lake and the melodeon always went along.

Charlie Cavendar's violin is preserved in the Historical Building.

Charlie, as he was usually called, is always pictured as a quiet, unassuming man, with these two characteristics:—his love for his violin, and kindness toward animals.

His violin, or fiddle, as he chose to call it, was his life-long companion.

This is the instrument he used in furnishing music for the kitchen junkets which were the early social events.

Charlie never jazzed his music but how he could play Irish Washerwoman, Fisher's Hornpipe and Lady Washington and Virginia Reels, and how the dancers could trip the light fantastic toe when Charlie drew his bow and how gracefully they interpreted the Minuet and the dreamy waltz.

One who knew Charlie well and had often attended the junkets had this to say of him: "I never talked with him much, for one of his characteristics was the ability to keep his mouth closed and this I think is why everybody liked him. As a fiddler he kept perfect time for dancing and was always in demand at the junkets. He was a natural musician, not knowing one note from another."

DRUMMER

Emma Smiley Diamond wrote the following story about her ancestor, William Diamond who was the son of John and Mary Wilson Diamond, born in Boston, where he resided till 1775, when he went to Lexington, and was there April 19, 1775. He was a drummer in Capt. John Parker's Company and was one of eight men chosen to guard the home of Rev. James Clark, where John Hancock and Samuel Adams were stopping, as it was surmised that the capture of these men was intended as well as the destruction of the military stores at Concord. After the arrival of Paul Revere, between twelve and one o'clock in the morning, with the news of

the British leaving Boston for Concord, Capt. Parker assembled his men on the Common and called the roll and ordered every man to load with powder and ball, then dismissed them, telling them to make a quick response at the call of the drum. Between daylight and sunrise Capt. Parker ordered William Diamond to beat the drum to call the men together again. After the skirmish on Lexington Common, Capt. Parker gave orders for each man to take care of himself. William Diamond started down Bedford Street, and wishing to get rid of the drum to hasten his steps, slipped it over his head as he could not unfasten the strap. He knocked off his hat in so doing. He threw the drum over the wall and stopping to pick up his hat, saw the British bayonets so near him, he left the drum and ran for his life.

The drum he beat that day is at the present time in the Hancock-Clark House, owned by Lexington Historical Society.

William Diamond enlisted in Captain Bemis' Company and was at Bunker Hill, and nearly through the Revolution he was in service as a musician. He married Rebecca Simonds of Lexington and came to Peterborough in 1795 where he purchased land near Pack Monadnock Mountain.

MEMORIES

(as told by Albert O. Smith, eighty-two years old May first, 1927)

We moved to Peterboro from Alstead, New Hampshire. I well remember it; it was in January and it took us two days. I was only sixteen years old at the time, but very small for my age. I only weighed ninety-eight pounds.

My father and sister had gone ahead with the goods. My brother and I drove five head of cattle, twenty-five sheep, and two hogs all that way. The first night we camped on Stoddard Mountain, and arrived in the new home between eight and nine the next night.

Father didn't like the house where it was, so he decided to move it sixty rods nearer the road. We had what was called a "drawing." All the neighbors helped by bringing their oxen, which were hitched in pairs onto two corners of the house. The first day they jacked up the house and got it ready to "draw" by late afternoon. Thirty pair of oxen were hitched to it, but they could not budge it. That evening Father went around to some more neighbors and got thirty more pair promised to come the next day. The next morning they were able to move the house. I tell you it was one of the greatest "drawings" around there. It was an interesting sight to see sixty pairs of oxen hitched in two lines. Mother served a big dinner to all those who had helped.

I well remember the first money I ever earned. I was four or five years old. One night when it was nearly dusk, a Mr. Morse, a well-to-do citizen of the town, drove up to talk about buying a yoke of oxen. Father was busy milking at the time, so asked me to go into the barnyard and drive out a certain pair. Mr. Morse was so pleased with the way I handled the oxen that he gave me an old-fashioned ninepence. The next year when he came again, I was handling four oxen while Father plowed.

We owned a flock of ten or twelve geese, the leader of which was an old goose. I don't know how old she was, we bought her in Alstead and she was old then; I guess she was

twenty years old at this time. They used to go up onto a hill and we used to like to go up and scare them, as the whole flock would rise and fly down into a near-by field. One day, when a cousin was visiting us we wanted to show him our "flying geese." I don't know whether the air currents were right or what, but much to our surprise they didn't alight in the field, but kept on going. We got scared as we saw them fly on and on. We thought we had lost Father's whole flock. We ran after them, and found them three-quarters of a mile away in Great Brook. It wasn't so much fun driving them back all that way.

Charlestown Fair was quite an event when I was a boy. I always took a pair of steers to enter. The first year I went, there were five other pairs entered. Each driver had to drive, turn around, back, and show off his own pair before the judges. I did all those things, then I hitched the steers the other way around, so that they pushed instead of pulled the cart. I heard one of the judges say, "That boy will break their necks that way," but I handled them so well that I won the first prize of three dollars.

Another year I took up one steer which had been fed entirely on skimmed milk. He was a beauty; he was only seven months old. He was born in March and the Fair was always held in September. He weighed six hundred and forty-four pounds—just think, seven months old and fed only on skimmed milk. A man who had entered a fine one himself declared that I had grained mine, but I hadn't. And, do you know, when that steer was a year old he weighed one thousand pounds, and we sold him for one hundred dollars.

THE TALL STORY CLUB OF PETERBOROUGH

"These stories are just as true now as they were years ago when I heard my father and his uncle tell them," says Anna Moore Butler who contributed them. They have to do with one of the early settlers, a man by the name of Moses Morrison, who used to live up near the edge of Half Moon Pond, where the Sargent School now has its summer camp.

One morning in the late fall, early before it was very light, old Moses Morrison set out for the woods to chop his winter's supply of wood. As he was passing along the shore of Half Moon Pond, he glanced up in a tree and spied a flock of twelve wild turkeys roosting on a limb of a tree overhanging the water. Fearing if he returned home for his gun it would become light enough so that the turkeys would have flown away, he decided to take a chance and throw his axe up at them in the hopes of knocking one off, for he did want one of those turkeys. He threw his axe, which did not land exactly as he expected, but it struck the limb on which the turkeys were roosting, splitting it lengthwise and also cracking it off from the tree so that it fell into the pond. As the limb fell, the axe blade loosened and fell out, the lengthwise crack made by it closing over the toenails of the twelve turkeys, holding them fast to the limb and making it impossible for them to escape.

Now old Moses Morrison could not stand it to lose his turkeys that way, so, fully dressed as he was, he jumped in the pond and swam out to the limb which he succeeded in getting and commenced to drag it ashore, the turkeys still

securely fastened by their toes in the crack. He was dressed in one of those old-fashioned jackets or jumpers, simply fastened by one button at the neck and another at the waistband, and when he jumped into the water this jacket simply ballooned out around him, helping to hold him up in the water. At that time the waters in Half Moon Pond were simply teeming with fish, and by the time Moses reached the bank and clambered on shore, dragging his limb with the turkeys, so many fish had been scooped up inside his jacket that the bottom button gave way with a pop, and, flying off, hit a jack rabbit sitting on a stump fifty yards away and killed the rabbit.

The other story happened in the late Spring when Moses Morrison started out one night to hunt up some cattle that had strayed away. As he was going through the woods, he was pursued and pestered by an enormous swarm of mosquitoes until he was about frantic. He happened to be passing near a sugarhouse, where a large iron kettle, used earlier for boiling the maple sap, had been left outside the house to dry before being put away for the summer. As he saw this kettle, he thought if he could get under that and turn it down over him, he would be free from the mosquitoes. This he proceeded to do and for a few minutes felt quite safe. Then a queer boring noise reached his ears and looking up in the dim light under the kettle, he was startled to see the stings of the mosquitoes boring right through the iron kettle. Feeling that something must be done at once, he hastily searched around and finding a good sized stone on the ground under the kettle, he immediately seized it and commenced heading over the stings of the mosquitoes as they protruded through

the kettle, much as a carpenter might head over the end of a nail on the under side of a board. Faster and faster he worked as more and more stings appeared through the kettle, until at last the kettle rose and was borne off through the air by the mass of mosquitoes whose stings had been headed over on the under side of the kettle.

BOYHOOD OF HERBERT NICHOLS

My great-grandfather Kendall Nichols came to Sharon in the late 1700's. At that time Sharon was nothing short of a wilderness. My grandfather on my mother's side, Leftenant Law, came on foot to this country from a town near Boston, following a blazed trail.

As time went on the settlement grew and among the early records of a town meeting certain sums were appropriated as follows: fifty dollars were set aside for general town expenses, forty dollars were allotted for schools and a sum of thirty dollars were set aside to provide for three church services, allowing ten dollars for each service. They appointed Grandfather Nichols to hire the clergymen.

I lived, as a boy at Bagley Corner and used to spend a good deal of time visiting back and forth with our neighbors Uncle Eli Upton and Aunt Luce. They were old people of about seventy-five or eighty years old at that time. Aunt Luce was a woman of a good deal of refinement, and she wanted you to feel that they were a little bit better than others. She was large and tall and was a little lame. Uncle Eli did much of the work for her about the house.

The house where Uncle Eli lived was built for a hotel. The bar was in the living room as long as the house remained standing.

Placed upright on shelves at the back of the bar were a row of pewter plates in which Aunt Luce took great pride. There was a whole dozen set as well as a large pewter platter, and on the bottom of each plate were the initials P. U. as they had formerly belonged to Aunt Polly Upton. These plates were an evidence of prosperity. It was unusual for a family to own pewter plates. When a friend came to see Aunt Luce and didn't remark about those pewter plates Aunt Luce would by some means be sure that they were seen before the friend went away. She would tell about Car'line Barnes who used to neighbor back and forth and who was coming to clean house but her sister Mary was away "nussing," and Aunt Luce glancing toward the wall where the pewter plates were kept would remark, "The flies make such work."

Uncle Eli's house set above the road on a knoll and was not quite near enough the road for them to be able to see who might be passing by. Uncle Eli had a little dog he called "Ashes." Aunt Luce would explain, "Lion, Lion is his name." Lion chose for his bed a round wooden measure. He would be in it curled up asleep, but if Uncle Eli heard the distant sound of wheels coming down the road he would call Ashes, and picking him up by the tail and the nape of the neck would let him look out of the window. The dog wouldn't move a muscle. Then Uncle Eli would turn around, let him down to the floor and shout, "Through the tunnel." The tunnel was a round hole by the door through which the cat went in and out. Like a flash Ashes was in the road bark-

ing at the team with Uncle Eli at his heels. "Lick him, lick him," he shouted, and picking up a stick or a stone, which never hit him, would call out, "I'm going to have Continental kill that dog!" But by this time Ashes was serenely trotting back to the house, and Uncle Eli was enjoying a much anticipated conversation with his neighbor. In this way he would find out how much hay he had been cutting, what eggs cost, and would find out the news about the ladies of the family for Aunt Luce.

Aunt Luce was very inquisitive. Well, two sisters, Martha and Lucy, were going by one day and stopped in to see Aunt Luce. They had a tin pail with them with a cover on it. They agreed they wouldn't tell Aunt Luce what was in that pail. They went in and said "How d'ye do?" and set the pail down on the floor between them. Aunt Luce wanted to know if they had stopped at Joe's, and, "How were Joe's folks?" and "Perhaps you're taking a setting of eggs down to Aunt Emma's?" or "Are you taking balls of butter to Jim's folks?" Finally she asked, "What did you say you had got in that pail?"

One night in the winter time I was over at Uncle Eli's and it had been snowing all day long. It was about eight o'clock in the evening and we were setting around the fire and Ashes lay curled up asleep in his wooden measure. Suddenly he woke up and growled. Uncle Eli got up and looked out the window and saw there was trouble down the road. He called to me and said, "Get on your boots," and so saying he lit the lantern. This was an old-fashioned lantern with a candle inside, and the light came through perforated holes. Stepping out into the snow we picked our way through the drifts to

the road. A man was down there with a team loaded with two barrels of soft soap, there were a lot of soap peddlers in those days, and one horse had got into the snow all over. The man's wife was with him. After we had shovelled for some time we succeeded in getting the horse out of the snow bank, and then by degrees we got both horses back up to the barn, where we put them up and gave them hay. We invited the man and his wife into the house and while Aunt Luce was setting the table, Uncle Eli had gone down cellar and had brought up a little Medford rum. He got a drink into the man and into the woman, and took a little himself. Aunt Luce stood by straightening the tablecloth and made the remark that "we don't have Medford rum, not every day, not every day." Uncle Eli asked her if she would have some and she said, "Just a swallow I'm so lame."

In those days Sharon people lived largely off what their farms and their hands could produce. They raised sheep and wove their own cloth. I well remember going to see the Greens, and seeing Mrs. Green bending over her loom weaving cloth to make into clothes for her four girls and five boys to wear.

People only had one pair of boots a year, for the shoemaker made one visit in the fall to make the family footwear. He would board with the family until he had made shoes for each member of the household. Grandfather had great sides of leather that he had tanned, ready for this occasion. If any of them wore out their boots before the time for the annual visit of the shoemaker they would have to go barefoot or stay in the house or else resort to the wearing of chips on the bottom of their old shoes.

Twice a year, spring and fall, they would load up their wagons with the produce that had been raised on the farm and hitching up their yokes of oxen they would start on the long journey over the rough roads to the market at Boston. This trip would take about a week, three days going and three days to come back. Boston in those days was their only market. One trip would be taken in the fall of the year after we had butchered our beef and our hogs and the butter had been put into tubs. Flax was another commodity, and whatever they had in the way of farm products they would take along. Cheese was always saleable, and in the spring the maple sugar would be one of the articles they took with them. The road would be full of "pog teams" at the time of one of those trips, and several farmers would be likely to join forces. They didn't have the roads we have today. The old Turnpike was discontinued before my time, for it was not a financial success. These roads were made before the towns were able to build good roads. As the towns became in better circumstances they built their own roads. But Peterborough travel all seemed to follow the Turnpike.

The Wilson Tavern on the "Old Street Road" was a stopping place for the market wagons or "pog teams" that were passing through from towns further north. They could get a drink of rum at the bar for two cents or if with sugar for three. Little was paid for a night's lodging for the farmers only stayed inside if the weather was very cold, and their bed was commonly nothing short of a table or some spot on the floor. The bedrooms in this tavern were only three in number, for this was more or less before the days of stagecoach travel and the better roads. And these farmers who were on

their way to market on that long trip could not afford to spend very much on a night's lodging. The food they ate they took with them, and also the food for their animals. The bedrooms were few in number and the tavern was built to conform with the demands of the people of that time. All town business was transacted and all important gatherings were held there. In those days the town of Peterborough lay on the hill, the houses bordering along the "Old Street Road," so the Wilson Tavern was more or less at "the centre." "There was no hotel there as late as my time," continued Mr. Nichols, "I was talking with Mrs. Wilson one day who used to be landlady of The Wilson Tavern and I asked her what it would have cost me to have stayed over night. "Would you mean to have a bed?" she asked. "Of course," I said, "What else would they have had?" "Oh," she continued: "Some slept on the floor or on the tables but if you had supper and a bed and breakfast, all that would have cost two shillings"—thirty-four cents.

Upstairs in the Tavern is a fine old dance hall and after the parties were over they would transform the hall where they had had the party into two sleeping rooms by letting down a swinging partition and so accommodating the guests of the evening if any wanted to stay.

The bar below was well patronized. There was an upper and a lower door opening into the bar and when a guest wanted to be served he stepped into the office and rapped on this door, and the landlady entering the bar from the kitchen would open the upper half and serve him a drink. As a general thing they drank old Medford rum, and but very occasionally those who could afford it partook of a little

brandy. The money drawer and the shelves where the bottles fitted in still remain to this day.

In the winter time we used to have "kitchen junkets" which were held in the different neighbor's kitchens. The farmers of the neighborhood would get together and dance in the kitchen and have an "all fired" good time. For refreshments they would have cider, popcorn and apples. They wouldn't get drunk because every farmer had cider just as much as he had potatoes. If you called to see a farmer and went into his house and he didn't offer you any cider, he wasn't in it.

When I was a youngster, old Aunt Esther Taggart lived up on the mountain. In the winter the road wasn't broken out, and the only way she had of getting out was by snowshoes. She would come to Peterborough and stay with someone overnight, and get someone to take her back next day. When I was a boy I had the smallpox. I wasn't very welcome anywhere, but she and the boy had had it. I stayed there with them two weeks. While I was there, between the dog, Aunt Esther, the boy and I, we got nineteen woodchucks. When we got a young woodchuck that the dog hadn't torn up too much, we would dress it and Aunt Esther would cook it. It was as good as any chicken.

All important things were done on the doorstone. If Charles and I were going fishing, we would fix the tackle on that doorstone. Aunt Esther dried the milk pans there. We got hold of an old revolver somewhere, and swapped with another boy. We were cleaning the rust off from it one day, on that doorstone, and it discharged. The charge went

through the casing of the door. Aunt Esther came to the door and scolded us. We finished cleaning it though just the same.

I was away from Peterborough for a period of twenty years. I was in Claremont. When I came back Aunt Esther was dead, and Charles was dead. The fences were down, and the sheep ran through the house. I went out on the old doorstone, and that was all right. Ezra Smith was administrator of the estate and I bought the doorstone. I hired two men and two pairs of horses, and moved it up to Peterborough. Now when Aunt Esther's father built that house, he went up on the mountain and found that slab. The edges of the stone were all rough. When I built my house, I put it at the side door. They wanted to straighten up the edges, but I wouldn't let them. That doorstone means a lot to me. It brings back many memories of Sharon. Now mostly what remain today are cellar holes but those cellar walls can tell many a story.

A WITCH TALE OF OLD HILLSBOROUGH

In the shadow of Gibson Mt. close beside the Barden Hill road that for its entire distance of two miles, parallels the Second New Hampshire Turnpike, stands the little, long, low white three roomed building that many years ago was the dwelling place of Aunt Jenny Gilchrist who, by the early residents of old No. 7, as Hillsborough was originally called, was believed to possess supernatural powers, and many are the tales told to substantiate the belief.

Aunt Jinny, as she was commonly called, has been described as a little sallow, weazened old woman with a fiery

temper and vitrolic tongue, whose unhappy experiences in early life had so embittered her nature that she distrusted and shunned her neighbors, and the fact that the townspeople believed her to be a "witch" set her apart from human companionship.

One of the first gristmills in town was located on the North Branch of the Contoocook at the foot of Barden Hill, where the old mill stones and some of the underpinning are still in evidence. The owner, John Miller, had in some way incurred the displeasure of Aunt Jinny who never missed an opportunity to harrass the man. Finally, he became so fearful of her machinations that his health gave way under the strain and his business was ruined. It is a legend that one day Aunt Jinny visited the mill and became so incensed with the miller that she flew at the unfortunate man, and, to his consternation chased him across the surface of the mill pond.

One day a child passing the door was commanded to pick up a basket of chips. The child demurred, saying, "I must hurry home or I shall be late," and the old crone muttered "You pick up those chips and you'll get home just as quick." The frightened child obeyed and ever after declared she "sailed home across the woodlots, her feet never touching the ground, and arrived fully as soon as if she had followed the road without stopping."

At one time Aunt Jinny owned a horse in good condition. A neighbor, desiring an extra mount, went to her house and said he was going to borrow the animal for the day. Aunt Jinny objected, but the man insisted, telling her "she ought to be willing to oblige a neighbor." That seemed to

be a potent argument, and, after a moment, the owner said, "You can take it, if you can get it out of the barn." The triumphant borrower hastened to the barn, there to find a horse so lame it could not leave its stall.

Eventually Aunt Jinny became so destitute and such a nuisance in the opinion of the townspeople that those in authority decided to take her to the place provided for the poor. Late one afternoon the constable appeared at the door of the rambling old house, told Aunt Jinny he had come to take her away and urged her to hurry as they had some distance to go.

The old lady made no protest but calmly mounted the horse behind the officer who was elated at the ease with which he had accomplished his errand. They traveled all through the long dark night without reaching their destination. When morning dawned, the enraged constable discovered they were at Aunt Jinny's house which the bewitched horse had been unable to leave.

Aunt Jinny died under her own roof-tree; and it is claimed her death was in keeping with her reputation. One of a neighbor's sheep having "run mad" was dispatched by the owner with a club. Immediately Aunt Jinny fell to the floor in convulsions. A housewife who ventured to "watch" with the sick woman, was warned not to let the patient out of her sight, as it was believed witches never permitted anyone to witness their departure from this mundane sphere. Along about the hour of midnight the attention of the watcher was distracted for a moment and when she again turned to the bed, the soul of Aunt Jinny had left its earthly tabernacle.

IN HILLSBOROUGH

At the time a wave of Adventism struck this town an old farmer by name of Lewis lived near the foot of Stow Mountain. He became a zealous convert and firmly believed he was "going up" on a certain date. When the day arrived he climbed to the top of a haystack that he might be assured of a good start, and there fell asleep.

One of the unbelievers in the neighborhood, espying the unconscious man, thought he would have some fun, and set fire to the stack which burned freely. Lewis, awakening, and finding himself surrounded by flames, sprang to his feet and shouted in terror "Here I am in H——l just as I 'spected to be."

In the same neighborhood lived Deacon William Conn, a thrifty farmer, sturdy Whig and pillar of the church, who invariably asked the same blessing at table summer and winter, in which he loyally mentioned the women of his family.

Sometimes in the midst of haying, black clouds came rolling up in the west as he and his hired men sat down to the noonday meal, and the good deacon fearful of the impending shower, would endeavor to speed up the service as he closed his eyes and intoned, "Wilt Thou, O Lord, bless these portions of food Marm has prepared and Susan made ready (pass the potatoes Charles) for Christ's sake, Amen.

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT

Just before daybreak on November 13, 1833, there was an unusual shower of meteors which lasted until daylight and caused no little alarm among the inhabitants, many recalling the literal sense of the Word, and considering it a forerunner of the Day of Judgment. All the people in one neighborhood were out examining the sky and discussing the portent, when one man said, "I am going down to the mills" three miles away "and ask Gen. D.——— if he thinks it is the Day of Judgment." He was not gone long. When questioned he said when he was half way to the mills he was thinking what the General would say to him if he asked that question. He knew he would say, "No, how foolish! Do you think the Day of Judgment would come in the night?" So he turned around and came back.

A TALE OF ISLAND POND

Many residents of New Hampshire have visited the site of the summer home of the last provincial governor, John Wentworth, on the shore of Smith Pond in Wolfeboro, now known as Lake Wentworth. In 1768, this manor house was planned to be the estate of a Colonial Governor patterned after the great houses that had extended their hospitality so lavishly during the years when John Wentworth was representing his father's business in the mother country.

Few people have learned of that earlier royal residence built by the uncle of John Wentworth;—the first Royal Governor, Benning Wentworth. When this native son of

Portsmouth became the head of the government of New Hampshire in 1741, he was a prosperous merchant, son of the first Lieutenant Governor, John Wentworth, and frequently visited England where he had represented the colony and also his father's business firm in many a conference. Occupying the now ancient Wentworth mansion erected by his ancestors on Manning Street, with his first wife and three sons, apparently to build a home of his own planning became his desire.

Why the site now known as Governor's Island in Island Pond was selected is unknown. This sheet of water is bounded by the towns of Hampstead, Salem, and Derry and is nearly forty miles from the city of Portsmouth. The land was purchased in 1741 where an extensive farm was soon developed. A spacious hunting lodge was built for the royal residence with farm houses, barns, and outbuildings added and the whole domain was surrounded with a wall of natural stone so thick and high that it would seem to have been planned for a rampart for defense against any enemy, whether Indian or other marauder. Old cellar holes at the further end of the island seem to indicate the presence of other ancient farms although no record remains of the names or status of their owners. A tradition of old letters written by Lady Wentworth tells of her pleasure in the summer trips on horseback over the road to this sylvan retreat called by her "Birch Farm." A few years later, in 1750, the residence at Little Harbor was erected with all its magnificence of paneling and wood carving and stately furnishings, which can be seen today. Lady Wentworth and three sons died in the ten years that followed leaving Governor Wentworth a lonely man at

the age of sixty years. After several attempts to gain the consent of Molly Pitman to marry him, she preferring a younger suitor, Benning Wentworth startled the aristocratic families of Portsmouth by his sudden marriage with his maid-servant, Martha Hilton. The story of that wedding is too well known to need repeating except for the tale that is to follow it may be well to recall that the fair Martha was a sprightly young woman who cared little for the opinions of the gossips of the city where she had lived from childhood, a barefooted waif, servant to any who would keep her.

In his "Rambles About Portsmouth" Mr. Brewster has told this tale with its characters described as Lady Frances Deering Wentworth and her husband Governor John Wentworth. However, two women who are well versed in the lore of southern New Hampshire have told the story as repeated here with its disagreements with Mr. Brewster. Stately Frances Deering did not seek the companionship of rural neighbors as did Martha Hilton; also, in Wolfeboro no families resided within walking distance of the manor house. So, we conclude that the scene was Birch Farm in Island Pond and the time about 1760.

Since the difference in age of the Governor and his bride was about forty years, this fact in itself would prove that while Martha might not be averse to a midnight frolic, the Governor would prefer the comfort of his pillow. Lady Wentworth became restless in the confinement of the island farm and expressed a desire to attend a dance in a neighboring household but the aged Governor sternly forbade her to join in the festivity. The wilful Martha kept her own counsel, quietly waited until her spouse was fast asleep for

the night, then slipped away to the ball unaccompanied by servant or maid. She did not reckon, however, upon the fact that her presence was necessary to the peaceful sleep of the lonesome husband, for he soon awoke. Calling his servant, he inquired for his absent Lady but no one could account for her disappearance. Then the wrath of the Governor flamed to such a degree that no servant dared disobey his strict orders to fasten the gates securely and leave the Lady to the results of her misdemeanor.

Late in the evening Martha returned to find a dark, quiet and well fastened entrance to the walled enclosure but she was not dismayed. The resourceful woman slipped off her cloak and gown, dropped them on the shore of the lake, uttered several piercing shrieks and disappeared into the darkness.

Evidently the household was not as comfortable as the darkness and silence indicated. Servants heard the outcry and rushed to the gates. The Governor was aroused also and without stopping to don his warm clothing, joined the servants in their search around the shore. Thoroughly alarmed, the sorry man called for lights and a hurried hunt began but candles were flickering and pine torches penetrated the dark waters too dimly to be of great assistance. Finally, in despair, the remorseful Governor turned toward the house. Deeply did he regret his anger, bitterly did he bemoan his stern orders. Only the morning could reveal the extent of the disaster caused by his sudden wrath.

Thus did the Governor suffer as he returned to his bedroom. Imagine his reaction to untold joy, when he found the fair culprit warmly tucked under the covers and fast

asleep after her tiresome adventures. The story ends with the usual once upon a time finish;—the Governor forgave the disobedient Lady and they lived happily ever after.

The reader may prefer a second version of the tale as told by a citizen of Derry, although it differs from the other in the psychology of its ending.

When the Governor returned, thinly clad and shivering, from his chilling exposure along the damp shore at the late hour, he found the doors of his house locked and was compelled to stand outside while a voice within demanded that he repent of his wrath and apologize for locking the gates in such a high handed manner. Glad to find his wife safe, and eager to gain the warmth of his bed again, the Governor humbled himself as man must, when he finds himself so in the wrong to a Lady, and the doors were opened to his entreaty.

Whatever the ending to the tale, Martha Wentworth became an exemplary wife, presided over the mansion in Little Harbor with dignity, became the mother of a son and won the respect of the people of Portsmouth.

The Governor regarded her with affection to the dismay of his relatives who learned after his death that all his large property was willed to Martha Wentworth and their young son, without provision for even the near relatives who had expected to share in the bequests. Lady Wentworth contracted a second marriage with a cousin of her late husband, an Englishman who came to Portsmouth after the death of Benning Wentworth. They lived in the Mansion at Little Harbor and were among the hosts of General Washington when he visited Portsmouth in 1789.

ADAMS FEMALE ACADEMY IN DERRY

Chapter V

MEMORIES OF SCHOOL DAYS

GRANDMOTHER'S STORY OF ADAMS ACADEMY

GRANDMOTHER seldom told stories. Her children used to laughingly declare that she had no past. But looking back across the years and thinking of the fluency of certain conversationalists, I am confident that the trait she had of ignoring her history was largely responsible for the fact that she was esteemed an interesting woman.

I remember the day she took from the top drawer of her sewing table a tightly rolled piece of double foolscap and told me its story. The roll is on my desk as I write, a memento of the day when grandmother was presented to General Lafayette and has been carefully preserved by grandmother, mother and daughter for more than one hundred years.

In 1825 Mary McMurphy was seventeen and a student at The Adams Female Academy, the first institution of its kind in the state and a pioneer in the interest of education for women. Young women were in attendance from various sections of New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Vermont and New York, one hundred and sixteen in all. Tuition was six dollars for fourteen weeks, and board ranged from one dollar and a half to one dollar and seventy-five cents a week. Mary, with many other girls of Londonderry, was a day pupil.

It was nearly three miles from the McMurphy farm to the school, and once she failed to arrive on time, for on the yellow sheet is written:—"It was very rainy this morning. I did not get to school until after it had commenced. The scholars were repeating the texts of the Sabbath."

Beyond the academy was the mansion of General Derby of the war of the Revolution. The great house stood in a tree-filled dooryard and overlooked miles and miles of wooded hills which stretched away until they were lost in the blue of the distant mountains. To the home of General Derby in the fall of 1824 came General Lafayette, marked by the heavy hand of time, a hero who had known all human experiences. After months of unparalleled receptions he returned to Londonderry, this time paying an official visit to The Adams Female Academy.

Mary Lyon, the founder of Mt. Holyoke College, was an assistant teacher at the academy. When it became known that General Lafayette was to visit the school, Miss Lyon suggested that the young ladies would feel more at ease with certain articles of scholarly character in their hands. "And so," said grandmother, "I carried a roll."

Owing to an unexpected delay, the general did not arrive until long after the appointed time. It rained and the young ladies were forced to receive their distinguished guest in doors. Miss Lyon presented her pupils, calling each by name and finally Mary McMurphy in turn placed her hand in that of the great Lafayette. Then the hero was hurried away, but the incident became a delightful memory and June twenty-first thereafter a red letter day.

UNCLE ALEXANDER'S STORY

During Lafayette's visit to Derry he dined at the Tavern which occupied the site of the present Hildreth Hall. My great uncle, a small boy at the time, who was present in the capacity of a sightseer, told me the following story:—

When the distinguished guests and party arrived it was discovered that the musicians, which had been provided for the occasion, had failed to materialize. Surely there must be music of some sort. What could be done to relieve the situation? There was a moment's delay and then the village singing master stepped forward and droned, "Tum-ti-tum-ti-tum-tum."

The day was saved and the great and the near great marched in proper form into the tavern.

During his American travels, General Lafayette passed through Hopkinton and held a public reception in the street, under or near two large elms west of the Episcopal church. Here he was met by a large number of citizens. At the time Miss Betsey Eaton—afterwards Mrs. Brockway—was teaching school in the village. In a dictionary in use in her school, she made the following memorandum: "June 22, 1825. Keeping school in this village this summer, and Esquire Chase called at the door saying Lafayette was here, and wished me the pleasure of shaking hands with so distinguished a personage."

Very few particulars of this reception have been preserved.

SCHOOL CUSTOMS IN EPPING

During late spring and early fall, the older boys and girls were needed to help on the farms; therefore, in the small towns and rural districts there was a long winter term of school, when all young people, from four to twenty-one years of age, attended, and shorter summer terms for the younger children.

My uncle has told of the school committee from an adjoining town begging him to teach their school, saying that several teachers had been thrown out into a snow bank; and if he would come and bring those boys under control, they didn't care whether or not he taught them anything.

He accepted, assuring them that he would be able to control without any trouble.

When the scholars were all gathered on the first morning of the term, he appeared well loaded with brick bats that he impressively placed on the table, one by one; a heavy ferule, and a long strong switch that he brought down with a resounding whack on the desks, that made everyone jump.

"Boys and girls," he said, "I am here to teach, and you are here to listen and learn; I have never been in a school where there was a finer looking lot of young people, and I am sure that we are going to have a successful term. If you behave right, you will find me the best fellow that you ever knew; but if you don't behave right—look out! You see what is here—indicating the articles of offense—and I shall use them." He must have looked very fierce and stern, and he always said that he never taught a better behaved and more studious group of scholars.

The first two or three weeks of a term was always a testing time between schoolmaster and scholars, to find out which would be in control, and the older boys would "cut up" in every imaginable way until this point was settled.

I recall one winter when the Number 1 District School on Boars Head Hill was taught by Lawyer Hopkins, a man of some prominence in Epping. There were fifty scholars, more of them than usual. Some of them were twenty-one years old, and all English studies were taught, from the lowest grade through High School.

Daughter Bessie, a very lovely girl, taught the A B C and first reader classes, gathering them about her in a corner of the room. Lawyer Hopkins was tall and very dignified, spry tempered and a stern disciplinarian; and like other professional men of the time, wore a long-tailed coat and tall silk hat, often called a "stovepipe hat." A chalked string, stretched across the doorway, on a rainy morning, would scrape the tall hat off, and it would roll out into the rain and mud; or teacher's chair would be suspended from the ceiling, just out of reach. Another time books or equipment were misplaced, or hidden; and innumerable things were done to provoke him, and to give them the fun of seeing him try to learn who did the trick.

Woe betide the boy who was caught. His punishment might be a whipping, but more likely something worse like sitting on nothing for fifteen or even thirty minutes; standing still, toeing a crack in the floor with a finger touching another crack; or made to strike the desk with the knuckles until it hurt "like the dickens." I think that the most dreaded punishment was when two boys would stand facing each other and

be forced to strike hands together, the same as in playing, "bean porridge," when the players strike each other's hands; but in this, the boys would be commanded to strike harder, strike harder, until I have seen blood on their hands.

One notable day, during the noon hour, shoemakers' wax was spread on the schoolmaster's chair. (This wax is quite sticky, when warm.) He called the class to the front, pulled his coat-tails forward and sat in the chair. When he attempted to stand, the chair had become closely attached to his pants, and followed right along. Realizing what had happened, after the look of surprise followed by that of anger, he settled down, and completed the afternoon's work sitting. He dismissed school, then with his penknife, carefully cut all around the seat of his pants, and the peeking boys gleefully reported to interested parties. Next morning the air of suspense in the schoolroom was heavy as a wet blanket, and apprehension was easily detected in many faces. The first hour was an inquisition. Beginning with the four-year-olds, each child was asked who put the wax in the chair. None knew, neither would any of the older boys acknowledge doing it. So, threatening to thrash every boy if no one would tell, he stood all the older boys in the back of the room, asking each one if he knew who did it, or if he himself did it. Not one would tell, therefore the remainder of the forenoon was given up to punishments that made we youngsters shiver and shake to see—but as no boy fought against it, I fancy that they either felt the justice of it, or that the fun had been worth the aftermath.

When Mother taught that same school, wax was put in

her chair by men from the near-by shoeshop, so it is possible it was done by them this time, but the older boys would not tell and the younger ones dared not.

B. VAN DAME

B. Van Dame was born in two countries; his natural birth was in Holland, 1807, his spiritual in Lee, N. H., 1825.

He came to the United States with Capt. John C. Long of Portsmouth, N. H., to Epping with Josiah Clarke in 1828, and served his time with Ensign John Dow from 1824 to 1828. He died April third, 1872—age sixty-four years.

B. Van Dame was a noted character and teacher in Epping and vicinity. His teaching began at the Carleton school in Lee, where many people of the time, 1845, and later, could tell of the peculiar characteristics of this unique man. After he finished teaching at this school, he taught in district schools with the success of the old-time teacher, who had education to do it. His discipline was strict with the rod, he had the respect and affection of the community, so much that after his teaching days were over, he spent much of his time visiting among the families who had been his pupils, and among friends, staying a week or more at a time. He was very religious and had family prayers, night and morning. He read the Bible every day, wrote in his diary such fine writing that one couldn't read it without magnifying glasses. He wrote the Lord's Prayer and a verse from the Bible inside a circle, the size of a nickle.

His last days were spent at Nottingham Center. He made

all the arrangements for what should be done after his death. One thing requested was, that a horn should be blown in his ear three times, to be sure that he was dead. He was for a long time very deaf, and this may have been the reason that he made the request. He wrote his epitaph which is on the stone in the Dow Cemetery at North Epping, where he requested to be buried.

Beneath this turf reposes one who was a stranger in a strange land; but who was surrounded by friends who one cherished in his affections as with a deathless remembrance.

For School—

AN HONEST FAME

My life has been toilsome
My warfare is over
My pilgrimage ended
On this mortal shore.
If good I've accomplished
While laboring below
May heaven's rich blessings
To all from it flow.
This world I leave without a debt behind,
At peace with God, I trust—with all mankind—
Jehovah never made but one Van Dame.

SCHOOL DAYS IN HOPKINTON

"A story! An old story!" The young gentleman of eighty-one summers said in reply to my question as to whether he could tell me a true tale of early New Hampshire. Here is the story:

TUCKER MOUNTAIN SCHOOL IN ANDOVER

"My grandmother was attending school, with perhaps a dozen or more maidens well in their teens. It was a district school where the pupils attending ranged in age from four to twenty years, both girls and boys. The schoolmaster, as a punishment, seemed very fond of whipping the young ladies before the whole school and they made up their minds not to stand for such a humiliating thing any longer, so they made their plans. One of the girls got her brother to whittle out a large paddle, filling it with large holes. The next day, when the schoolmaster was about to administer the usual punishment on one of the girls, they all left their seats and by main force laid the schoolmaster over his own desk and took turns in using the paddle. When they finally let him up, he ran skulking from the room and was seen no more."

A little four-year-old was sent to school and as she was very nervous she could not sit still; besides, there was nothing interesting for her to do. One day the schoolmaster said to her: "If you do not sit still I will pin your hand to your desk." For a few minutes the child sat still, then began to move about. True to his word, the teacher took a pin and drove it through the child's hand to the desk. When the child went home and told what had been done, the father told others and the teacher was forced to leave town.

DUNBARTON TALES

Miss Elizabeth Wilson taught school in Dunbarton, and tradition relates, each child when entering the schoolroom, courtesied and said, "Good morning, Miss Elizabeth Wil-

son," but if one of them met her outside is was "Aunt Elizabeth." One day she carried an orange to school. None of the children had ever seen one before, and when she divided it into thirty odd pieces, and had given each child a portion the children were undecided whether to eat it or not. It is related that Mary Fuller kept her portion and the next day it had dried up.

* * * *

Mrs. Elizabeth Caldwell has a wooden, carved doll that is about one hundred years old. She is dressed in the costume and coiffure of her youth. The preservation of this doll is due to the fact that Mrs. Caldwell's mother, the doll's small owner, was not permitted to enjoy her doll only on rare occasions, as the head of the house had ruled that there should be no graven images in his house.

MEMORIES OF AN EXETER SCHOOL

Every morning with dinner pails packed to the brim, two little girls trudged over the narrow, grass-grown highway to the little country schoolhouse. A full mile it was from the farmhouse. These children were as lighthearted as the squirrels that played "hide-and-go-seek" with them up and down the tree trunks. The road was full of interest, too, for they were intimately acquainted with every tree, with every stone and with every wayside flower.

On the way, but quite near the farmhouse was an old uninhabited shack where an occasional tramp found shelter. This house the children eyed with anxious care and hurried

by, partly because of the fear of tramps and partly because, across the road, there used to be a pesthouse, wholly gone at this time but Captain Fuller said that the pots and pans and other household utensils were buried in the bank near by and if unearthed might start another epidemic of that dread disease—smallpox. Next came the railroad crossing where sometimes we saw a passing train and if we were near enough, the conductor made it a point to wave a greeting to us. He was our father's friend.

Beyond the railroad, the Exeter River, tired of keeping in its narrow channel, sometimes overflowed the road to such a depth that walking to school was not to be thought of. Old Jerry, our much-loved horse, did not mind the water in the least; neither did the children for that matter. When the water reached the hub we shouted with glee and when it reached the body of the wagon, we tucked our feet under us on the seat and shouted louder than ever. It was all such fun.

A little farther on lived Jolly Rand and his wife and three children. The house that they lived in had been moved to this spot. It had no beauty nor associations. It was just a shanty—enlarged here and there by lean-tos. The only outside door opened into the kitchen, sitting room and parlor—all in one. Mrs. Jolly "enjoyed poor health" so we seldom disturbed her; besides, the three children, Samuel, Sivillo and Saphony were older and did not go to school, so there was no incentive to linger.

Did you ever know a child to keep to the road if he could go "crosslots?" A footpath led by Jolly's door to Hunnewell's mills. That path had many attractions; first a canal to cross on a footbridge, then second a crossing on a real

bridge of this same canal near the site of the old powder mill. We cast fearful glances at this spot, for we had been told that a powder mill where real gun powder was manufactured for a previous war had blown up years before. It is true that the explosion had cracked every pane of glass in the windows of the farmhouse. On a bit farther stood the old gristmill where all the farm grain was ground between its great stones. This mill was run by the water as it came pouring over the dam in the river. Near the gristmill was the sawmill that used to be run by water but now by steam. Mr. Hunnewell bought an engine in Chester and all the neighbors with their ox teams "turned to" and helped him bring it to his dam and set it up. It was a slow process, that of sawing lumber, for they still used an upright saw. But they did other interesting things in that mill. They made clapboards, shingles and, best of all, they had set up a lathe and turned out axe handles and various other things.

Tearing ourselves away from the mill we walked along the shady river bank past the old saltpetre house to the bridge. Once when the bridge was up for repairs the workmen helped us across the river—we walked on the stringers!!! A feat never to be forgotten!!! The schoolhouse was just there in the corner of Governor Gilman's pasture. The schoolyard was unfenced and the cows often grazed even to the very door. On the highway above the schoolhouse was a wide spreading oak tree. The children loved this tree and years after it was given to them by Hon. Nath'l Gordon. Now it is a shattered trunk, but none of us who learned our A B C's in this little schoolhouse will ever forget its charms.

The schoolroom itself was bare, but the teacher was our friend. We stood by her side as she was seated on the platform and repeated the names of the presidents of the United States and the counties in New Hampshire. When these were finished we could go to the blackboard and write the multiplication tables to our hearts' content. We loved it all.

The exciting walks on the stones in the riverbed when the water was low, the wonderful coasting on Perkins Hill in winter, the jolly skating matches on the river, the visits to Solomon Perkins' store for pencils and striped sticks of candy are all simple things, but they added mightily to the happiness of two little girls.

MY GREAT AUNT BETSEY

She was born in 1795. After completing the course in the Concord schools, she studied with the minister (as prospective teachers as well as ministers often did) and later attended Byfield Academy.

When she and her young teacher-lover were married they decided to "go west" which in those days meant New York State. Judediah owned a horse and Betsey's father bought them a two-wheeled chaise on which their leather trunk was strapped. The neighbors gathered to bid them farewell, for it was doubtful if they would ever return from such a long journey.

For some time they both taught in the schools of Albany and Schenectady, but when her husband died Betsey wished

to return to her family. So her brother went out and drove her back in the chaise.

She brought back to her New Hampshire relatives many tales of the TenEycks, VanTwillers and other old Dutch delicacies. For many years she taught in the schools at West Concord and surrounding towns.

As this was long before the day of "woman in politics" it was a matter of surprise to her relatives that she made an effort to familiarize herself with the names of cabinet members and other high officials in Washington. When asked why she did it she replied, "That I may converse more intelligently with the men."

FROM THE REPORT OF THE SCHOOL COMMITTEE OF CONCORD

DISTRICT NO. 7, 1828.

The school appeared in a backward state. A deficiency in government and order were very apparent, and the house was very cold.

DISTRICT NO. 11.

Several ladies and gentlemen attended the examination of the two schools in this district. Such marks of attention have a most favorable influence upon the welfare of the school, and it is greatly to be desired that the practice should be frequently observed.

DISTRICT NO. 15.

But little attention had been paid to writing—fifteen books were inspected—some improvement was perceptible, and some good writing observed; but, in several of the

books, bad spelling and scribbling deserve censure; the books were not of the neat kind which usually excites a learner's ambition to improve in this exercise.

DISTRICT NO. 18.

The order was good, and the moral character of the school, excepting a case of profaneness, favourable reported.

The Committee cannot but regret that so large a portion of the school money, in a majority of our Districts, is annually expended in supplying fuel for our winter schools. The practice of using large fireplaces, instead of stoves, for the purpose of warming our schoolhouses, although it has a claim to great antiquity, is totally at variance with all modern experience, and wholly inconsistent with practical economy. They would express their belief with the fullest confidence that, were stoves substituted for these huge fireplaces, three fourths of the expense of fuel would generally be saved, and that the amount, thus obtained in the course of one winter, would, in most of our Districts, be nearly or quite equal to the cost of a stove. In some instances they have seen wood upon the fire, at the same time, sufficient, if burned in a stove, to keep a house warm during school hours, for two or three days; and they have frequently beheld with emotions of pain, the sufferings, which those nearest the fire have endured, from its excessive heat, while others, more remote, have actually shivered with the cold.

In a majority of our Districts, the schoolhouses have been found to be out of repair, and in some wholly inadequate for the purpose for which they were designed. Broken windows are a common occurrence at all of our schoolhouses, and in one district, where the people are to be commended for their

enterprise and good economy in their ordinary concerns, nothing worthy of the name of schoolhouse is to be found.

N. Bouton
N. W. Williams } Committee
S. A. Kimball

THE STORY OF SEVILLA JONES

In the picturesque cemetery on Bradford Hill, New Boston, is a curious epitaph to which many a curiosity seeker has made pilgrimage.

The story tells of a young man, Henry Sargent, who loved and wooed a pretty girl named Sevilla Jones, a pupil in the old "Joe English" district school situated in a lonely spot by the roadside not far from "Joe English" Hill, of Indian fame.

Now Sevilla did not smile on the suit of her lover. Cold she was, and shy. Henry Sargent's passion was goaded to desperation by her indifference.

One morning he met her as she was on her way to the little white schoolhouse beneath the hill. Again he pleaded his cause, ardently, vehemently. Sevilla, tired of his persistence, refused his hand and heart. In melodramatic fashion the young man drew a revolver and shot the girl dead, then took his own life, also.

Imagine the excitement at school when this double tragedy was shortly after discovered! The whole town was soon in an uproar. Long were the gossips busy over the exciting news, while people came from far and near to visit the spot where the fatality occurred.

Sargent, before his death, expressed a wish to be buried in the same grave with the girl he loved, but his romantic request was denied.

The following inscription on her tombstone records the incident for posterity, and the accompanying poetic effusion omits no detail of the tragedy:

"Sevilla, daughter of George and Sarah Jones, murdered by Henry Sargent, January 13, 1854, aet. 17 years and 9 months.

Thus fell this lovely, blooming daughter
By the revengeful hand—a malicious Henry,
When on her way to school he met her
And with his six self-cocked pistol shot her."

CHILDHOOD MEMORIES IN 1850

Memories come so thick and so fast that they tumble over each other to find expression in words when I sit down to write for you of the happy years of my childhood spent on a farm—but I will endeavor to be rational and begin at the beginning. I cannot take you through to the end for there has never been an end and never will be to these happy memories.

Our family consisted of father and mother and six children. We came to live on a two-hundred-acre farm, the Uncle Tommy Moulton farm, some two miles from the old historic town of Exeter, New Hampshire. The time was in the 1850's. The Boston and Maine Railroad had been completed as far as Dover some ten years. Its single track and light trains

carried passengers and freight picked up along the line at the different stations, brought hither by the various well-established coach lines to Boston. The trains were so infrequent that the household goods belonging to this family and shipped from Durham were unloaded at a railroad crossing near the farmhouse. The evening train from Boston brought us our daily paper too, thrown off at this crossing by a friendly conductor. This was a great comfort to father and mother.

To settle the house and make the family comfortable was the first task. Then came the question of school and church. There was only one district school, so that question was easily settled. How about the church? There were two Congregational churches. It is unusual, I am sure, for a church pew to go with a farm, but Uncle Tommy Moulton had purchased pew number seventy in the old First Meeting House in 1838. That was the first year that the Meeting House was remodeled and the auditorium moved upstairs. That was the time the pews were auctioned off to the highest bidder and Mr. Moulton had paid one hundred twenty dollars for first choice. My father bought the pew for eighty dollars and all the years after, till deafness came upon him, he was a constant attendant at the church services. For the children it was always a real event to go to church.

My father was most cheerful and optimistic in his outlook on life. He is the only person I have ever known who never complained of the weather. He was most hospitable and loved people. He knew everybody in the countryside and everybody knew him; consequently the stranger as well as the friend was entertained at our home. My mother never com-

plained, at least openly, and we children welcomed the unexpected guest and gladly sat a little closer to give the stranger room at our table.

My mother's hands were never idle. How could they be? The house was large; it was an old-fashioned square house. There was no way of lighting it except by oil lamps and candles; no way of heating it except by wood stoves and fireplaces; no water except that drawn from the well close to the kitchen door. These conditions were by no means unusual and the lack of the many comforts we now enjoy was not considered a hardship. Beside these household cares, there were the six children to make clothes for and feed and almost always there were two hired men. In the busiest times an able bodied woman came in to help.

My sister and I were the youngest of the family and consequently almost carefree. Who can measure the joy of children who have all outdoors to call their own? The joy of always having some new interest in life—some hitherto unknown corner to explore. Today a pet lamb whose mother has refused to own it must be tended and cared for like a baby; must be taught to drink from a bottle. To-morrow the missing turkey is found on her stolen nest with a brood of young ones that must be driven home. A perfect succession of wonderful things were always happening on the farm. There were chickens to feed; there were lambs, calves, colts and pigs to visit every day. Once a mother pig killed her little ones as soon as they were born and my heroic mother, alone for the day, armed herself with a garden rake and saved two of the little white beauties. They had a pen by the kitchen door—and would follow us about like Mary's little lamb.

The washing of the sheep and lambs before the shearers came to cut off their fleeces was exciting above all else. The sheep were taken to the river where the water was shallow and each held in its turn between the legs of some sturdy man while he washed the wool with his hands, dipping the water up from the river. The sheep sometimes resented this treatment and shaking their wet fleeces as they ran, scampered home.

When all else failed my sister and I would dare each other to put on a red shawl and parade among the flock of turkeys. The old gobbler would get so angry and strut and gobble so loudly that we would become frightened like the man in the story of "Run Big 'Fraid Little 'Fraid'll catch you"—a story that my mother told us over and over—and scurry to shelter.

A COUNTRY DIPLOMAT

On the Mount Prospect road in Holderness stands the Elm schoolhouse. Above the little brick building towers a great tree which gives it its name, and tree and house are more than a century old. They go back to the days when Judge Livermore, autocratic, arbitrary, and irascible, ruled the town with a hand of iron.

At that time the farmers of the road, with rapidly growing families, saw the need of a new schoolhouse, but why they should have decided on a brick building, with the nearest brick-yards many miles distant, nobody knows. The foundations were laid and the walls began to rise; but as load after load of bricks was needed, and the slow oxen labored

over the long miles and up the steep hill, the builders became anxious at the mounting expense, and when the work was finished, they looked aghast at the bills. What would Judge Livermore, by far the largest taxpayer in the district, say to such extravagance?

They consulted anxiously, and finally one shrewd farmer agreed to face the music and the Judge. He knew the violent Livermore temper, but he also knew the Judge's tenderness for the clever son who had been much handicapped by ill-health. He managed a meeting with Livermore, and told him proudly of the fine new schoolhouse, and of the large number of pupils who would attend.

"Who is to be the teacher of your fine school?" asked the Judge.

It was the hoped for opening!

"That is what we are worrying about," was the answer. "Fact is, Judge, we are proud of the house and proud of the school, and we can't find a teacher that we think is good enough. I says to Ellison last night, 'Ellison,' I says, 'we ought to have a man with real eddication, a man like George Livermore,'—of course, Judge," apologetically, "I didn't mean he'd consider it or think of it for a minute—"

"I don't know, I don't know," said Livermore slowly, looking rather pleased. "He might like to do it. Want me to ask him?"

The battle was won, and the shrewd old farmer knew it. A few weeks later the school opened, with a Livermore at the desk and every seat full. And Judge Livermore looking over the bills, now presented to him for the first time, found no

extravagance in the fine schoolhouse over which his son presided.

The old people of the neighborhood still tell the story, but unfortunately they have forgotten the name of the country diplomat who was shrewder than Judge Livermore himself.

ON SCRIBNER ROAD, WAKEFIELD

In a small story and a half farm house, sitting back from the road, lived a maiden lady with her bachelor brother.

Miss Emily was a quaint figure sitting in her small rocking chair by the east window, which looked out across field and pasture to Great East Lake, often called by its Indian name, Lake Newichawannock. When not busy with her household duties, the old lady was usually knitting or making patch-work rugs.

She was greatly loved by everybody, both old and young. Her every surrounding was interesting and quaint, from the draperies at the window where she sat to the great open fireplace with its crane and kettles.

As a child I loved to help move the gate-leg table upon the large braided rug in front of the fireplace, help cover potatoes with hot ashes, watch tea-cake baking on the board in front of the fire, and drop into kettles on the crane what ever else was going to make up the supper I was to eat with Miss Emily, from her pretty china dishes.

Barty, as everybody called him, would never come into the living room to eat this delicious supper whoever the guest, even if she were but a child of eight years. Callers

always had to hunt him up. In summer they would find him sitting against a stone wall or the well at the back of the house; in winter, by the stove in the kitchen or at the barn. He was so bashful that when he saw anybody coming, he always hurried outside.

One of the schoolteachers boarded with Miss Emily while teaching in the little red schoolhouse in their district. One evening in the long spring days she was strolling in the field near a stone wall, when suddenly Barty climbed upon the wall and started a proposal of marriage to her. She straightened herself and turning on him said, "Get right down off that wall, Hubartimus Neal," which poor Barty did and on the other side from his first and last attempt to hope for the lady's love.

Miss Emily died and poor Barty went to stay with a family on the Robinson road, where he lived to be very old, being somewhat of a trial to the housewife as he insisted upon going to bed with his big high-top boots on.

THE WORK OF SCHOOL CHILDREN IN CIVIL WAR TIMES IN MANCHESTER

When the Civil War broke out, some of our New Hampshire boys responded to their country's call. Some lived to come back and some passed on where no traveler ever returns.

After the Battle of Bull Run a call was sent to all the large cities for lint, bandages and hundreds of pillows for the sick and wounded. We had in our city at that time an organization called "The Sanitary Commission." The members gave

all their time and money doing something to make more comfortable those who were at the front.

Several hundred pillows were sent up to school and our lessons were suspended; the girls working on the pillows and the boys scraping lint and rolling bandages. Then the school sent two dry goods boxes filled with old linen, cotton cloth pieces, jellies, stationery and reading matter and the school felt quite proud of the contribution.

Chapter VI

ANECDOTES FROM MANY PLACES

EVERY locality has its brief incidents which illustrate the characteristics of its inhabitants. Among many that were collected by club women, this group has been selected to indicate a composite picture of the New Hampshire Yankee.

IN HOLLIS

In the east part of the town there lived a family by the name of Shattuck. One trait of this family seemed to be "Nearness";—getting all they could, and keeping all that they got. In those days it was the custom to provide rum for the men in haying time. The money spent for this seemed to come hard from the old gentleman. One year he told his wife that he did not think it right for him to buy rum for the men and that he should not get a drop for them that year. The men came to harvest the hay and upon learning of the new departure, refused to work, whereupon the old man walked to town to consult the minister. Be it understood he was a very devout man and on his way knelt to pray and lay the matter before the Lord. As it happened the place he chose was on one side of a stone wall and on the other side was a boy hiding who had seen Mr. Shattuck coming. While presenting the case, he said at length, "Oh, Lord, if I'd better get them rum, make this stone wall to fall upon me." The boy, feeling

called upon to be the human instrument for answering this prayer, pushed the stones down onto the old man who, when relating his experience to his wife later, complained that "he 'sposed the Lord would know when he was in jest and when he was in earnest."

One year, in the early days of the town, there came a summer when there was a terrible drought, no rain had fallen for weeks and weeks and there was a great fear that the crops would be ruined. So the minister set apart a day for the people to gather at the church and pray for rain. One man who lived in the southern part of the town looked up at the sky as he was going to the barn to "hitch up" and seeing some clouds coming up said, "Well, I guess the rain is coming so I won't take my time to go to church."

The rain did come but it stopped at the edge of his land.

In the long ago, there lived an old man who believed, firmly, in the efficacy of prayer and during a season of prolonged drought, at the weekly meetin', rose to pray and said, "Oh Lord, we need rain bad, sent us rain. We don't want a rippin', rarin', tearin' rain that'll harrer up the face of Natur, but a drizzlin', drozzlin', sozzlin' rain, one that'll last all night and putty much all day, Oh Lord."

One of the early ministers of the Hollis church was a farmer as well as a minister and when busy about secular work kept his pupit suit hanging in an unfurnished shed chamber. It was late October and the days were growing cool. One Sunday morning the good man was reading the Scriptures when he felt a pain, like the prick of a pin. He immediately put his hand down to the spot indicated when the pain had moved elsewhere and grabbing furiously one place

and another he soon got desperate and said in great distress, "Brethren, the word of the Lord is in my mouth but I believe the Devil is in my breeches." Some "yellow jacket" wasps had crawled into his clothes for protection and being warmed by the minister's body began to protest vigorously at the curtailment of their liberty.

IN EPPING

My great-grandfather Moody Stevens of Bedford, N. H., with helpers drove an ox team to Albany, N. Y., loaded with farm products—one thing being hops. He did not intend to take his little black dog, but after going some distance and looking back, he saw the little dog following. They stopped at various places to feed the men, and also to change oxen, as they became footsore, or needed shoeing. They also had to ferry across the Hudson river. The dog would not go across, and they lost him. On coming home, the men of course stopped at the same places and inquired about the dog. They were told that he had been there and after having been fed, had gone off. One day the women at home heard a scratching at the door, and upon opening it in rushed the little black dog. He was overjoyed to see them, and he had arrived home before the men.

—*Carrie Ordway.*

A FARMER'S SUNDAY APPEARANCE IN THE YEAR OF 1758

As he with his family came from the Baptist church, which was situated near what is now called Simon's railroad crossing—

He wore a large wig curled and powdered, a three cornered hat, a scarlet broadcloth coat, ruffled shirt, embroidered vest, buckskin breeches, silk stockings, velvet shoes with large silver shoe and knee buckles, and carried an ivory-headed cane. He was in spite of all this finery, the strong man of the town, excelling in all sports of those days. The name of this man was Samuel Plumer and he lived in Epping on Red Oak Hill.

—*Clara Ladd Spinney.*

Ezra Barber lived at East Epping near the Camp Ground. He was a Methodist—devout on Sundays and a bit profane on weekdays.

At prayer time in church when the worshipers fell upon their knees with back to the pulpit, and elbows upon the seats in front of them, Ezra's habit was to open his old hunting case watch and with a pin, toy with the works, more or less frequently calling out "Bless the Lord," "Amen," as the brothers and sisters one after another addressed the throne of heavenly grace.

Sitting directly behind him one evening, he necessarily faced me upon his knees in prayer, with his watch in one hand and a pin in the other, manipulating the works and

encouraging the supplicant of the moment with "Bless the Lord," "Amen."

On this occasion I was astonished to hear the following as a single sentence—

"Bless the Lord—My Gosh—God be praised—The damn mainspring is broke—Amen."

A CHURCH TALE OF OLD NOTTINGHAM

Much religious interest was sustained here by the early preachers and their adherents who had a horror of salaried ministers of the "standing order" and boasted that they proclaimed the gospel without pecuniary recompense. These preachers, however, found need of bread, and so threw themselves upon the hospitality of generous sympathizers.

One of this class was a good widow in no affluent circumstances. Often two or three of the preachers, when meetings were to be held in her neighborhood, would call at her door.

In this neighborhood there lived a partially insane man. He was gifted with good mental faculties, and was religiously inclined. A poetic element was often displayed during seasons of mental aberration. He had watched the frequency of the visits of the brethren at the widow's and became anxious for the barrel of meal and cruise of oil.

One day he saw two of these itinerants enter her house. So he dons his Sunday suit, assumes the gravity of a preacher, and knocks at the widow's door, and is ushered into the presence of the "brethren," who cordially welcome him and engage in an earnest religious conversation, giving the widow

no opportunity to explain to the preachers the idiosyncracy of the intruder's mind, nor to the intruder a favorable moment to deliver a message which he believed he had received from the Lord for the men that were robbing the widow.

Soon dinner was announced, and the intruder took a place at the table with the preachers, who had been greatly pleased with the holy conversation of the stranger, and thought he must be a man too good to fall from grace, and invited him to invoke a blessing. This was his desired opportunity; his eye dilated, his face shone with an unearthly light, when he reverently bowed, and with vengeance in his heart, thus prayed:

O Lord of love
Look from above,
With eyes as sharp as sickles,
And cut the throats
Of these black coats
That eat the widow's victuals.
Amen.

ISRAEL'S GHOST IN SALEM

Israel Woodbury was born in Salem, December ten, 1759, and lived to the good old age of ninety-nine years and ten months. When he was sixteen, the colonies rebelled against the Mother Country, so he enlisted.

Bidding his people good-bye, he joined his regiment and for seven long years did not return. He was stationed in northern New York. There the measles broke out in camp,

and became epidemic. As fast as they recovered the soldiers were sent to the front. When Israel was nearly well, the camp was surprised by a marauding tribe of Indians, and those who tried to escape, were slain, but he being too weak to run, was taken prisoner and carried to the St. Lawrence River and across to Canada, where he was turned over to a wealthy Frenchman, who held him as a vassal for a long time, even after the war was over.

By the aid of a half-breed he managed to escape and re-cross the St. Lawrence in a canoe, and when on American soil, struck out through the wilderness for his home in Salem. His parents had given him up for lost, supposing he was dead, as the war had been over so long and they had heard nothing from him.

He walked practically all of the way to Salem, and on a Sunday he arrived, barefooted, hatless, and with but very scant clothing, at his father's door, with his trusty gun upon his shoulder. It was no wonder that his chum, whom he left at home when he went to war, a lad by the name of Amos Wheeler, whom his parents had brought up, seeing him at the door, fled in fright, crying, "Israel's Ghost!" But Israel reassured him by saying, "Amos, ghosts do not carry guns." So Amos came out from his hiding, and then such handshaking and embracing by those two fast friends was never seen before. It seems that the family had gone to church and left Amos at home to guard the house. After Amos explained their absence he listened to some of Israel's adventures. Soon Israel's father and mother were seen coming up the road, both on one horse, she on a pillion as they rode in olden times. What did Amos do but run to meet them, crying at the

top of his voice, "Israel has come, Israel has come," greatly to the consternation of the good old people who upon that very Sunday, had listened to prayers by their pastor for their dear boy, whom they expected was surely dead. So Amos got a sharp cut from the riding whip, with the remark that it was a sad time for jokes, for Amos had the reputation of being something of a joker. So Amos ran, brought Israel's gun and said, "See his gun? Do you believe me now?" Then Israel came out and great was their happiness in the reunion. There was also great rejoicing in all the town.

THE FIRST KEROSENE LAMP

As far as tradition tells, William Crowell of Lake Street back in the early part of the nineteenth century was the first man in the town of Salem to own a kerosene lamp. The story goes that a neighbor journeying along the street one night when the lamp was very new, emerged from the woods to see this bright and unusual glare of light coming from the home of Neighbor Crowell. Believing the house to be afire he quickened his steps to a rapid run, and reached the house to see, through the window, the family peacefully seated around a table upon which stood the new device which was giving out this bright light.

Without going in, he continued on his way, did his errand and started home. However, curiosity got the better of him, and this time he called in for a nearer look at the lamp, and then told this story on himself.

MARY CAMPBELL'S CROSSING

A little more than a mile north of Salem Depot Village, is a spot on the railroad track where the markings of an old road may be seen passing under a pair of bars, over the tracks and away through the woods.

For years this was only a crossing and was unnamed. The tale is told, that one night there came up a terrific storm; the thunder rolled, the lightning flashed and the winds blew with such force that the inhabitants feared for their lives. However, it passed as all such storms do, leaving a trail of ruin to mark its course.

Mary Campbell who lived near this place, arising early the following morning, started for her milk at the home of a neighbor. Upon reaching the crossing she found a huge tree uprooted and fallen directly across the track. Realizing that the morning train was soon due, and that a serious accident would occur if it were not warned of the danger, she rushed back home, seized a red flannel shirt, hastened back and climbing through the branches until she was some distance above the tracks, waited until the engine came in sight, when she waved the red shirt high in air and flagged the train. Ever after this crossing was known as "Mary Campbell's Crossing."

SOLOMON WOODBURY'S BATTLE WITH THE ENGLISH SOLDIER

Solomon Woodbury, son of Luke Woodbury was born in Salem, in 1790. He served in the United States Navy during the War of 1812, was taken prisoner by the British and with

other Americans was taken to Dartmoor Prison in England.

While in Dartmoor Prison the English were holding some celebration in honor of the King and the Americans hissed the proceedings. The English immediately fired a volley into the Prison yard killing several American prisoners.

En route to said Prison on board an English Man of War, the English sailors were very insolent to the Americans, so much so, that a fight was arranged between the best English and American sailor. Solomon Woodbury was chosen as the man to represent the Americans. He said the only way he would fight the Englishman was to have them both sit down facing each other, with their legs lashed to the deck, and each have a large rope with a knot on the end. Woodbury also said, "One of us will be killed."

They fought to the finish, and he killed the Englishman. This has been a tradition in our family since I can remember.

—*George Woodbury, Grand Nephew of Solomon.*

IN MARLBORO

The oldest cemetery in Marlboro was planned in 1770 and the first tombstone bears the date of 1777. Upon one stone appears the pathetic tale of Patty Ward, born April seventeenth, 1790, who was scalded to death by boiled cider.

"By boiling cider she was slain
Whilst less than six of age
Then her exquisite, racking pain
Removed her from the stage.
But her immortal spirit went

To the Almighty King
Where all the godly ones are sent
The praise of God to sing."

In 1793, Daniel Emerson gave the town one half an acre in the north part of the town for a burying place. He and his son were not on the best of terms, and, being suspicious of the son, he ordered that when he died he should be buried with his head out of the ground so that he could better watch his son. This appeared on his tombstone:

"This land I cleared is now my grave.
Think well, my friends, how you behave."

In 1772, a bride little accustomed to the rude life she had chosen to live in Marlboro, after being settled in her new home undertook to bake some pies on pewter plates, brought with her from Boston. When she looked into the stone oven, it is unnecessary to add that she found the plates a liquid stream, rolling about in different directions. She related this story in after years with great merriment.

Dr. James Batchelder was a skillful physician, a true politician and real reformer. Soon after he settled in the town, he became a thorough going antislavery man. He was a true friend to the sick, the slave and the good wherever found. It is said that when he raised the frame for the roof of his house, he furnished plenty of toddy as was the custom. The workers became so merry and jolly that they thought they must toast the doctor as follows:—

"This is the house that James built
With ipecac, tartar and pills
May he be content therewith
And cure the people of their ills."

This same raising opened the eyes of the doctor, and a few years later when he was building a barn, he decided not to furnish any rum but he promised to give all a good supper at the close of the day when the raising was completed.

The rum party refused to help at first, but a few friends of the doctor started the raising, and finally all took hold and helped. When the job was done, everyone was fed with beef and potatoes, pork and beans, brown bread and pumpkin pies, cold water and spruce beer. Thus the doctor began early to preach temperance.

The following is copied from a town record of 1793:

Marlborough, N. H., Jan. 24, 1793

These may certify all persons whom it may concern that Mathew Frost Fish did in anger willfully bite off Alexander Fish's ear, this instant.

Attest:
Phineas Farrer
Silas Fife
Oliver Wright
Selectmen

Diligent inquiry by the compiler of Marlboro Town History among aged people revealed the following facts:

Nathan Frost Lawson was a transient person, whose residence in this town was very short. It is known that in his youth he committed a crime for which he suffered the penalty of having his ear cropped, according to the custom of those days.

On the day referred to, he and Fish met at the tavern and both having partaken freely at the bar, an annimated con-

SWEETSER'S TAVERN IN MARLBORO BUILT IN 1793

versation took place between the two in the course of which Fish twitted Lawson about his ear. This so enraged Lawson that he seized Fish and throwing him upon the floor, bit off his ear in like manner as his own.

Fish in his sober moments, fearing lest the people might think that he too had broken the laws of his country, requested the selectmen to make a record upon the town books to which he might refer if need be.

Many anecdotes are told of Squire Sweetser, keeper of the principal tavern in town. One occasion in town meeting there was difficulty in choosing a representative in the General Court.

Phineas Farrar having represented them so many times it was deemed advisable by some to choose someone else. Being a warm friend of Mr. Farrar, Mr. Sweetser felt bound to use his influence to send him again to the General Court. He rose and said, "Mr. Moderator and Gentlemen, let me give you a few words of advice. If you want a man to represent you in the General Court, send Esquire Farrar, for he has been so many times, he knows the way and the steps to be taken. If you wish to send a man to Canada, send Joseph Frost, he has sons living there and would like to visit them. But if you wish to send a man to hell, send Hezekiah Hodgskins, for he will have to go sometime and it is time he was there now."

SNOW-BOUND IN WARNER

During the winter of 1825, the snow was very deep, and after an unusually severe storm when the wind piled the snow into mountainous drifts, it was remarked that Stephen Badger had not been seen out for two or three days.

Robert Thompson proposed to one of his neighbors that they should look him up. With a great deal of difficulty they reached his house where not much was to be seen except the chimney. First the snow drift was shoveled to the shed roof, then down the roof to an opening where Mr. Badger had attempted to make an exit before the shed door. The rescue party were gladly received and entertained with whatever the house afforded, and after clearing the snow from the doors and windows they left with the grateful thanks of the inmates, who had been snowbound for several days.

OLD PRINCE

A colored man by the name of Prince Hastings, but more familiarly known as "Old Prince," lived in Warner on the side of Little Mink, and was quite a character. Old Prince was especially fond of gingerbread, which was sold in sheets on muster day. He once started to walk to Concord to get some of his favorite sweet. He walked until he came in sight of the city, and being very weary he said, "It is too far to walk" and turned about and tramped home again.

His neighbors told him that if he would build a road up to his house, President Jackson would come in a chariot and visit him.

He enticed the Harriman boys into helping him by promising them a little brass cannon on wheels. The boys were delighted at the prospect of owning a real cannon, and willingly helped build the road. When they finished, he took from his pocket a brass button on which was a raised picture of a little brass cannon on wheels. It seems that not all the jokes were on Old Prince.

When he came back from the grist mill with his sack of meal, he always stopped at a certain little red house to borrow a sieve. He very carefully sifted the meal, then dumped it all back into the sack again, siftings and all.

It is said that beside his door was a hole large enough for him to crawl through and after coming out and locking his door, he would go back through the hole and hang up the key!

IN MONT VERNON

Down the southeast slope of Mt. Vernon hill, a brook of modest size babbles quietly in summer and rushes merrily when swelled by spring or fall rains, along the side of the old Turnpike.

This used to be the main road where in the old stagecoach days the traffic was heavy between Boston and the north of New Hampshire.

One year during a sudden storm known by the old inhabitants as "the freshet" this usually harmless Caesar Brook, as it was called, ran wild and tore a mad course down the highway making such havoc that a part has never been restored.

This old abandoned road, running through spicy pine woods and pastures laden with blackberry bushes and past old cellar holes marked by the lilac signs of New England was a most enticing path when, as children we would walk with a nature-loving aunt. One day she told us the tale of how the brook got its name.

Years before this when our great-grandfather was tilling the fertile acres on this sunny side of the hill—serving in the Revolutionary War and bringing up a large family, meantime—he used sometimes to go on horseback to visit his childhood home in Marblehead.

On one of these trips, he brought home in his saddlebags, a little darky boy whose name was Caesar Parker.

When one looks at the facetious expression in the picture of this ancestor, it is easy to imagine what fun he must have had with his new plaything.

However, the boy was evidently well brought up, for he grew to be a man respected in all the community,—as the old inhabitants said.

He married, in due time, a white girl. The story ran that the future Mrs. Parker, having had an unfortunate love affair, announced that she would marry the first man who asked her, black or white.

A hearer told Caesar, who promptly stepped up and the girl kept her word. They built a cottage on the north side of the Turnpike looking out over the smooth fields opposite and the brook now flowing placidly to the Amherst meadows to join the Quoquinnapassacassawanagnog.

They raised a large family who in their turn became good

and useful citizens. Some verses written for an Amherst historical event thus pays tribute to the father.

Here lies old Caesar Parker
As black as a coal
He had a black skin,
But we think, a white soul.

And Caesar Brook goes on babbling of the many secrets it might tell, but making immortal the name of our black friend with the white soul.

IN DUNBARTON

STORY TOLD BY DESCENDANTS OF THE MCCURDY FAMILY

Deacon Matthew McCurdy was a very pious man. To cook on Sunday was considered a sin in the McCurdy family. One Saturday, Mrs. McCurdy's bread was a failure, and the minister coming unexpectedly to supper on Sunday night she baked some biscuits. The clergyman reprimanded her so severely that it brought tears to her eyes, but he then ate seven or eight biscuits.

Mrs. McCurdy was Elizabeth Fulton, and in her early days she resided in the northeastern part of Dunbarton. The story is told how for two or three years she cut, pulled and cured flax to spin and weave "tow cloth" to sell and get herself a set of dishes. She went on horseback to Concord through the woods, following a blazed trail, got her dishes and within half a mile of her home she stopped to let her horse drink from the brook. The wolves burst out from the woods, frightened her horse and he ran for home and broke all the

dishes. It took her several years to "catch up" but she finally got her dishes.

The Deacon once lost his reckoning and hauled a load of grist to the mill on the Lord's Day. When he arrived there he found the mill locked and learning what day it was, returned home where his wife was doing the Saturday's baking. It is said they spent the rest of the day in "sackcloth and ashes." He would go to church in summer barefooted, whenever he felt like doing so.

Johnson C. McIntire who resided in the southern part of the town could predict the weather. Always his forecasts were true and many times he disagreed with the weather man. Nature alone was the instrument used. Several are as follows:

"If the first snow storm comes in November on a Sunday, you have then the eleventh month of the year, and the first day of the week. Now eleven and one make twelve storms. If it also happened that the first snow storm was on the first day of the new moon, therefore add another one, thus making thirteen, this meaning there will be thirteen snow storms during that winter. On the day of the first snow storm he predicted in this manner the whole number of snow storms for the winter.

"If a cat, by walking over the snow leaves a track in her wake, then you have a snow storm. Anything less than that is just a flurry.

"If the sun sets fair Friday night, you must look out for a storm Monday night. If a heavy east wind came on, and the wind changed to the west, by way of the north, very cold weather would be sure to follow. If the wind, however,

changed by way of the south to the west, folks were in for a warm spell."

If bud the ash, before the oak,
You'll surely have a summer soak,
But if behind the oak the ash is,
You'll only have a few light splashes.

ANECDOTES OF DR. MATTHEW THORNTON

Dr. Matthew Thornton, representative of New Hampshire in Congress, and one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, lived for some years in New Boston, where he greatly endeared himself to the people.

Dr. Thornton had great native wit, and loved a joke. Riding past an old man whose occupation was the making of gravestones, he said, "Well, Wyatt, do you not sometimes pray that people would die faster, that your business might increase?" The old man calmly replied, "I cannot say but I have done a thing of the kind in my life, but there is no need of doing it any longer, for there is a fop of a thing by the name of Thornton come to town, and he will kill off two while I can make gravestones for one!" Of course Thornton put spurs to his horse.

Mrs. Webster, of Boscawen, a granddaughter of Dr. Thornton, relates the following incident: Daniel Webster once called her attention to a story he was about to tell to a party of ladies and gentlemen in the orchard at the Elm Farm in Franklin. Said Mr. Webster, "When I was a little boy I was very feeble, hardly considered worth raising; but Dr.

Thornton came to my father's on his way home from Thornton, where he had been to look after his farms, and in the morning the two walked into the orchard, sat on those primitive rocks to enjoy the pleasant prospect of Elm Farm and the Merrimac River, and I lingered near to enjoy their conversation. At length my father asked Dr. Thornton what he could do for his boy, Daniel. Dr. Thornton professionally examined me, and then picked from the rock some moss, and said, 'Let his mother boil it in milk, and the lad drink freely of it.' It was done, and here I am, an able-bodied man, stout enough to wield a sledge hammer. How much I am indebted to the honorable signer of the Declaration for my present health, God only knows!"

IN STRATHAM

Some hundred years ago, the Squire of the town, received a call from a neighbor, who asked him to write down what he, the neighbor was to say. The Squire noted that the neighbor was serious and sad. In substance this is what the neighbor said:—"My son, whom I dearly love, is in the frontier west. Last night I awakened, my son had called me, and he was dying. I stood by his side and held his hand. I saw him die, at such a time, the day, the hour and the minute. I want you to keep this record, for I believe it to be true." A month or so later, for letters travelled slowly in those days, there came a letter, telling that the son had died, at the place, the day, and the hour, and in the manner described.

Puritan ideals of the Sabbath lingered in the minds of the good folk of long ago, and kept fast hold of their souls.

A little house once stood by the wayside, but long since it has disappeared. The father and daughter of that house, as good folk should, went to church on a Sabbath day. Upon the return, the daughter walked ahead, and as she stopped at the door, turned to a companion, and laughed, a girlish laugh,—a laugh on the Sabbath day. The father hastened to seize a shingle that lay nearby, and with it chastized the maiden, for no daughter of his should profane the Sabbath by a laugh.

IN NEWMARKET

Newmarket is situated at the head of the tide water on Lamprey River and was once a part of the Squamscott Patent granted to Edward Hilton in 1623. Many legends still exist in this ancient township. Close by the river stood a boulder which bore a dark stain. Every child in the settlement knew the legend—how the Indians on their way to Canada with their captives were here annoyed by the crying of a child. So, they hurled it to its death against this rock. There was the stain of its blood for many years.

Another story tells how the broad arrow marked the trees best suited for masts reserved for the King's navy. Tradition tells of a pine tree bearing the King's sign which was cut in the woods of Newmarket. It was said to have been eight feet in diameter at the butt, one hundred eleven feet long and required seventy oxen to draw it to the river's side.

As early as 1719 iron works were located here and the iron fixtures in the beautiful Warner House in Portsmouth are said to have been made from ore obtained in the Lamprey

River by Archobald McPhedris who gave the house to his daughter for a wedding present.

An old rope walk and a saw pit still used as the basement of a house are the only hints that a ship yard flourished one hundred seventy years ago where twenty-one ships of different kinds were built in one year. Paul Jones superintended the building of the "America" a ship of seventy-four guns and Newmarket furnished her timbers.

Most interesting is the site of the recently constructed iron bridge over the Lamprey for here in 1644 the people built a boom or floating bridge, a feat of engineering for that date.

STORIES OF AUNT HORNE

ONE OF THE FIRST SETTLERS OF SOMERSWORTH

As the water power of the Salmon Falls River began to be developed, houses sprang up toward the north and west where the compact part of our city now stands. At first there were two houses and a gristmill.

The Joseph Wentworth house, the oldest house in town, is on Prospect Street next to the Great Falls bank. Here lived Andrew Horne, a blacksmith and farmer. The other house stood where the J. W. Bates shoe store is. In this house lived Gershom Horne and his wife Lydia, my great-grandparents. He owned the water power, the gristmill and a farm extending to the Dover line.

Gershom Horne removed to a new house he had built on High Street, the Jesse Horne house. Here great-grand-

father and grandmother passed the rest of their days. They had eleven children. I suppose they had to call the roll once in awhile to be sure none were missing. This is the way it went. Jim, Jesse, Jacob and John, Gershin and Charles, Martha, Betsey, Lydia, Mary and Hannah. All but two settled near the old home and lived to be aged men and women. Great-grandfather died at the age of sixty, but great-grandmother lived to be a very old lady. I am very fond of this ancestor of mine. I think it was such as she that the writer of Proverbs means when he wrote, "She looketh well to the ways of her household and eateth not the bread of idleness."

I treasure a bit of her wedding dress, spun, woven and probably made by herself. She was Aunt Horne to all the villagers; the one they sent for in sickness and went to for advice. Her neighbors called her proud because her boys wore white shirts to school, while their's wore colored ones. When they became soiled she washed and ironed them over night.

She was a staunch Methodist. The first Methodist sermon preached in Somersworth was at her house by the Rev. John Lord, a circuit preacher.

The Methodist church was built in 1827. Those were the days when the ministers preached loud and long—two sermons on Sunday. The story goes great-grandmother attended the morning service, hurried home to prepare the noon lunch, and, in her haste to be in season for the afternoon sermon, forgot to remove her kitchen apron and walked serenely down the aisle, not discovering her plight until she was seated in her family pew.

There was a near neighbor, Old Father James, a small man, with a very red face and a bushy head of hair as white as snow. 'T was said that lightning struck him, and his hair turned white over night. He was very religious. Going down the street one morning, he met a young woman, a stranger to him, and thus addressed her—"Have you prayed this morning?" "No." "Well, you are big enough to be ashamed."

Being an Englishman, he misplaced his h's. When an addition was being made to Aunt Horne's house, he said, "Aunt Orne is aving a hell put on er ouse."

No repetition of the stories of the Horne family would be complete without some slight reference to the old buffalo cow that figured in so many mishaps.

A small girl came from Boston to visit. She had never seen a cow and was much attracted by the milking process. So she thought she'd try to see what she could do. Procuring the milking pail, she skipped up the hill to the grove behind the house, where the cow was pastured and with all due confidence in her ability, proceeded to milk the cow. But Mistress Molly resented being disturbed by such a novice, and lifting up her foot, sent child and pail rolling down the hill.

I suppose these early people had the usual hardship of the settlers of this time, and I wish there had come down to me some account of the serious side of their life as well as these trivial stories that I have heard my mother tell and laugh over. But if "A laugh doeth good like medicine," perhaps they have served its purpose.

IN CLAREMONT

About the year 1784 the Free Masons held their regular meetings in a large room in the Ralston house. This house was on Town Hill. During one of these meetings Mrs. Ralston's curiosity to know secrets of the order led her to go quietly to the unfinished attic over the hall and listen to proceedings. She was a large, heavy woman and by mischance stepped upon the laths; her feet went through the ceiling and she was only relieved from her embarrassing position by the help of her husband and his brother Masons. The evidence of the adventure remained in the ceiling until the house was renovated in 1887.

* * * *

A hundred years ago circuses were a very great event and they traveled over the road, coming to Claremont by way of the "King's Highway" from Keene. The family were all out watching the circus pass West Claremont, when the elephant came to a puddle of water in the road. He stopped, lifted his trunk to his keeper, and put a silver thimble in his hand. The keeper inquired if it belonged to any of the people standing by, and Helen Cooke said, "Oh, that is my thimble. A year ago I ran across to the tavern with my sewing, and lost my thimble at that time and could not find it."

The elephant had picked it from the puddle of water in the road.

* * * *

Mr. Oliver Pillsbury lived down on Main Street and was an engraver by trade and did taxidermy on the side. He is chiefly famous, I believe, for mounting an enormous hog

that was sent to the Centennial Exposition. When ranges replaced fireplaces, sponge cakes came into style and the making and baking was something of an ordeal and ritual.

Mrs. Pillsbury was having "company to tea," and was making a sponge cake. After it was in the oven, Mr. Pillsbury came in and threw an armful of wood into the woodbox.

"Oliver Pillsbury, what do you mean by making such a noise," and more words to the same effect. Oliver tiptoed out. Dinner time came, the guests came, had tea, and departed but no Oliver. Finally at bedtime he tiptoed in and carefully hung up his coat and hat.

"Well, Oliver Pillsbury, what do you think those people will think of you? Where have you been all this time?"

When he could get a word in he said in a loud whisper, "Sh! Sh! Keep still, and I'll tell you. I went into the wood, and crawled into a hollow log. And when anyone went by I said, 'Sh! Sh! Don't make so much noise, my wife has got a sponge cake in the oven.' "

* * * *

This little anecdote illustrates the quick wit of the Honorable H. W. Parker, whose memory we all revere.

Mr. Parker was a very ardent democrat and Mr. Colby was an equally strong republican and the tale relates that many years ago the republicans were erecting flagpoles on Pleasant Street in preparation for a presidential campaign. Mr. Colby and several others were superintending the work and Mr. Parker strolled by. Mr. Colby hailed him and said, "How deep ought we to set these poles, Parker?"

"How tall are they?" asked Mr. Parker.

"Seventy feet," was the reply.

"Well, I should think seventy-six feet about right," was the quick retort.

* * * *

In the early part of the nineteenth century, there was a group of twelve or fourteen young married people who had a very merry season, giving and attending dinner parties. Amongst this group were some of the names we have already associated with the early settlement and history of Claremont; the Ashleys, the Joneses and Rices.

One of the Jones men went to Boston, and first heard of a Stag Party. He returned home and began talking about it, and suggested that their crowd have a Stag Party. The wives said they thought that would be nice, and one of them offered to give the party. When after much explaining the wives were made to realize that the women were not to be invited to this new kind of party, they refused to prepare the dinners. The men were quite independent, and secured the help of a woman who agreed to go to the Tavern and cook their dinner for them. The wives were very much hurt at being left out of the fun, finally got madder and madder about it and held a conference to plan their method of revenge. They got in touch with a helper at the Tavern who promised to assist them.

One winter evening when a Stag Party was being held, two of the ladies drove to the Tavern with their horse and sleigh. When the turkey was just ready to serve the conspirator made a great noise to attract the attention of the cook from the kitchen for a moment and the ladies flashed into the kitchen, grabbed the turkey and rushed with it to one of the homes where the other ladies were waiting.

When the cook went to the oven for the turkey it was missing. The men, who had waited for their dinner and were of course hungry, did not think it much of a joke to lose the turkey, and started in pursuit of the guilty wives to recover their dinner. The wives had foreseen this action, and had fully protected themselves, by locking all the doors so the men could not get in, and they at once proceeded with all possible speed to enjoy their plunder. The men arrived, made a great commotion, and many threats, but the wives were not intimidated. Finally peace was declared, but it was the last Stag Party ever attempted by that group of husbands.

* * * *

Mr. Godfrey Cooke, who, about 1825, built and conducted the Cooke Tavern near West Claremont, wanted to see one of his workmen one morning, and went very early to his home. He was ushered into the kitchen where the family were at breakfast. There were many children, but there was nothing on the table but hot steaming potatoes, salt and a small pat of butter. The children took their potatoes, sprinkled on some salt, and pointed to the butter. They quietly ate their potato, but continued to point to the butter so much that Mr. Cooke questioned the father what it meant. He explained that he was too poor to provide butter for all their potato. So, they had the little bit which no one ate, and all pointed at it. They called it that they had "Potato and Point."

* * * *

Lafayette was expected in Claremont and a reception committee was awaiting him at Chandler's Mills. The Marquis was very late in arriving. When his attention was called to

the reception committee, being hungry and tired, he consigned them to a warmer clime and drove on to seek comfort for the inner man.

* * * *

In the early days of Claremont the Methodists held their services in a little house situated upon a hill in the southern part of the town. One day there was a severe ice storm, and the hill being very steep, the walking was most difficult and treacherous. After the services were over, the minister found that it was going to be no small feat to negotiate the descent in safety. However, the good man had his Bible with him; so, putting his faith in the word of God, he sat himself upon it, and slid, with scant grace, but unharmed, to the foot of the hill. From that day to this the hill has been called "Bible Hill."

* * * *

John Chellis, a citizen of Claremont, entered a store to make a small purchase. Being informed that the price was five cents, he inquired if they would accept stamps in payment and when the clerk replied that they would, he stamped his foot five times and walked out.

IN HANOVER

Ira Allen, formerly a stage driver from Hanover to Boston, owned and operated the livery stable. In the early days of Pastor Leeds, the beloved minister who served the church here more than forty years, he accosted Mr. Allen on the street and hoped that he would be a regular attendant at

church. Mr. Allen admitted that he ought to go oftener. "Well," said Mr. Leeds, "I shall look for you in your pew next Sunday." Mr. Allen's prompt reply was: "Well, Mr. Leeds, if you don't happen to see me there, don't wait, go right on, go right on, Sir."

* * * *

Mr. Sharp, a Scotchman who lived on Lebanon Street, served as gardener for Mildred Crosby who then owned and lived in the seven-gable house, north of the white church, now burned. Her garden abutted on the garden of Pastor Leeds, who lived in the house next to the church; and the fence between needed general repairs. Mildred told Mr. Sharp that he might as well repair the whole of it as Mr. Leeds was her neighbor. Mr. Sharp objected that Mr. Leeds was bound to repair half of it, by law and custom. When Mildred tried to overrule the objection, Sharp replied: "It does not belong to ye and I wul 'na' do it."

* * * *

Jason Dudley, a former sexton of the village cemetery of Hanover for many years, lived upon Lebanon Street in the house now owned by A. N. Messenger. He died in 1893. Some time before his death there was one year when an uncommonly large number of public men died. Jason, who was quite a character, remarked to a group of his townsmen: "Gee, what a large number of prominent men have died this year. I don't feel very well myself."

* * * *

Michael McCarthy of Hanover, who died in 1926, aged ninety-five years, was the oldest resident of the town. Michael

was a very plain-spoken individual, but a devout churchman. At one time his plainness of speech momentarily got the best of his devoutness, and under somewhat embarrassing circumstances. Members of St. Denis' Church congregated one day after the sermon to discuss the advisability of frescoing the church. Discussion waged pro and con until one remarked, "I'd like to get the opinion of one of our oldest parishioners, and a large contributor of the church. Mr. McCarthy, what do you think about this matter?" And Michael, squinting up to and surveying the ceiling shot back quickly, "I don't see but what the damned ceiling looks all right as it is."

* * * *

It is said that sometime after the death of former President Smith of Dartmouth a monument salesman visited Hanover, and took an order from relatives of the deceased for a tombstone valued in those days at about four hundred dollars. At the same time the relatives of Ira Allen placed an order for a similar tombstone at about the same price. The friends of President Smith, hearing of the latter transaction, went to the Allens and explained that is was improper for the Allens to have the same type of stone or one costing the same amount of money and they asked the Allens to change the order. The Allens agreed to do this and they did by immediately ordering a stone that cost twice as much as the first.

A PROPHET IN HIS OWN COUNTRY IN FRANKLIN

When a boy, the late Calvin Call of Franklin was one day at the Colby Inn on the Hill Road. Looking out of the window, he saw a stranger, a swarthy and rather uncouth boy, awkwardly trying to tie the horse from which he had dismounted in the yard of the inn. He inquired who the youth might be. "It's that fool of a Daniel Webster, he doesn't even know enough to tie a horse," said the innkeeper, a relative, but not a prophet of the famous statesman.

* * * *

George W. Nesmith, a judge of the Supreme Court of New Hampshire, once lived in a house at the crotch of the two rivers which form the Merrimack. One morning he found an Indian cutting willows on the bank of the river. "What are you doing on my land?" inquired the Judge. "This Indian's land not white man's, Indian here first." "What is the name of your dog?" said the Judge. "Nig," was the reply, "and he can lick any dog in this town." It seems that a large dog had been pestering the Judge's cows as they had been driven to and from a west village pasture. He agreed to let the Indian have all the willows he wanted as long as he wanted them if he would let Nig teach the bothersome dog a lesson which he would remember.

That night when the cows were being driven home, the large dog appeared. So did Nig. "Take him on the foreleg, Nig," called his master. Nig obeyed, and the cows came peacefully home ever after.

Judge Nesmith was a most benevolent man, always ready to help anyone in need. A man who had been serving a sen-

tence in State's Prison had been released, and on his way home stopped at the Judge's. He received food and a night's lodging. When he did not appear at breakfast time, an investigation was made and it was found that he had disappeared as had also Mrs. Nesmith's best live geese feather bed. The man was found several miles distant making rapid tracks for home with his feather bed on his back.

IN WEST CONCORD

In the early days the members of the church were very strict in their observance of Sunday. It is related that one Sunday morning before church a neighbor went in to one of the homes and discovered the lady of the house washing the floor. The neighbor went at once to the minister, Priest Tenny, who called a council meeting to accuse her of breaking the Sabbath. She was called before the board. "Well," she said, "it was like this. I keep the milk in pans down cellar. This morning as I was coming up the cellar stairs I stubbed my toe just as I reached the top and the milk went all over the kitchen floor. It just had to be cleaned up right then." Priest Tenny accepted her excuse as sufficient and the meeting adjourned.

The farmers in the outlying districts could always tell when Priest or Father Tenny was coming, for as his horse jogged along the country roads Father Tenny sang hymns. The floor in his study had a hole worn under his chair where he sat and studied and wrote his sermons. The barn has been torn down but the house is in good condition.

* * * *

Uncle Reuben went to church one Sunday when the church stood near Major Hollis' house. It was the period of very large hoop skirts. A lady in the congregation was faint. A friend who wore an enormous skirt went out to get a drink of water for her. On the way out as she passed Uncle Reuben Abbott; in some way he caught his foot in her hoops and being about as broad as he was long rolled over on the grass. A friend who came to his aid, said, "Are you hurt?" "No," said Uncle Reuben, "I just got mixed up in her petticoats."

* * * *

Once the towns of Boscawen and Webster were one. At the town meeting when they decided upon a division, one voter said, "Now who are you naming this town after, Wooster Webster or Daniel Webster? Hain't got no use for Wooster, but if it's Daniel I'll vote for Webster.

* * * *

When Charles Farnum was a boy he and his father went to the field opposite the State Prison to break up some ground for the first time. Over near the top of the hill on a sunny south slope they could plainly see the rows left by the Indians when they planted their Indian corn years before. If they needed further proof it was furnished by the stone mortar and pestle which they found lightly buried near by.

* * * *

Another of their fields called Watternumun's field is situated opposite "Sugar Bowl." Once the old Indian, Watternumun, owned this field. The first year or so after the settlement of Penacook, Joseph Eastman and his sons went down to cut the grass. The old chief who lived across the

river saw them and coming over said, "No cut. My grass. All mine." The Eastmans had a jug of excellent old cider and after a few treats from the jug the old chief changed his story to "Cut all you want at any time."

IN PENACOOK

Years ago there was a gay young man, doubtless the equal of any of the present-day generation. In the 1840's the general bedtime was much earlier than it is today, so when his grandmother asked him the next morning at what time he came in the night before, his answer was invariably the same, "After ten, Grandma, after ten," regardless of the real hour of his return. So that became a byword in the family to camouflage the time of one's actions.

—*Alice M. B. Ranney*

* * * *

My mother's grandmother, Mary Paul Morrison of Boscawen, was marched out of church by two of the brethren because she talked and persisted in talking in "meeting"; women were not supposed to speak in public.

—*Mary L. R. Farnum*

* * * *

Mrs. Price, the wife of the first minister in Webster, had rheumatism and her hands were badly cramped and out of shape with it. She also had a very high and nasal voice. One day she was in the kitchen cutting up a chicken. Mr. Price, coming in said in his dignified and precise way, "May I

assist you, Mrs. Price?" and she replied, "Mr. Price, I thank you to tend to your business and I'll tend to mine."

But in the end Mr. Price had to cut up the chicken.

—*Lucretia L. Burbank*

* * * *

The story is told of a Mr. Hunt who earned his living making baskets and hand rakes. Once when sick, he was attended by Dr. Long of Hopkinton. Those were the days when calomel was given in large doses and so much was given to the patient that his teeth were loosened. After his recovery, Mr. Hunt made payment in hand rakes, the rakes were made from unseasoned wood and speedily finished. The Doctor was surprised at the promptness of the maker. The handles were shaven so smooth and the teeth tight and firm and the Doctor was much pleased. A few days passed, the rakes were used in the hot sun where the teeth came out. The Doctor seeing Mr. Hunt said, "Every tooth has come out of those rakes which you made." "Ah, Doctor, you have been giving them calomel I reckon," said Mr. Hunt.

The Doctor appreciated the joke and told it often with a relish.

—*Ellen A. Burbank*

WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK IN CANTERBURY

Harriet Livermore, a woman of much prominence in public affairs about the middle of the last century, and the "not unfeared, half-welcome guest" of Whittier's "Snow Bound," was an occasional visitor at my grandfather's in Canterbury

and also at the home of my great-uncle, Joseph Harper. Dr. Harper was United States Senator, and was also at one time acting governor of the state, filling out a term upon the death of the governor. He was a man of much ability, and his authority was usually unquestioned. From the many stories I have heard of him, he seemed to always preface his remarks by what sounded like "Nam-nam-nam-nam-nam."

At one time Harriet Livermore, journeying from her home in Plymouth southward to Massachusetts, stopped at Uncle Harper's and requested that some "finger potatoes" be baked for her dinner. These were long, slender potatoes which happened to be a popular variety at the time. Miss Livermore was a person who was in the habit of giving commands and of being obeyed, but in this case she reckoned without her host. Coming upon his wife about to put the desired potatoes to baking, he shouted, "Nam-nam-nam-nam-nam, Harriet Livermore shan't have my seed finger potatoes,—she, nor no other woman!"

* * * *

I think there is authority for the statement that a certain old couple in the town of Canterbury, when taken, in their age and infirmity, to the county farm, both died from the effects of the bath that was one of the first steps in their initiation into the life there.

However that may be, the story of their courtship is indeed a thrilling one. As old Patty herself related it to a cousin of mine, "He" was a neighbor and often used to come in of an evening to "set a spell." "I used ter set an' knit an' he used ter set an' talk with father,—an' talk,—an' talk,—

an' I never thought nuthin' of it. An' then bime-by, he'd come again, an' he an' father'd set an' talk, an' I kep' on knittin', an' I never thought nuthin' of it. After a while, he begun to come a little oftener, 's often 's once a week sometimes, but even then I didn't think nuthin' of it. But one evenin' I was a-settin' knittin', and he an' father was talkin', an' all of a sudden I dropped my ball. Quick as a wink, he got outer his chair an' picked it up,—an' *then* I begun to think somethin'!"

DUDLEY LEAVITT IN MEREDITH

Among the really great men of Meredith's past, one name stands out prominently as a scholar—that of Dudley Leavitt. Obscure, modest, yet so over-towering because of his native genius and acquired knowledge, or perhaps as we may say his native genius for acquiring knowledge, he became pre-eminent, not only in this region, but quite far and wide his name was known and honored. He was born in Exeter, May twenty-third, 1773. He was given the name Dudley because both his parents were descended from Governor Dudley of Massachusetts. Little is known of his boyhood excepting that he never attended school but three months where, it is said, he read several times a day and ciphered on birch bark in lieu of slate or paper. Stretched before a blazing hearth in his simple home, with light from pitch-pine knots, he spent long hours in study, and thus unaided and alone, he became versed in the common branches, and displayed much fondness for mathematics, for which he had a rare talent. The study of astronomy captivated him, and, as a young man, he

ON LAKE WINNEPESAUKEE IN 1837

began to make astronomical calculations. After his marriage to Judith Glidden of Gilmanton, he studied Latin and Greek under Reverend Isaac Smith, pastor of the Congregational Church in that town; later, he added Hebrew and some modern languages. In 1806 Mr. Leavitt settled in Meredith, near what has since been the Leavitt home. Here he carried on the fifty acres of land which he had bought. Although a farmer, through life he was the student and scholar. One person says, "He never came in from the field so tired but he would take a book to work his mind while his body rested."

Mr. Leavitt had published his first Almanac in 1797, and from that time, each year, until his death in 1851, when the copy for 1851 was in press and manuscripts ready for the next six years. Thus for sixty-one years had he made this Almanac which found its way into practically every home in this and near-by states, so that its circulation had reached sixty thousand yearly. One says, "In the fall of the year, after harvest time, when the strings of apple and pumpkin were put out to dry on the sunny side of the kitchen, the Almanac would make its appearance, hanging up by the coffee mill. Its prognostications threw a glimmer of light over the coming year, and at the year's close, it was carefully packed away for safe keeping. Even yet, complete files of Leavitt's Farmer's Almanacs may be found in some old homes. To one who knew him well, Mr. Leavitt once remarked, speaking of the life beyond, that he hoped, in that future state, he would be allowed to make Almanacs!

One day a French astronomer came to town and put up at the hotel, where he asked to have some one drive him to

see Mr. Leavitt. Mr. Seneca Ladd, then probably in his later teens, was selected. When they came to the humble cottage, there seemed to be no one at home. Just then, a man, bearing a pail in each hand, was seen coming from the rear of the house where he had been to feed the pigs. "There he is, now," said Mr. Ladd. The astronomer from abroad could scarcely believe that this rustic farmer-like man was the noted astronomer whom he had crossed the ocean to see, but being introduced by Mr. Ladd, the two fell into interesting and prolonged conversation. The Frenchman was so charmed by the wisdom of the American that he offered to pay his fare to Europe if he would return with him. But not so felt Mr. Leavitt who preferred his own quiet, simple home and his loved astronomical calculations.

IN NORTH CONWAY

THE STORY OF LADY BLANCHE

North Conway will ever cherish the memory of having had a member of England's royalty as a resident. Lady Blanche, eldest daughter of Charles, second Earl of Gainsborough, dwelt with her parents in beautiful Exton Hall. Being a Catholic, the Earl of Gainsborough had built a private chapel upon his estate and as his organist he employed Thomas P. Murphy, a young and fascinating Irish gentleman. Lady Blanche, beautiful, accomplished, soon became interested in the young musician as he came to practice daily in the chapel. They eloped and were married in London.

Since the New World held many attractions for them,

they left England on a sailing vessel, *The Plymouth Rock,* reaching New York nearly two months later. Five years after they came to North Conway where Mr. Murphy obtained a position as teacher of music and French in the Kearsarge School for Boys located at the Three Elms in the heart of the village and conducted by the late Frederick Thompson. The couple made their home in the school for a time after which Lady Blanche purchased the property under the spur of Humphrey's Ledge, "Ledge Farm."

Upon coming to North Conway, Mr. Murphy played the organ in Christ Church—Episcopal—and Lady Blanche was a regular worshiper there. A great lover of Nature, the charming little Lady became a familiar figure at the many beauty spots with which North Conway is surrounded:—Saco River, Echo Lake, Cathedral Ledge and Diana's Bath being near her home. Rural life with Lady Blanche was a passion and she had chosen an ideal spot for her home in her adopted country. Here she wrote for the best magazines of the times and Mr. Murphy worked on his compositions. A great love for children led Lady Blanche to do much for the youth of the neighborhood in which she lived.

A few busy happy years passed when in the spring of 1881 Lady Blanche developed an illness which ended her quiet simple life. At the wish of her father, her remains were afterward conveyed to England and deposited in the private chapel where her romance had begun and she sleeps in her native land far from the murmuring Saco which she dearly loved.

COMMEMORATION OF THE WILLEY SLIDE

Crawford Notch, July Sixteenth, 1926

Within a wooded valley, one hundred years ago
There dwelt a happy family whose tragic fate we know.
Upon the famous Willey site a rugged boulder stands
Which the Anna Stickney Chapter has marked with kindly hands.
Today with pride and honor a tablet there is placed
To commemorate the landslide and the family it effaced;
A great throng congregated to hear the tale once more
And view the golden costumes worn one hundred years before.
A pageant told the history of ancient scenes and times
While the story of the landslide brought visions to our minds
How the family in terror from the cottage quickly fled
And the open family Bible told of God's word they had read,
How in panic they departed to escape the hurried flight
When the avalanche descended and they fled into the night.
Alas—next day a traveler wending his weary way
Came to the scene of disaster where the raging storm held sway;
No answer to his greeting, no sign of life was shown,
Just why they left the shelter of the home was never known.
Kind hands removed the stricken ones, it is an oft told tale.
In a shaded spot they're sleeping in peaceful Intervale.
Now, purple mountains as of yore, upon the scene look down
While we gathered there to dedicate that spot of wide renown
And viewed again the homeland by the Saco's quiet flow
And paid honor to the family lost one hundred years ago.

IN UNION

The following tales were told at a meeting of the Union Woman's Club in a program of Folklore of that region.

In the year about 1800 there came riding up from Rochester a man and his little boy on horseback, as that was then the only mode of traveling. There were a few houses on Milton Ridge. On up through the woods they went and finally located on Branch Hill.

These two were my husband's great-grandfather Evans and his son. As both of these men lived to be very aged, they were known in the neighborhood in years after as Great-Grandpa David and Grandpa Joe. When my husband's mother was twelve years old, she tells me that she remembers her Great-Grandpa David celebrated his one hundred second birthday by digging and picking up a bushel of potatoes.

When Grandpa Joe was seventy-six years old, he went down to Milton Mills to the drugstore and asked for a pint of whiskey. The clerk laughingly asked him, "Who wanted it?" To the clerk's amazement Grandpa replied, "I want it for my father." "Who is your father and how old is he?" was asked. Grandpa Joe answered, "My father is David Evans and he is one hundred four years old. The druggist said he was surely coming to call and the next Sunday he and a number of people went to visit Great-Grandpa David Evans.

—*Helen Pray Piper*

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Here is a folk tale that my grandmother told me about my great, great-grandfather. "Grandsir," as grandmother called him, was born at Lebanon, Maine, on the seventh of

July, 1756. At the age of eighteen he joined the Continental Army and marched from Lebanon to Boston. On the way, people cheered and gave him food and drink.

Grandsir reached the Boston Encampment the day before the Battle of Bunker Hill. This was the first time he had seen men killed and it made him sick. However, he fought all during the war and earned the rank of captain. When the war was over he came back to what is now the town of Acton, Maine, which was then a part of New Hampshire. He took possession of a hundred acres, built a log house down in a pasture, near a spring, and became the first settler in that town. Later he built a better house.

He had several sons and daughters and on cold winter evenings, when there were no husking bees or spelling parties, Grandsir would amuse the young folks by telling tales of "The Great War" as he called it. He often spoke of General Washington, for Grandsir knew him well, having held several commands directly under him. He always spoke of the General as being very considerate and kind to his men. Putnam and Gates were other great generals in Grandsir's estimation. He used to love to sit before the fire and tell tales, but sometimes when he was tired and the boys tried to plague him he would lift his cane and rap them on the head.

When Grandsir was a hundred years old, he was the oldest and only living veteran of the Battle of Bunker Hill. So, the City of Boston invited him to a public reception to be given in his honor. At this time, the Prince of Wales who was later King Edward the Seventh of England, was visiting this country. On the way to Boston, Grandsir jokingly said to the conductor of the train: "Well, you have not had

the honor of taking the Prince of Wales over your road?" The conductor's answer was, "No, but I have the honor of taking a man who helped to lick his grandfather." Grandsir lived four years after this reception in Boston.

—*Hazel A. Farnum*

* * * *

My great-grandfather was a sea captain, Captain David Spinney. Once when his sailing vessel was in Portsmouth Harbor and he came ashore, someone sold him a lottery ticket for twenty-five cents. He drew fifty dollars in cash, and, as this was like finding money, he decided to buy something lasting with it. He had three daughters, Phoebe, Bathsheba, and Rowena, the last my grandmother. He bought nine tablespoons and eighteen teaspoons, marked for each girl three tablespoons and six teaspoons. Five of the teaspoons and two of the tablespoons are in my possession, my brother has one of the tablespoons, but I do not know where the others are.

—*Ruth Garland Kelley*

* * * *

In the year 1824, there lived in the town of Bartlett a man by the name of Samuel Merrill with his wife, Dorcas, he being a blacksmith by trade. They had for a neighbor a man by the name of Emery, noted throughout that locality as a man of honesty and truthfulness. Incidentally, it might be mentioned that these two men were among the first from the eastside of the Notch to travel twenty miles to see how it fared with Neighbor Willey the morning after the famous landslide. It was a custom of Mr. Merrill to walk to North

Conway, a distance of eight or ten miles, to visit relatives. So, it did not surprise Mrs. Merrill when her husband told her one afternoon, in the latter part of the summer, that he would get up early the next morning, get his own breakfast and walk down to North Conway.

That forenoon, as the story goes, Mr. Emery was busy mowing a field where the grass was always late in ripening. Looking up he saw Neighbor Merrill coming toward him, walking through the deep grass. It was such an unusual occurrence that Mr. Emery stood watching him, wondering at his ruining the standing grass in such a manner. Finally, when he came quite near, Mr. Merrill began to sink down in the grass out of sight until Mr. Emery could no longer see him.

This so surprised Mr. Emery that, dropping his scythe, he went up to Mr. Merrill's house. Upon inquiring for him, Mrs. Merrill told how her husband had resolved to walk to North Conway, but said he must have come back as she had just heard his anvil in the shop.

They both went down to the shop, but found no fire in the forge and no one there. The sequel of the story follows that Mr. Merrill reached North Conway before anyone was up, went into the barn, threw himself on the hay, went to sleep, and contracted a cold that developed into pneumonia from the effects of which he died three days later.

—*Harriett Eastman*

* * * *

Cornell Garland, my great-great-grandfather, during the Revolutionary War bought a slave by the name of Black Prince for one barrel of rum and the slave ran away.

Richard Locke, my great-great-grandfather, when the Revolutionary War was over and the army was disbanded was paid off and spent all his money on one dinner. This was all the money he had received during his seven years in the service.

Captain Joseph Parsons brought home British redcoats after the Revolutionary War and his wife Dolly Seavey made a quilt of them which is now in the possession of my Uncle David Parsons Locke, Rye, N. H.

Jack Jones and my grandfather Gardner T. Locke were horsetraders. One morning just by accident, they met at the foot of the hill; each leading a horse both lean and scrawny. Which nag was the worse, nobody knows. They started looking over each other's horse and gave sarcastic opinions. One went north and the other south.

Three weeks later they met at the same place and each man was driving a fine prancing steed and they looked over each other's horse. They were both too proud to ask the other what he had made. They both took out their purses and each showed fifty dollars.

—*Harriet Locke Drew*

A TRUE STORY IN LANCASTER

My grandfather was in the habit of doing good turns to his neighbors, who were not as well off as he. One day a man called at the house. During his call, my grandfather asked if he would like a bushel of corn; he said "Yes, if it is shelled."

* * * *

That instance of laziness is only excelled by the man who lay down and said, "Breath, come or go; I won't draw you."

* * * *

In early days a road tax was levied upon all, and the farmers in almost every instance used to work their tax; if they used their teams of horses of course it was a shorter job. Two middle-aged men were at work together, one shoveling and the other riding on the cart. The driver said, "Who will they get to work on the road when we are gone?" The shoveler quickly replied, "Gud, I guess there will be plenty to ride."

* * * *

An old resident of the North country, when questioned about the weather in early spring, said, "It will be cold weather as long as there is snow on the mountains, and there will be snow on the mountains as long as it is cold weather."

* * * *

This story was told by a descendent of an old Lancaster family. In the rural district one Sunday, a minister took for his text this passage, "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the Kingdom of Heaven." He said, "You all know what a needle is, it has a very small eye, now a camel is a large animal, a beast of burden, and there couldn't be a needle large enough for a camel to go through, but there could be a cable small enough to go through a large needle, so breth-

ren, after due deliberation, I have come to this opinion, that the text is a misprint, meaning cable, instead of camel."

—*Mrs. Emma Weeks Roberts*

* * * *

These stories were told by the father of Mrs. Roberts and of the late Secretary of War, John W. Weeks.

STORY OF A PIONEER IN FRANCONIA

Artemas Knight, one of the first settlers of Franconia, was lieutenant in the Continental line during the war of the Revolution, and was at the battles of White Plains and Brandywine, where he was promoted for gallantry and received bounty land in New Hampshire in the year 1774.

He married Tabitha Saunders of Worcester, Massachusetts and moved soon after to Franconia, settling at first on what is known as the Ivory Glover Farm, later moving his house, drawn by oxen, to the site of the old Tavern, which became the first hotel in Franconia. Here it was that his son Thomas, the first white child to be born in Franconia, first saw light of day. He had three sons and four daughters. To each of his sons he gave a farm. At one time he owned most of the township.

During a severe famine which prevailed in early history, Artemas or "The Englishman" as he was sometimes called, shouldered his gun, one bleak December day, and made his way through the deep snow to Round Meadows in Button Woods, a distance of ten miles or more. On his way he forded Gale's River, his wet clothes almost instantly freezing.

At Round Meadows he killed a moose weighing over four hundred pounds, skinned it with his jack knife, cut it up with his hatchet, buried three quarters in the snow, and with the fourth on his back, returned to his home, again fording Gale's River and arriving that same day.

—Lucy Knight Priest

AN OLD TIME SETTING-OUT

In 1828, my great-grandmother, Abigail Colby, worked on a farm with a girl friend, Hannah Ball. The girls received seventy-five cents each for a week's work. They arose at four o'clock in the morning, would then milk four cows, put the night's milk in a brass kettle to warm for making cheese. After that they got breakfast consisting of potatoes and meat, "a hearty meal" it was called for workingmen.

Grandma worked two summers for the same price and saved money enough to buy her wedding outfit. Her wedding dress was white silk, made with a long waist, "one inch under the arms," a silk bonnet, a silk shawl, and a black silk dress, too. She also bought with her own money a tea set and six chairs and a bed.

NEIGHBORS

In 1816 my great-great-grandfather, John Colby, took a bushel of corn on horseback to Haverhill to be ground. It was a hard journey. When he returned home four women were waiting to borrow some cornmeal!

—Stella Guernsey Little

THE ELM TREE

Long years ago a young physician, by the name of French, settled in the then thriving, busy, little town of Bath. Here he married, and, in the course of time became the father of a numerous family. It was his custom on the birth of each child to set out a tree in front of his house and the long line of beautiful elms adorning the brow of the hill testifies to the number of his children.

One evening in early spring the Doctor had occasion, as he thought, to chastize his twelve-year-old son for some misdemeanor, and, as the boy ran out of the house to escape punishment the father ran after him, snatching up from the road a little elm sapling. Being no match for his son, he soon gave up the chase, and, returning to the house hot and tired, threw down the switch by the door.

The next morning his wrath having cooled, he forgave his saucy son and they together set out the sapling in the corner of the dooryard.

The little tree thrived and flourished and now, after the passing of more than a hundred years still stands proudly at the head of the line of graceful elms, a veritable monarch among trees.